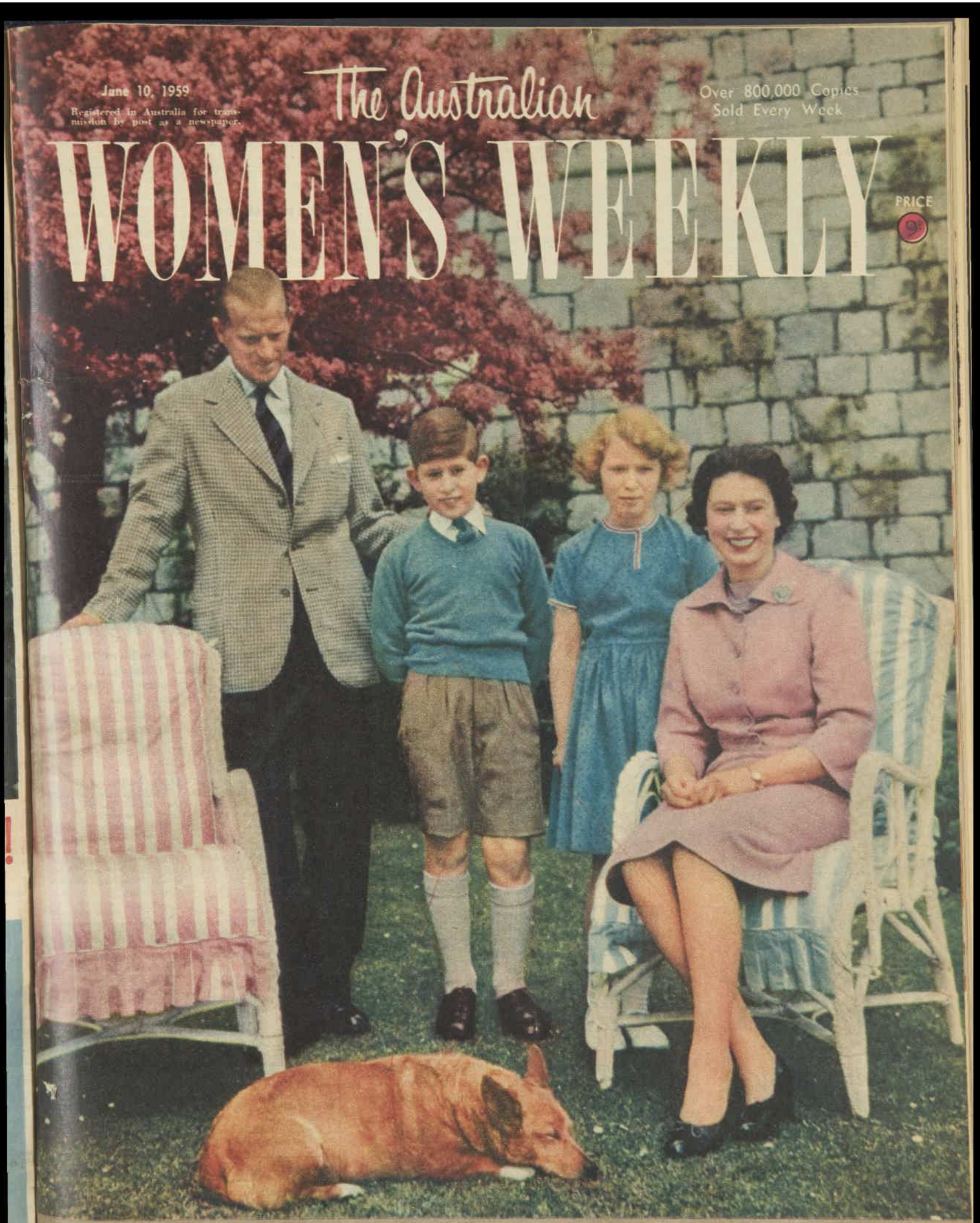
June 10, 1959

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 800,000 Copies Sold Every Week

PRICE 9d



Introducing— 16-page Teenagers' Weekly

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917011

Pure pleasure for all the family . . .

New! PEARS BABY POWDER

a miracle of softness and purity

Baby's happy, everyone's happy with this lovely new skin care from Pears. Wonderful new Pears Baby Powder has a touch that's cooler, more gently soothing than anything you've known before.

Perfect purity . . . just as you'd expect from a powder by Pears. It's the name the whole world trusts for purity and baby-mildness.

Spring-morning freshness all day long. Pears Baby Powder has the light, cool fragrance everyone loves. Refreshes you. Lifts your spirits. Has you saying: "*Let's make Pears a family affair* !"

MODERN MOISTURE-PROOF PACK
Available in Regular and Family sizes

PP9 WW144gR

The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: 34 Stirling St., Perth. Letters: Box 4810, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

JUNE 10, 1959 Vol. 27, No. 1

Our cover

● Happy family group: Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, with Prince Charles and Princess Anne, photographed at Windsor Castle. "Sugar," the Queen's Corgi, is asleep. The Queen and Prince Philip visit Canada this month to open the St. Lawrence Seaway on June 26.

CONTENTS

Fiction

Marriage Bait, *Joe McCarthy* . . . 24, 25
The Fat of the Land, *P. G. Wodehouse* . . . 27
The Flame of Murder (Serial, Part 3), *Margot Neville* . . . 28, 29
What's It to Be? *Pal Cleary* . . . 31
Command Performance, *Rex Hardinge* . . . 33

Special Features

Paris Flower Exhibition . . . 8, 9
Collecting — Eight-page Supplement, between pages 32 and 33.

Homemaking

Hot From the Oven . . . 40 to 42
Prize Recipes . . . 42
Gardening . . . 43
Home Plans . . . 44

Fashion

Fashion Frocks . . . 39
Fashion Patterns . . . 61

Regular Features

Australia From the Air . . . 11
Social . . . 15
Worth Reporting . . . 18
It Seems to Me, *Dorothy Drain* . . . 23
Letter Box . . . 26
Ross Campbell . . . 26
Films, TV Parade . . . 49 to 52
Mandrake, Teena . . . 53
Crossword . . . 58
Stars . . . 61
Jackys Diary . . . 62

● ***Teenagers' Weekly — 16-page pull-out***

The Weekly Round

● Lieut-Commander W. M. Schirra, jun., one of the seven Americans training to be the first man in space (story, page 21), has a son with very different ideas.

MARTY SCHIRRA, aged eight, wants to be a goldminer.

The seven members of Project Mercury have a doctor assigned permanently to them. He has stipulated no unusual regimen, no particular diet.

They are in perfect physical condition and intend to stay that way.

They play golf and tennis. Several smoke, but none heavily. They have only a social drink or two.

★ ★ ★

WE are receiving many amusing entries in our "Secretary Contest," for which we will award cash prizes for the best letters about the shortcomings of a boss or a secretary.

Some bosses and some secretaries would be horrified to hear of the small mannerism or habit that can irritate the other beyond words.

It's not too late to enter the contest. June 10 is the closing date.

Letters should be not more than 200 words. Address entries to "Secretary Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

The best entries from a boss and a secretary will each win £20. Other entries published will each win £2/2/-. Letters must be signed, but please give a nom-de-plume for publication.

★ ★ ★

P. G. WODEHOUSE, dean of British humorists, whose short story "The Fat of the Land" is on page 27, is 77.

Now an American citizen, he lives at Remsenberg, Long Island, U.S.A.

His latest work, published earlier this year, was "A Few Quick Ones," a volume of short stories.

★ ★ ★

AN excited guest who called on the mannequins in their dressing-room to wish them luck at the Sydney premiere of our International Wool Parades was Mrs. John Carew.

Mrs. Carew, whose pretty name, Maria Teresa, is shortened to Terry, was one of the Italian mannequins who came to Australia in 1955 for our Italian fashion parades.

Terry met her husband shortly after her arrival and returned to Australia in 1956 to marry him.

She has two daughters, Maria Teresa, 17 months old, and Elizabeth, five months.

Her measurements today are the same as when she arrived in Sydney in 1955.

NEXT WEEK

● High-fashion designs to knit for a winter-cruise holiday are featured in a special three-page knitting section in our next issue. The designs are easy to knit and will keep the wearer well dressed by day and night.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917012

She'll teach you dressmaking

For the first time in Australia, home dressmakers will be able to learn sewing know-how direct from a noted overseas expert.

● The Australian Women's Weekly is bringing Lucille Rivers—famous American dressmaker and demonstrator — here for an Australia-wide series of lectures.

WE know Miss Rivers' demonstrations and advice will be invaluable to every woman who is interested in sewing.

The lectures will be held in leading department stores in every State.

In her lectures, Miss Rivers will cover these important aspects of sewing: Fitting a basic pattern, cutting out, assembling a dress, the finishing touches, plus a variety of professional dressmaking tricks that remove any suggestion of a "home-made" label.

As well as sponsoring Miss Rivers' visit to Australia, we will publish a 48-page supplement of her lectures, complete with comprehensive diagrams.

It's never too late to learn. And sewing is one of the most rewarding hobbies that a woman can have if she is dress-conscious (and who isn't?).

It can bring smarter, more up-to-the-minute clothes for less money, and provide hours of profitable enjoyment.

"Sewing is not only fun, it is good therapy for people who are easily bored or feel they are useless or unnecessary," says Miss Rivers.

"People nowadays, particularly in America, are getting away from using their hands.

Sewing saves boredom, too

"The housewife has all kinds of labor-saving devices which do her work. She has hours of leisure which she often does not know how to fill.

"Sewing is good for such people."

Miss Rivers is not only a highly skilled dressmaker and a dedicated teacher. She's also a successful businesswoman, directing a staff of eight in her dressmaking establishment on New York's Fifth Avenue.

"I regard myself as a dressmaker in the French tradition," she says.

"Although ready-to-wear clothing is the American contribution to women's apparel, there is still a place for handmade quality clothing.

"I am not a 'seamstress'—a term which Americans use disparagingly to describe people who make hand-sewn clothes—I am a dressmaker. There is a world of difference between the two.

"A dressmaker is creative and imaginative, as well as a skilled technician."

Learning the fundamentals

Miss Rivers finds it quite simple to direct the operations of her highly trained work force and at the same time teach the fundamentals of sewing.

"In the first place, what I do in the shop and what I try to teach home sewers are one and the same thing," she once said.

"Our shop work is high-speed, top-quality dressmaking for the trade, but we use the same methods, the same materials, and the same equipment available to any woman sewing at home.

"What I try to get across to the home dressmakers are the professional tricks that we use to make sewing easy; that and the fact that sewing is a logical mechanical operation."

Miss Rivers and her staff—she says they're the best-dressed girls of their profession in New York because they make their own clothes in their spare time in the shop—turn out clothes for department stores, fashion shows, textile manufacturers, pattern-makers, and advertisers.

Lucille Rivers believes her success in teaching and dressmaking is due to the fact that she herself learned it the hard way—through experience.

"I can tell a group of women what mistakes they have made because I've made those same mistakes myself," she pointed out.

"All of us do when we're beginners.

"And the trouble with most teaching methods is that they are standardised on old-fashioned, time-consuming procedures.

"I've tried to approach sewing from a practical viewpoint—to sew the easiest, quickest way possible."

LUCILLE RIVERS relaxes in her New York apartment with her cat, Squeaker. Miss Rivers made the slip covers and curtains for her home.

DEMONSTRATIONS IN ALL STATES

● Lucille Rivers will give her dressmaking demonstrations at the stores and on the dates shown below.

BRISBANE: Finney Isles, July 27—August 1.

SYDNEY: David Jones, August 3—August 8.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, August 10—August 15.

HOBART: FitzGerald's, August 17—August 19.

ADELAIDE: Charles Birks, August 24—August 29.

PERTH: David Jones, August 31—September 2.

Times of the demonstrations and how and where to apply for tickets will be published later.

Miss Rivers will also appear on TV on TCN, Channel 9, Sydney, and HSV, Channel 7, Melbourne.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917013

JOAN COLLINS LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

never dries
it beautifies

thick and creamy . . .
blessed with lanolin!
needs no after-rinse!

BUY THE BIG SIZES AND SAVE MONEY!

of course, it leaves hair more manageable!

NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVOURITE SHAMPOO OF 4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS
L127

INEXPENSIVE SATISFYING

In every packet, FIVE full-sized sticks

Start the Weekend well with WEEKEND
1/- from your Newsagent.

NEW Rx FOR ASTHMA
New Improved Laboratory-tested MENDACO is certified to stop attacks of Asthma, Bronchitis, Sinusitis and Hay Fever. Stops wheezing, coughing — lets you breathe easily and sleep like a baby. Get MENDACO at chemists. Money-back guarantee. Only 6/6.

Some fine films and fancy conversation

By AINSLIE BAKER, our film critic

● Although it has no starlets, no cheesecake, and no brawls, the Australian Film Festival is becoming a high-spot annual event in the lives of more and more people.

THIS year, for the first time, the Australian Film Festival is being held in Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, and Canberra.

It is Melbourne's 8th Festival and Sydney's 6th, with Adelaide and Canberra coming into the movement for the first time.

Whom do you see at these Festivals? Pony-tails and beards, of course; large numbers of Continentals, lapping up a branch of cinema from which they are otherwise cut off; Asian students, actors, professors, advertising men, artists; and some people looking suspiciously like suburban mums and dads.

Admittedly you hear some pretty fancy conversations among the beards and intellectual pony-tails. But you also see some astonishingly fine films.

Many firsts

Some of these have gone on to commercial release.

Among Festival "firsts" are: "Gate of Hell," "The Bespoke Overcoat," Orson Welles' "Othello," "Marcelino," "The Cranes Are Flying," "Gate of Lilacs," "Jour de Fete," and the Australian Venice Award winner "Back of Beyond."

As senior Festival, Melbourne this year has attracted the first Australian screening of Alec Guinness' "The Horse's Mouth."

But other films of great interest and beauty are never likely to be booked into the picture shows because of their lack of popular appeal.

In screening them, the Festivals provide one of their greatest services.

Films of outstanding interest which will be shown this year at Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Canberra include:

● **"Throne of Blood,"** Japanese version of "Macbeth," by the director of "Rashomon" and "Seven Samurai."

● **"At Midnight,"** a Hungarian film about an actor and a ballet-dancer during the days of the October revolution.

● **"Los Olvidados,"** from Mexico, dramatic study of a gang of delinquent children.

● **"The Harp of Burma,"** Japan's anti-war film, a Venice Festival entry.

● **"The House I Live In,"** U.S.S.R. entry, telling the stories of the inhabitants of a Moscow apartment house over the past 25 years.

● **"Ivan the Terrible,"** Part Two of Eisenstein's Russian classic, available for screening only now, 14 years after its banning by Stalin; with Nicolai Cherkasov (the recent "Don Quixote"), and music by Prokofiev.

Film Festivals are by no means lofty, chilly affairs.

FILM-FESTIVAL patrons about to attend a University screening. Half the fun of the Festivals is the exchange of opinions.

There is great good-companionship, exchange of opinion, and pooling of information. ("You really should try to see the Indian." "No, it's the West German at three. The Japanese is at eleven tomorrow.")

Vitamin pills

Packets of sandwiches, vacuum-flasks, vitamin pills, and claret are popular armament against the rigors of Festival-going.

Go one year, and as like as not you'll be sucked in by the expectation, excitement, and mental stimulation. As likely as not you'll become a regular —or for as long as your eyes and staying-power will stand.

The above is written by the survivor of one of Sydney's jam-packed holiday weekend University Festivals.

With the great distances between the University's halls and lecture-rooms used for screenings, Sydney really has had it hard in the past.

Enthusiasts, by a well co-ordinated programme of auditorium-hopping, have been known to take in as many as 46 screenings (some of short subjects) in a single Festival weekend.

Many emerged punchy and goggle-eyed.

This year the going will be easier, with the elegant and centrally situated Anzac House providing an alternative to the University long weekend.

Subscribers will have the choice of more than 60 films, major and short subjects.

Screenings will be at the University of Sydney from June 12-15, then at Anzac House from June 15-28.

No profits

Festivals are non-profit-making, run by volunteer help, and the value for the £2/2/- subscription is colossal.

The Australian Film Festival is organised with the assistance of the Australian Film Institute.

The A.F.I. was formed last year by a number of film societies, Government agencies, cultural and educational bodies to assist non-commercial film users and to help to organise the Festival on a nation-wide scale.

DRAMATIC MOMENT in one of this year's Japanese films, "Throne of Blood," which tells Shakespeare's "Macbeth" story in a 16th-century setting.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917014

CHERRIE'S FATHER HAD 40,000 EXCUSES

● When a millionaire's daughter was married in Perth, the champagne flowed. But the father of the bride wasn't there to propose the toast — he was too busy being "host" to 40,000 campers.

THE bride was 19-year-old Cherrie Butlin. Her father is Billy Butlin, the man who has made his multi-millions with a chain of English holiday camps.

At the wedding reception at the Adelphi Hotel a good-wish cable signed "Daddy" arrived from Billy Butlin for Cherrie and her husband, Perth actor Brook Denning.

Then the pretty mother of the bride, who flew from England for the wedding, made a speech.

"I know this is not usual," she said, "but I should just like to explain why Mr. Butlin is not here tonight.

"Today four of his holiday camps are being opened. There are 10,000 people in each, and 40,000 are an awful lot of beds to make.

"But he will be here in September."

Mrs. Butlin, who has a Zsa Zsa Gabor type of beauty, thoroughly enjoyed her daughter's wedding.

"You see, when my son was married," she explained, "I had nothing to do at all. It's really fun being the bride's mother."

The bride looked radiant and lovely in a Goya-style gown of creamy-pink-and-gold brocade, with a gold pleated cummerbund.

Her gown and her topaz-and-pearl coronet, brooch, and shoe ornaments were all made by Neil Hunsley, a Perth dress-designer who had shared a flat with Brook Denning in London, where he trained with John Cavanagh.

Mrs. Butlin did all her buying for her first visit to Australia in the three weeks before she left London.

For the wedding she wore a beautiful dress-and-coat ensemble of rich ruby-red slipper satin.

The heaviest part of Mrs. Butlin's luggage was for the bride, for she brought with her Cherrie's own linen and towels, all monogrammed and embroidered with cherries, and two boxes of luxurious underwear.

The underwear was included in the hectic shopping bout Mrs. Butlin had before leaving London, and one purchase she did not forget to make was a blue-and-white satin garter for her daughter to wear on her wedding day.

By WINFRED BISSET, staff reporter

"Really Cherrie couldn't care less about clothes," Mrs. Butlin told me. "Her idea of dressing is a pair of jeans.

"But she IS very fussy about the spelling of her name — Cherrie.

"You see, if it was spelt with a 'y' the letters would not add up to 13, and 13 is her lucky number. Fortunately they will still add up to 13 now that she is Mrs. Daniel."

(Cherrie's husband's stage name is Brook Denning, but his birthname is Roy Daniel.)

Hundreds of people crowded round the Maylands Presbyterian Church to see the bride arrive. She'd travelled from Brook's home—one street away—in his parents' 1932 Rolls-Royce.

"Dad's Rolls-Royce is much older than this one," Cherrie said later. "But the family uses his only now and then."

Cherrie's matron-of-honor was Mrs. Tony Manford, whose father, Mr. Harold Krantz, is vice-president of the Perth Playhouse Theatre, where Brook and Cherrie have parts in "Desperate Hours."

IN PERTH, Brook Denning and his bride — formerly Cherrie Butlin, daughter of Billy Butlin, England's holiday-camp multi-millionaire, arrive at the Adelphi Hotel for their reception. The bride was given away by Mr. T. Marsland, Acting Railways Commissioner.

MRS. BUTLIN (left), attractive mother of the bride, flew to Australia for the wedding. Business detained Mr. Butlin in England.

PARENTS of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. Lance Daniel, leave their Maylands home for the wedding. Their son's real name is Roy Daniel.

"MARLY RIDGE," the Daniels' home, where Cherrie stayed when she arrived from England. The newlyweds will live in a Perth flat.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917015

Now they're wonderfully well

thanks to

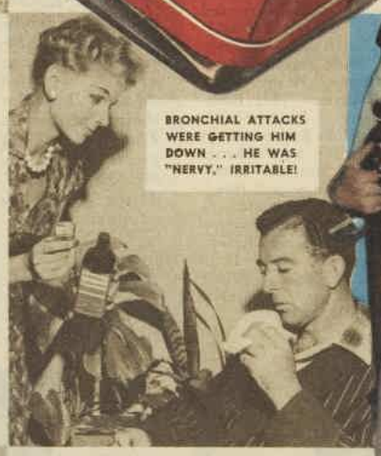
Waterbury's Compound

Buy the Economical Family Size Bottle.

For many years, Waterbury's Compound has been helping people to get well and stay well. And to-day, Waterbury's is *still* the world's most "modern," most widely used tonic aid. *BECAUSE IT'S A DECONGESTIVE,* Waterbury's breaks up stubborn coughs, colds and bronchial congestion. *BECAUSE IT'S A TONIC,* Waterbury's speeds recovery to sparkling good health . . . and builds up resistance to further attacks.

Let Waterbury's prove itself in YOUR home!

If anyone in your family is "off colour" . . . or convalescing after an illness . . . and (just as important!) to provide *protection* against bronchial ailments and winter ills . . . START A COURSE OF WATERBURY'S NOW! Waterbury's Compound, you'll find, will keep your whole family wonderfully well!



"ASK YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST . . HE KNOWS!"

Waterbury's Compound is widely recommended for the treatment of respiratory ills and as a general health aid. In addition to its **decongestant** properties, Waterbury's is a tonic rich in vitamins, malt, glucose, phosphates and minerals. It is equally effective for adults and children. . . and its **wild cherry** flavour makes it pleasant to take.

WATERBURY'S COMPOUND

- Relieves coughs and bronchial congestion.
- Builds resistance to infection.
- Enriches the blood.
- Replaces mineral losses.
- Aids digestion.
- Stimulates appetite.
- Helps regenerate health and well-being.
- Provides material for tissue repair and growth.

GET WELL—STAY WELL—WITH Waterbury's Compound

72/FPC.WW.2

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917016

The young Lions . . .

THE BACHELOR LIONS: Back row (from left), Tony O'Reilly, Rees Williams, David Marques, Mike English, Terry Davies, Ron Dawson (captain), Haydn Morgan, Noel Murphy, John Faull, Niall Brophy. Front row (from left), Sid Miller, David Hewitt, Stan Coughtrie, Ken Scotland, John Young, Bev Risman, Bill Mulcahy.

. . . just 'lonely hearts' cubs

● "You can call us the Lonely Hearts Club," said a voice from the ranks when 17 husky bachelor members of the British Isles Lions Rugby Union team lined up before the camera at the Sydney Sports Ground.

THEN there was much grimacing and good-humored argument about who stood where while the manager of the team, Scot Alf Wilson, looked over the line-up to see there were no "ring-ins."

"Seventeen, that's right," he said. "There are 29 players altogether, average age 24."

While the eligibles posed for us, the "old marrieds" of the

IRISH Tony O'Reilly.

squad raced round the ground and went through their paces for the news and TV cameras.

All looked spruce and fit in their scarlet jerseys (for Wales), white shorts (for England), navy-blue socks (for Scotland), and green sock tops (for Ireland).

Fashion note for 1959 is that these Lions are wearing the shortest-ever British football shorts — instead of the usual almost Bermuda-length.

When the shorts were unpacked in Melbourne it was decided they were much too long and must be taken up immediately.

This British Isles Lions team—the first British Union team to tour Australia since

By
ANNE DWYER, staff reporter

1950—arrived in Melbourne on May 19, and will play six matches, including two internationals, against Australia.

After the players finished training I asked the manager, Mr. Wilson, if I could speak to a few of his boys.

The request was handed on to captain Dawson, a born diplomat, who asked, "Would she mind waiting while the boys have a wee bath?"

While I waited, Mr. Wilson told me that the team had a lot of fun with its choir.

"Singing is always a feature with the Lions teams. We sing when people ask us, and quite often when they don't," he said laughingly.

When the players emerged from the dressing-rooms they

WELSH Terry Davies.

were immaculate in grey flannels, navy blazers, club ties.

I knew I couldn't possibly meet them all, so I decided to concentrate on the unmarried Lions—the cubs.

I saw a giant with a nice smile and fair hair.

"And who are you?" I asked.

"I'm David Marques. Who are you?" I told him.

"How old are you, David?"

"I'm 26. How old are you?" I didn't tell him.

David is 6ft. 5in. tall, the tallest of the team.

He caused quite a stir when he arrived in Melbourne wearing a bowler hat and carrying a furled umbrella. "I always wear a bowler," he explained. "I feel quite undressed without it."

David played for Cambridge when he was studying civil engineering, and has since played for England in South America, Canada, South Africa, and France.

"Are you engaged?" I asked.

"No. Are you?" was the reply.

In a matter of seconds David was the one asking all the questions, so I gave him up and turned to another David who had arrived.

This was David Hewitt, 19½, from Belfast.

David, the baby of the team, is a member of Ireland's most famous sporting family. His father and four uncles are Irish international footballers.

"This is my first tour," he said. "At home I'm a law student at Queen's University in Belfast."

I asked which of the boys in our bachelors' picture were engaged, as they couldn't

ENGLISH Bev Risman.

really be presented as eligibles.

This brought a great deal of discussion and comment. As far as I could find out the officially engaged players are John Faull, Tony O'Reilly, Haydn Morgan, Stan Coughtrie, and Rhys Williams.

Popular captain Ronnie Dawson was on hand to vouch for this list.

Ron, a 26-year-old architect from Dublin, is the fourth successive Irishman to captain British touring teams.

At 12st. 8lb. and 5ft. 11in. he is the smallest of the forwards in the touring party.

What, no roar?

Instead of a roar this modest head Lion has a soft brogue and a nothing-is-too-much-trouble manner.

Does he have any trouble keeping all his cubs under control?

"None at all," smiled Ron, the ideal sportsman-diplomat.

Red-haired Tony O'Reilly, 6ft. 2in. and 14 stone, was the next to appear. Tony was the sensation of the 1955 South African tour when he was 19.

Now 23, Tony has already refused a Hollywood film contract, and can be guaranteed to draw the fans with his spectacular crowd-pleasing play.

SCOT Ken Scotland.

In addition to this he is a qualified solicitor. "But I don't work as that," he said in another honeyed Irish voice. "I'm an industrial consultant in time-and-motion study.

"Yes, I'm engaged — last Easter Saturday to a Dublin girl, Dorothy Connolly. We plan to be married next August twelve months. We believe in long engagements in Ireland."

At this interesting point Mr. Wilson appeared. "Sorry, they'll have to go. The bus is waiting. We're late."

So I'll just have to apologise if I didn't get as far as your particular football hero.

The hungry young Lions had to go home to dinner.

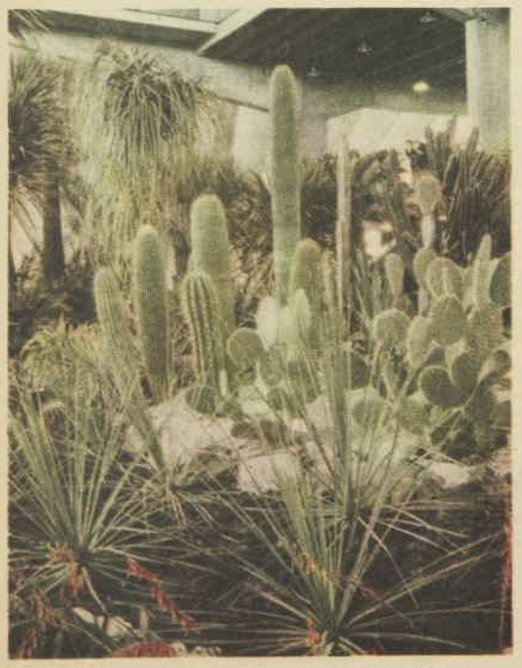
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917017

PARIS FLOWER SHOW

Fashion took a back seat in Paris when flower-loving Parisians staged the vast Floralies Internationales, an exhibition of ten million flowers and shrubs. It was the biggest flower show ever held.

● *A corner of the British exhibit, the biggest arranged for an overseas show, included blue flowers from Tibet.*

● *Driftwood, fishing nets, and rocks were used creatively in this beach garden bordered by forget-me-nots.*



● *Cacti and palms are from the French Riviera, famous for flowers and perfumes.*

● *Mrs. Noel Vincent, of Sydney, with her entry in the show's flower-arranging section.*

VISITORS from all over the world flocked to France to see the display from 80 countries, worth more than £500,000.

Forty-five special planes provided a regular service across the Channel for flower-lovers from England.

And for the first time since World War I British visitors were able to go to France without a passport.

One group of women in Colombia, South America, chartered a plane to fly them to the show, and four special planes flew in from New York.

Buses and trains poured into Paris with people from all parts of Europe and the French provinces.

Floralies' organisers — the Town Council of Paris and the French National Society of Horticulturists—sited the exhibition in the new five-floor Palais de la Defense on the outskirts of the city.

This immense hall, one of the world's largest, became like a Tower of Babel when hundreds of gardeners began staging their exhibits.

Special potting soil — 6000

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917018

● *In the formal French style, this garden, built around a pool, was greatly admired.*

tons of it—was spread over the floors; heating and cooling units were installed to reproduce climatic conditions suited to various flowers; watering and ventilation problems were enormous.

But nothing was too difficult if it contributed to the success of the Floralies.

There was no railway station close to the exhibition building, so the National Railways built one — with a fast frequent service from the Gare St. Lazare.

Visitors did not even have to walk from their parked cars —a free shuttle car service worked non-stop from the car parks to the exhibition hall entrances.

Every floor of the huge hall had its restaurants and bars. They ranged from a self-service restaurant to a bar that served only champagne and foie gras sandwiches.

Big teams of cooks and kitchen hands worked every night preparing drinks and meals by the thousand; among other things, hungry flower enthusiasts ate 20,000 sandwiches a day.

In addition to the exhibits from various countries, the Floralies included everything connected with flowers—flower arrangements, perfumes, books, paintings, gardening tools, and scientific equipment, birds, butterflies, jewels in floral shapes, and even a collection of stamps honoring flowers.

Turkey displayed a huge tapestry illustrating the history of the rose, and the Mint struck a special medal to commemorate the Floralies.

By
MARCELLE POIRIER
in Paris

An exhibition like this could probably happen only in France, where horticulture is an important national industry that employs 45,000 people and provides a living for 65,000 more.

No matter what the occasion the French say it with flowers; any excuse is an excuse for offering flowers.

The Floralies affected every walk of Parisian life. Entertainers created songs about flowers; fashion decreed flowers on everything from handkerchiefs to shoes.

The city's famous restaurants vied in presenting special menus: at the Tour d'Argent you could have had a violet souffle; Prunier offered a Mediterranean fish with jasmine foam sauce; Maxims' specialty was acacia (wattle) fritters, while the Eiffel Tower invited you to have chicken with nasturtium seeds.

Highlight of the British exhibit was a woodland garden covering an acre, with many of Britain's finest flowering trees and shrubs, carnations, roses, primulas, and gloxinias.

Queen Elizabeth's prize orchids, each worth £500, were a special attraction. They were displayed in a jungle-style hothouse.

China sent a large selection of exotic plants—many of them carnivorous — and Italy was represented by a reproduction of the landscape around the Appian Way.

Australia's exhibit was a collection of wildflowers, seedpods, and foliage with models of Australian animals, all arranged on a circular rotating table nearly 16ft. in diameter.

A duplicate collection was flown to Paris to ensure that everything remained fresh for the ten days of the exhibition.

Frenchwoman Mrs. Noel Vincent, of Sydney, at present visiting her mother in Paris, put in the only Australian entry—a vase of flowers in the flower-arranging section.

● ***Iran's display was a riot of brilliant flowers behind a tiled pool. Eighty countries were represented at the Floralies.***

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917019

Silvo

has a way with silver

Yes, Silvo always keeps your silver at its glowing best. Even after years of use your silver looks like new after regular cleaning with Silvo . . . it's so wonderfully effective, yet so gentle with the most delicate surfaces. And Silvo cleans and polishes quickly and easily because you use it straight from the tin.

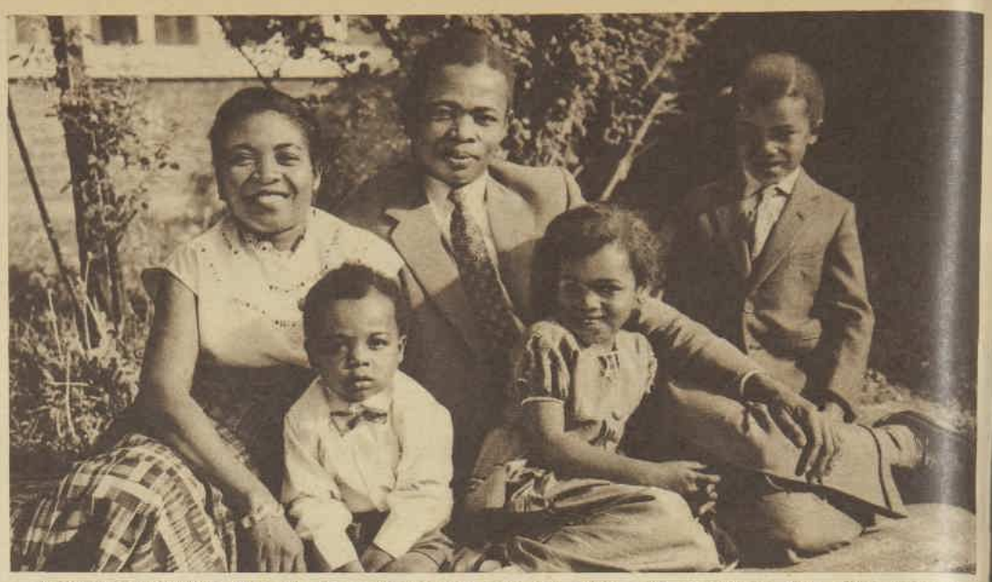
Illustrated: Silverware by Paramount. Like other leading Australian silverware makers, Paramount recommend Silvo for the care of your silver.

Silvo LIQUID SILVER POLISH

S3

all brass

For a brighter, lasting shine!



A NEW COURTIER. The Queen made history recently when she appointed her first colored courtier, Oxford-educated Mr. J. B. Odunton, of Ghana. Mr. Odunton, who is now at Buckingham Palace busily organising plans for the Queen's visit to Ghana in November, is pictured in London with his wife, Mercy, and children, Christopher, aged 2, Muriel, 6, and Edward, 8.

Mr. Odunton of Ghana makes Palace history

● The Queen made history and displayed a brilliant piece of diplomacy when she recently appointed the first colored courtier to her staff at Buckingham Palace.

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

THIS courtier is from Ghana, an African Gold Coast State which two years ago gained full independence within the Commonwealth, and has since made repeated pronouncements that the Queen is "nothing more than a foreign potentate."

Because of this — and because of the significance the appointment of a colored courtier will have in many countries — it is little wonder that the Royal posting of the handsome, Oxford-educated Joseph Bennet Odunton has been widely acclaimed.

The 39-year-old Mr. Odunton is now assistant to the Queen's Press Attache, Commander Richard Colville.

His appointment was the Queen's personal idea, and originated when she met him at a Palace party.

He was there as a representative of the High Commissioner of Ghana's staff. She liked his boyish face and easy manner, and was impressed by his clear-sightedness and wide knowledge.

The Queen, whose continual changes in Palace routine reflect the social pattern of the times, brought young Joseph Odunton from a Jungle village to work with members of her Royal Household.

A family man

Joseph Odunton is a family man.

His wife, Mercy, trained as a nurse in Accra, where they were married, and his three young children were all born in Ghana.

The two elder Odunton children attend primary school near their house in Hammersmith, and their father's Palace appointment is a source of continual excitement to them.

They pester him with questions about the Palace, the Queen, and particularly about the Royal children.

"They have photographs of the Royal children pinned on the wall, and keep bombarding me with questions," said Mr. Odunton.

While the children are eagerly looking forward to the day they can meet Prince Charles and Princess Anne, their mother has already met the Queen at a diplomatic reception at the Palace.

Now Mrs. Odunton hopes to meet her husband's Royal employer again in Ghana during the visit which the Queen and Prince Philip will make in November.

For the new courtier's term of office at the Palace is to be brief, and the important part of his work for the Queen will be in helping her to get to know the people of Ghana.

"When the Queen leaves for Canada this month, I will take my family back to Ghana," said Mr. Odunton. "And there I will do much of the organising for the tour."

Joseph Odunton's arrival home will be a cause for celebration in Ghana, and special flags of welcome will bedeck the tiny village near Accra where he was born.

Already the sure touch of The Man of the Moment at the Palace is noticeable, for the programme for Ghana's 17-day Royal tour is packed with interest and informality.

The visit will not include a State Ball, but there will be a high-life dance to West African music rather like calypsos.

Ghana's Governor-General, Lord Listowel, and his wife, formerly cabaret artist Stevie Wise, are both exponents of this dancing.

No starchiness

A member of the High Commissioner for Ghana's staff said: "We are taking the starchiness out of the tour."

One thing is certain — visits to medical units and hospitals will figure largely on the programme.

The new courtier's eyes shine with pride as he talks of Ghana's hospitals, and the high standard of nurses' training, which he says is "as good as in London hospitals."

Winner of Crozzle 5

WINNER of the £500 prize for CROZZLE No. 5 is a country reader — Mrs. Joyce Oates, of 9 Rowan Street, Orange, N.S.W.

Mrs. Oates' prizewinning entry, reproduced at right, gave her a grand total score of 485.

The result of CROZZLE No. 6 will be published in our next issue.

A rush of thousands of entries for CROZZLE No. 5 showed just how popular this fascinating word game has become all over Australia.

F	I	F	I			F		J		K				
	D		R			A	D	A		A				
	A		M	A	R	Y		N	I	T	A			
E			A		O			E	V	E				
S	U	E			B	U	N	T	Y					
T			L		I	N	A			V				
H	O	P	E		N	A	N		P	E	G			
E		A	N	N			C	L	A	R	A			
R	I	T	A		J	O	Y		M	A	X			

15, 3, 13, 11, , 13, 23, 20, 11, 37, 15, 14

TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS	175
PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED	310
MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY	485

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917020

AUSTRALIA *FROM THE AIR*

● Ricefields and citrus orchards make a colorful pattern near Griffith, in the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area of southern New South Wales. Forty years ago the area was sparsely populated grazing country; now 30,000 people live in this fertile 600-square-mile tract with its thriving twin towns, Griffith and Leeton. Water from the Murrumbidgee River flows through nearly 1600 miles of canals, channels, and pipelines to water the ricefields, vineyards, orchards, crops, and pastures. Picture by Valerie Lhuede, of Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917021

SINGING loud and clear, Judy in her latest performance in New York.

Judy Garland tries another comeback

By GEORGE McGANN, of our New York staff

● Strangely tragic singing star Judy Garland, whose adult career has been spoilt by a mixed-up childhood and a pathetic tendency to overeat, has attempted another comeback.

POPULAR SINGER Judy Garland gets a kiss from her producer husband, Sid Luft, after her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on May 11. The kiss came in Judy's dressing-room after the long programme.

JUDY is the girl who at 16 conquered the world with her sunny songs, most notably in "The Wizard of Oz."

But, almost ever since, she has battled continually against her own mixed-up psychology—and her, too, too solid silhouette.

And, as her figure blooms, her career prospects wither.

This year's comeback was when Judy successfully stormed the barricades at New York's sacrosanct Metropolitan Opera House, where "popular" singers are traditionally taboo.

Judy, who has spent all but three of her 36 years in the pitiless glare of the footlights, got a rousing ovation from a glittering Met. audience, which included Prince Aly Khan, the Henry Fondas, Gloria Swanson, and Elsa Schiaparelli.

Highly talented

Her reception was every bit as enthusiastic as that given the famed Bolshoi Ballet dancers, who had preceded her in the vast Metropolitan auditorium.

But, despite her undoubted talents and the fanaticism of her large following, Judy would never have made it at the "Met." on her own. The only other vaudeville or music-hall singer to appear there was Sir Harry Lauder, whose Scottish accents echoed through the ancient structure in "A Wee Doch and Doris" more than 30 years ago.

Judy got into the "Met." because a charity group (the Children's Research Institute and Hospital of Denver) rented the house for a week and engaged her and her company to attract the customers.

Following the New York engagement, Judy and her company will make a tour of opera houses and concert halls, including those in Chicago and San Francisco, on behalf of other charity groups.

Judy's Metropolitan debut made a tremendous hit with the audience, but critics had some reservations.

All noted her ever-increasing bulk. The "New York Times" said that she was waging "a desperate battle with calories," without going so far as to say it was a losing battle.

"Variety," a theatrical weekly, commented that the singer was "registering high Met-abolism — carrying the weight of a short-statured Wagnerian soprano who gives the appearance of an oversized kewpie doll."

The once-pixyish singer is highly sensitive about the change in her appearance in recent years—so much so that she shies like a frightened filly at the sight of a camera.

She refused several requests by the New York office of The Australian Women's Weekly to photograph her in rehearsal for the Metropolitan show.

Press photographers were admitted to the opening night's performance, but Judy permitted only a brief shutter-snapping session, and photographers had to work from the audience during the show.

"A bugbear"

Overweight has been Judy's bugbear for years. Psychiatrists—whom she has engaged by the score since her adolescence—explain that feelings of "inadequacy" drive her to seek solace in food.

In her starring days at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the studio chief, Louis B. Mayer, assigned a woman companion to watch Judy and restrain her at mealtimes.

Whenever she overate, the lapse was duly reported to Boss Mayer, and he called Judy on the carpet for a tongue-lashing.

Judy's adult worries stem from a troubled childhood, the psychiatrists say.

She was almost literally "born in a trunk" on a small-town stage. The third daughter of an old-time vaudeville team, she never had a normal home life.

She was shoved on to the stage at the age of three, and told to "sing and dance." She never had any formal training in either.

Judy worshipped her father, who used to sing her to sleep. He died when she was 12, and since then, say the experts, she has been seeking a substitute "father image" without success.

The experts point out that her three marriages—to musician David Rose, director Vincent Minelli and Sid Luft—were to men at least 10 years her senior.

To restrain her voracious appetite, Judy resorted to so-called reducing pills. These made her nervous and unable to sleep. Thus came the need for sleeping pills. And her nervous system couldn't take this kind of repeated assault.

She cracked up and tried suicide in Hollywood. M.G.M. sent her to a high-priced sanitarium in Boston for a rest and cure, but soon after she returned to Hollywood and had a relapse.

M.G.M. reluctantly sacked her after she had cost them millions of dollars in wasted time and effort shooting a film that had to be junked halfway through.

Life was stormy

Judy's private life has been stormy since she left M.G.M. studios, where she had skyrocketed to fame as a child star.

She married Luft, a strong-minded but soft-spoken former aeroplane test pilot, shortly after her break with M.G.M.

Most people think he has been a good influence, although she once started divorce proceedings against him.

Their quarrel was over money. The Lufts live in a typically lavish Hollywood home, but according to visitors the place lacks furniture.

"The fact is that we are broke," Judy told an interviewer last year. "I've got to work because I have nothing saved from the millions I've earned since I was a kid."

Judy has made only one film in recent years—the successful "A Star Is Born."

She has done mostly night-club work, which she hates. She becomes highly nervous before every performance, and she has an unenviable reputation for walking out on nightclub engagements, even during the course of an evening's performance.

One big nightclub in Brooklyn went into bankruptcy last year when Judy stopped work after 12 of her scheduled 50 performances.

She claimed she had been "fired" by proprietor Ben Maksik, but he alleged she had walked out.

This dispute almost shattered Judy's opening night at the Metropolitan.

A sheriff's deputy was waiting in the wings ready to march before the footlights and serve Judy with a warrant obtained that day by Maksik. This warrant attached the singer's salary for the entire week (said to be £A85,270) in connection with Maksik's breach-of-contract suit against her for roughly this amount.

However, husband Luft prevailed on the deputy "not to disturb her performance," and the warrant was served next day to Judy's lawyer.

It was just one more headache for Judy, and seemed to bear out the prediction of one of her psychiatrists: "The ghosts of her unhappy past will follow her as long as she lives."

THREE STAGES OF JUDY

BEGINNING her career as a "trouper" at the age of three, Judy, whose real surname was Gumm, was photographed with her older sisters, Suzanne (left) and Virginia.

BEAUTIFUL at 16, Judy was also on top of the world. She had just made "The Wizard of Oz," one of her most famous films.

SECOND husband, director Vincent Minelli, is pictured here with Judy. The year was 1944 and Judy was still slim, still beautiful, and still a star in Hollywood.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917022

FASHION FANCIES — A CENTURY APART

GOWNS that have been treasured since early last century have come out of their tissue wrappings in Melbourne to aid Red Cross, a century-old cause.

The gowns are heirlooms of the famous pioneering Henty family and were the height of fashion in their day.

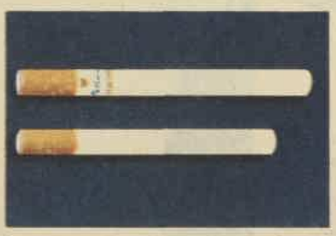
They were lent for a parade of century-apart gowns at the Toorak home of Mrs. Bernard Evans by great-granddaughters of Mrs. Frances Henty — Mrs. R. Gilling, of Sydney, and Mrs. D. Matheson, of Iona, Henty—and wives of her great-grandsons—Mrs. Alex Silvester, of Talisker, Merino, and Mrs. F. H. Silvester, of Girrawheen, Merino.

CONTRAST: Mrs. Alex Silvester (right) in an almost 100-year-old gown of cornflower-sprigged white tarlatan originally owned by Caroline Henty. Modern-day ball gown in egg-blue pure silk taffeta — worn by Mrs. Grant Hay (below)—favors a train like its century-old counterpart.

OLD AND NEW. Century-old silk taffeta gown equals in beauty the old Henty treasures in the nearby china cabinet. From Caroline Henty's girlhood wardrobe, it is modelled by Mrs. Alex Silvester (above). 1959's reply to 1860's trained and fussed-up taffeta afternoon ensemble is worn by Mrs. Grant Hay (left). The heirloom gowns were pictured in Mrs. Alex Silvester's home, Merino, Vic.

A CENTURY APART. Great-grandma's unmentionables are given a gay air by Mrs. Alex Silvester (left). "Caroline Henty, 1859," can still be seen faintly lettered in grey ink on the waistband. The black underwear (above) is 1959's reply. It is modelled by Sally Blake.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917023

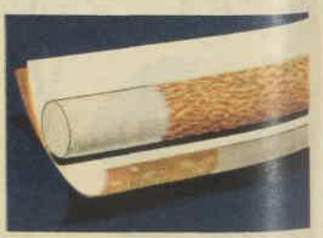


Compare the Smoothness

Any King Size cigarette is a better smoke than any short cigarette because the extra length travels the smoke further, makes it cooler, milder. In Rothmans King Size Filter the extra length brings you the extra flavour and satisfaction of Rothmans better tobaccos at their coolest and smoothest best.

Compare the Flavour

The best tobaccos give you the best smoke, and Rothmans is famous for paying top price, year after year, at tobacco auctions where the world's best quality leaf is offered for sale. The costly Virginia tobaccos used in Rothmans King Size Filter are the finest money can buy.



Compare the Filter

Rothmans finer filter is made in Rothmans' Australian plant from material imported, under special licence, from Tennesee, U.S.A. Over 5,000 inches of pure cellulose fibre strands are used in every cigarette to give you perfect filtration and to enhance the flavour of the world's best tobaccos.

Rothmans King Size really satisfies

WORLD COPYRIGHT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917024

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

HEAR that fair-haired Rosslyn Grieve has chosen a pink-and-white color scheme for her wedding to Dr. Bill Sweetapple on June 11.

They'll be married in the evening at All Saints', Woollahra, and the reception will be at the Wentworth Hotel.

Rosslyn is the younger daughter of Sir Ronald Grieve and of Mrs. Helen Grieve, of Point Piper. Rosslyn's sister, Mrs. David Joseland, arrives down from Alice Springs this week with her sons, Johnny and Christopher, in time to be one of the bride's attendants at the wedding.

Bill is the elder son of Mrs. Dora Sweetapple, of Double Bay, and the late Dr. H. Sweetapple.

• • •

BIG week for Legacy last week when Her Excellency Lady Slim opened the sixth annual conference of Torch Bearers for Legacy. And one of the best parties was the cocktail party given by vice-president Mrs. Robert Dixson at her Vaucluse home.

• • •

A LETTER arrived last week from Alan Wilson, of Forbes, telling me that the annual polo carnival will be held there on June 26 and 27 —hope I'll be able to make it. Alan won't be there, though. By that time he should be off on his round-the-world jaunt, lucky boy!

I LIKE Rosemary Lloyd Jones' hairdo — puffed and smoothed high in front and cut short across the nape of her neck.

• • •

WHAT a marvellous line-up of eligible bachelors on the annual Bachelors' Ball committee this year — 71 of them. Their annual dance will be held at the Wentworth on June 12. See you there.

• • •

NEW arrival on the Sydney scene — Anne and Ian Neill's first child, a son, to be christened Colin Gordon. Waiting for him at home at Mosman is a sunny yellow nursery. Mrs. Neill was formerly Anne Considine, of Mosman.

• • •

HONEYMOON in Tasmania for Denise and Des Bennett, who'll return to live on his property, "Ellendale," Yinnar, Vic. Denise is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Newham.

• • •

HERE'S a date for your diary: June 19 for the Elizabethan Ball at Prince's. It should be a wonderful evening, and all the proceeds will go to the Elizabethan Theatre Trust.

Anne

DIAMOND-JUBILEE SHEEP SHOW. Patricia Clarke (left), of Yarrowitch, and Margaret Soster, with Mr. M. D. Admstrong's reserve champion ewe at the show.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Conway Seymour leave St. Mark's, Darling Point. The bride was formerly Sue McKay, daughter of the R. R. McKays, of Coonabarabran. Conway and Sue will live on a property at Kaniva, Victoria.

WATCHING THE JUDGING at the Sheep Show at the Sydney Showground are (from left) Mrs. Rodney Reeve, Jenny Webster, of "Frogmore Stud," Wanda, Vic., Dick Wilson, of Deniliquin, Jacqueline Clapham, of Conargo, and Bill Barnier, of "Elwood Park," Deniliquin.

WED IN CANADA. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tregillgas (at right), who married in Vancouver. Henry is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Tregillgas, of Woollahra, and his bride was formerly Jeanette Stewart, of Brighton, Melbourne.

SISTER OF THE BRIDE, four-year-old Lesley Skene, talking to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Weston at Shore Chapel. Mrs. Weston was formerly Isabel Skene, daughter of the Tom Skenes, of "Thurlstone," Blayney. After a honeymoon in Singapore the newlyweds will make their home on Peter's property at Cumnock.

JUST ENGAGED. Pretty Christina McWilliam with her fiance, Dick Macarthur-Onslow, of Orange. Christina is the elder daughter of the R. A. McWilliams, of Vaucluse, and Dick is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Macarthur-Onslow.

TINY FLOWERGIRLS Pam Seccombe (left) and Sue Lawrance offer their best wishes to newlywed Mr. and Mrs. Paul de Lepervanche. The bride was formerly Pat Campbell, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Campbell, of "Borumbil," Walgett.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917025

His art thrived on snake beans

• *Irvine Homer's cottage at Butta-Ba, above Lake Macquarie, on the coast north of Sydney.*

• Irvine Homer, a shy young invalid pensioner who lives on Lake Macquarie, near Newcastle, N.S.W., has been called "Australia's newest art discovery — a painter of primitives."

Behind that description is a grim struggle with illness and poverty.

To find out how Irvine Homer began to paint, and why, staff writer* RONALD McKIE *went to the painter's home.

For more than an hour the two men sat at a table, with Irvine's constant companions, a bottle of vitamins and a bottle of drugs, between them on the white cloth, while Irvine told this story of sickness, want, desperation, courage, and the magnificent help of his family, relatives, friends, and neighbors.

• A trellis behind the Homer cottage is covered with climbing New Guinea snake beans—yardlong beans which hang down like thin pale green marrows stretched almost to breaking point.

• *The artist and his wife, Yvonne, with their dog. The Homers have three children at school.*

THE beans taste like marrow, too, and are good to eat when cooked with butter, salt and pepper. But Irvine and Yvonne Homer and their three young children don't like them any more.

Those beans still remind them too vividly of the worst period of their lives when, penniless and starving several years back, without a piece of bread or a pinch of tea in the house, the beans were all they had to eat for six weeks.

Irvine Homer and his family live south of Newcastle at Butta-Ba, above the almost Aegean-blue Lake Macquarie. A red road, curving between the gums, takes you to their small, unpainted, unfinished house on the side of a hill.

A sick man

You go up a sloping garden, past a concrete pond with one fat goldfish in it, walk a shaky plank to a shaky box, for there are no steps up to the front door, and reach up and knock.

Irvine is slim and well built with good shoulders and strong arms, but you know immediately you step up from the rickety box into the living-room that he's a sick man.

He shuffles. His head is locked, so that he can turn it only half an inch left or right from dead centre. His jaw is so badly locked that he has only about an inch of play.

He has spondylitis — caries, or degeneration of the spine — and he has suffered, really suffered, from this crippling disease for four years.

Most of all you notice his eyes — large and almost sky-blue, a blueness his tanned skin and dark curly hair accentuates—for behind them, even when he smiles or laughs, is a brooding suffering like a constant awareness of pain, or the fear of pain.

Irvine Homer is a shy, simple man with natural dignity. He described his troubles without bitterness and often with sudden splashes of humor, but through his reserve, his suspicion of strangers, you notice a determination you don't expect to find in an invalid, and above all an extraordinary questing sensitivity.

The room we sat in, below naked rafters, was unlined, and so was the rest of the house except the kitchen. As we talked, the wind complained through the cracks.

"Trying to heat this place would be like turning on a radiator in the middle of a paddock," he said.

His voice is slow, a little slurred. It's a voice that speaks from the bush, from country Australia.

There were no floor coverings, either, and, apart from beds, a table, chairs, and a kerosene refrigerator which doesn't work, the house was almost empty of furniture.

Time-payment

In this comfortless home Irvine Homer, his wife, and three children, Lynda, 9, Irvine, 8, and Wayne, 6, just manage to exist, halfway through the 20th century, in the year of Australia's 10th million, on an invalid pension of £15 a fortnight, plus a little extra child endowment.

Even their clothes — the blue slacks and beach shirt he was wearing, her cotton frock, the children's things — are bought on time-payment at a few shillings a week from the money so desperately needed for food and a hundred other necessities.

Irvine, who is 35, was born at Lambton, Newcastle. He doesn't know much about his family, except that his maternal grandfather was Frederick Smith, of the Sydney City Mission, and one of his uncles, "a bit of a dauber," painted cavalry charges.

His father, a man of many jobs, was at one time a real-estate agent, but the family was always moving—Fiji, New Zealand, all over New South Wales—52 times in about 30 years.

Fifty-two is not an exact number, merely Irvine's general idea. He is vague about dates and times. They mean nothing to him. They don't register in his mind. He is interested in other things: color, the beauty of a tree against the sky, shadow patterns on water . . .

The only subjects he ever excelled in at school were drawing and fighting. One of his many teachers, impressed by his drawing, always let him out early on Fridays, when he regularly picked a fight before going home.

His first job was on Pump Station at Willowtree, near Murrurundi. For years he worked in the bush, droving, shearing, timber-getting, even charcoal-burning.

Bush-lover

He was a good horseman. He could swing an axe all day. He was also observant about life and people, and loved the bush and felt at ease with those whose lives were attuned to the soil and the seasons.

"I hate rows of suburban cottages," he says, almost fiercely, rolling another cigarette.

Early in World War II he

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917026

spent six months in the Army before being discharged medically unfit.

He thinks the doctors said he had hardening of the arteries, but he's not sure, and not very interested. Whatever it was, he went back to the bush.

Ten years ago, after marrying Yvonne Dreis, of Woy Woy, he took a job sinking pier holes for Wangi Power Station—you can see the tall stacks above the trees from his house—and six years ago he bought a small block at Butta-Ba.

Paralysed

With what he had left and his Christmas pay, and the help of a mate, he built three rooms on his land.

"We lived in one room at the start. It didn't have much of a floor. We had to balance one of the beds on the cross beams."

Then, four years ago, he became ill, and for the next six months, as he went from doctor to doctor trying to find what was the matter with him, he and his family went through a desperate time.

"I got thinner and thinner. I had to give up my job. Soon I couldn't walk. I became paralysed. Apart from help from my brother we didn't have a thing.

"For six months we did a bit of a starve, and for six weeks of that six months we lived only on beans—breakfast, dinner, and tea.

"When a doctor at last recognised the disease that was locking my neck and jaw and giving me terrible pain I was put into Newcastle Hospital and then Royal Prince Alfred in Sydney for treatment and later given an invalid pension.

"But before that, when people around here found we were starving, they were wonderful. They brought us food, which we needed then most.

"The Seventh Day Adventist Missionary College at Cooranbong raised money and put up these two front rooms.

"The Wangi Workers' Club, the R.S.L., and others—they all helped. Volunteers dug drains, put in a bath, gave us clothes and toys for the kids, and laid water, which I used to carry to the house.

"All the neighbors joined their garden hoses together and strung them over trees for a quarter of a mile to our tank. Even the tank was given to us.

"Without the help of all these wonderful people I couldn't have survived. I would have been carried away in a wooden box."

Under medical treatment and helped by his brave red-headed wife, Irvine Homer slowly improved, so that at last he could get up and move about a little.

Then one day, about two years back, he was reading The Australian Women's Weekly (he always starts with Mandrake) when he noticed a "do-it-yourself" article on how to decorate cupboards.

Remembering that a doctor had told him, "You must work at something," he found an old pot of housepaint, a brush from a paintbox given one of the children, and painted a flower on a wall.

Housepaint

He quickly followed this with white gums, blue water, and blue-black hills on a kitchen cupboard, Donald Duck sitting on a stump on the bathroom door, and an owl wearing a blue and white spotted handkerchief over its head on a bedroom door.

Then, long before Paris or Sydney artists had thought about decorating refrigerators, he painted a snow scene on his. Why? Because it was the only thing in the house, except the crude wall, left to paint on.

He laughed as soon as he told me: "As soon as I'd finished it the fridge stopped working and hasn't gone since. So I painted Disney's Pluto — a sad, hungry Pluto — below the fridge door."

"Why Pluto?" I asked.

"Because he's waiting for something to fall out of the fridge — and he's unlucky."

From that time Irvine Homer knew he had to paint, but he wasn't sure how to start. Then, with housepaint, he began to paint crude landscapes on dinner plates and to sell the plates to buy oils and brushes and pieces of masonite board so that he could continue to paint.

"I try to paint my memories. I can't move about much, so I have to paint what I know, and what I know best is the bush and bush people and animals — particularly animals.

"Bill Dobell brought some brushes over from Wangi and

Continued on page 18

• *Spondylitis has painfully crippled Irvine Homer for four years. He maintains his wife, three children on an invalid pension of £15 a fortnight.*

• *"Bush Church," one of primitive painter Irvine Homer's most striking works, has been exhibited in Newcastle and Sydney.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917027

WORTH REPORTING

VIENNESE pianist Ingrid Haebler, now touring Australia for the A.B.C., is used to spending her birthdays away from home.

This year is no exception, but "I am farther than ever before: on the other side of the world," she told us in a softly accented voice.

A slim and shy brunette, Miss Haebler celebrates her 30th birthday on June 20 in Adelaide.

She'll be visiting all Australian States, except Queensland, in a 12 weeks' marathon of 35 recitals.

INGRID HAEBLER . . . she's used to spending birthdays far from home.

But no, she said, she hasn't brought much luggage.

Most important items? Five evening dresses for her concert appearances. They're all in velvet or lace—"I bring nothing that crushes."

AT Sydney's King's Cross there's a little coffee-bar-cum-restaurant which nestles comfortably among the other shops and apartment houses.

We didn't think it was any different from all the other coffee-bars round town till we noticed a fascinating neon sign outside.

"Espresso dancing," the sign says.

Dance the cappuccino, anyone?

★ ★ ★

On the scent of Clarissa

WALKING aimlessly through one of Sydney's biggest stores the other day, we suddenly noticed a distinctive perfume.

Well, not exactly a perfume. More a scent . . . an aroma . . . a SMELL.

Following our twitching nose, we ascended to the fifth floor. And met Clarissa, source of the smell.

Clarissa comes from South Australia. She is six months old. She is a camel.

The store brought Clarissa to Sydney as one of the attractions for its birthday celebrations.

And she stayed there, in wire-enclosed splendor, for a few days . . . surrounded by an admiring giggle of small children, sales assistants (who looked as though they'd like pegs for their noses), her own individual aura, and a few exhausted bottles of an air purifier.

Is a prompter in the house?

BLUSHING slightly at our temerity, we said to famous actress Googie Withers, "Have you ever—uh—'dried up' on stage?"

Googie blanched and said no, that the actor's horrific fate of forgetting lines hadn't happened to her.

GOOGIE WITHERS . . . she blanched to think of forgetting her lines.

Then she remembered a night at Stratford on Avon, in England, when it happened to one of the world's most eminent Shakespearian actors, Sir John Gielgud.

But Sir John's silence was broken by about 15 people in the audience who provided the lines. And he, urbane as ever, carried on from there.

With husband John McCallum, Googie is currently appearing in "Roar Like A Dove" in Sydney.

Homer the painter

Continued from page 17

encouraged me tremendously. He said he didn't want to advise or influence me, as it would be better if I worked the way I was going. I'm sure he's right."

He pointed at the unlined walls. Among painted plates, a calendar, and a framed Women's Weekly picture of Mary Gilmore was one of his simple waterscapes of Lake Macquarie and a red dog with adoring eyes among flowers and grass painted with almost Persian decorative formality.

"I kept on painting when I felt well enough, until someone told Gil Docking, Director of Newcastle's Civic Art Gallery, about my work and he asked me to let him see it.

"You know the rest: He arranged an exhibition at the Gallery, when I sold everything I exhibited, seven oils and six painted plates.

"Gil Docking described me as a primitive who was only just beginning and had a long way to go, but said I could become an important artist in my own field.

"I didn't know what a primitive was, except that I'd always thought my work was so primitive that nobody would ever take any notice of it or me."

A primitive — America's Grandma Moses is one — is a completely unsophisticated artist who paints intuitively without any real knowledge of the history, laws, or schools of painting, and Irvine Homer accurately fits that definition.

Although he recognises names of a few noted artists from the classical past, he is totally ignorant about painting or painters, and color to him is an almost nameless thing which slowly evolves when he fiddles amateurishly with paint on the upturned lid of a tobacco tin.

"Those palette things are strictly for the birds," he says.

He works, always sitting, in his daughter's small room at a battered, smeared desk made from a broken cot.

He paints only from memory—never direct—invariably paints his backgrounds first, and never finishes a painting the day he starts it. But as he can't sit or stand for long he often has to lie down or go for a short walk.

The size of his paintings depends entirely on two things: How much paint he has, for he is always so short of paint that he turns his oil tubes inside out and scrapes off every spot of color, and whether he has a frame for his painting.

Irvine Homer is a realist about his work and his future.

"Someone lent me a book on painting, but none of it made sense to me. It was all double Dutch. People give me advice on how to paint, but I don't know what they're talking about.

"All I know is that I have a long way to go before I can call myself a painter, and that nobody can help me. I'm the only person who can ever decide whether I can paint."

Irvine's secret is that he paints only when he's conscious of what he calls the music of nature.

He doesn't hear his music, he feels it, and only when he feels it is he sufficiently moved emotionally to begin to put down in color some scene from his memories.

"There's music everywhere if you can only feel it. There's music in the sway of a tree, in the way hills roll up into the sky. But unless I feel this music I can't paint, I won't paint, for without music painting is meaningless.

"I can't paint at present even though I've had nine commissions offered me since the exhibition. I'm too agitated.

"All this publicity has worried me and left me in a state. This place has been full of visitors, many of them plain rubbernecks and stickybeaks."

He shuffled into his workroom and came back with a large framed print of a long-necked pelican I'd noticed on the wall above his bench.

"When the stickybeaks arrive, just waiting to take a close look at me, I hang the pelican in here, where they can see it. Some of them take the hint."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917028

NEW SOFT LOOK

. . . for lips and eyes — and how to achieve it

● ***Newer than the film-star pout and doe eyes — and lots prettier — is the new soft look in make-up which is all the rage this season. The soft look, designed to harmonise with today's popular Empire fashions, is new in color as well as allure. And it gives the delightful, feminine effect you see at the right. Even a novice with a brush and pencil can copy this new look in beauty with the sleight-of-hand tricks given below.***

THE pretty mouth is gently curved to suggest a cupid's bow (as illustrated below) and is vividly colored.

Start with two lipsticks of the same color group—one pale and the other vivid — and a fine brush to put it on with. Add a steady hand, a good light (daylight when possible) or a mirror with a magnifying side.

When foundation and powder are on and have been carried over your lips, apply a thin layer of the pale lipstick, outlining the whole shape and marking clearly the indentation in the centre of the upper lip.

If you find it difficult to make a proper "bow," try starting your lip outline at the centre cleft and work outwards.

CUPID'S-BOW look is suggested rather than actually drawn in the new lip make-up. Lip color is soft, brilliant, and glossy.

Next, using the flat of the brush, fill in with the deeper lipstick shade, stroking the color over the pale outline till the two colors blend perfectly.

The trick here is to keep your lip make-up fine, even-textured, and free of fuzz. So till you have the knack of it it's beauty-wise not to attempt too much reshaping of the mouth.

Reminder: Be sure to extend lipstick color just inside the mouth to ensure the proper coverage when you speak and laugh.

EYES continue to be accentuated but are no longer stark. Iridescent eye shadows, creamy mascara, and muted eye-pencils bring a new slant to every woman's glance.

Put the new eye make-up on in this order: Ordinary foundation on the lids followed by a blending of eye-shadow starting at the centre of the lid, working outwards, and fading away towards the temples. Line the eyes with a soft, sharp pencil, starting at the inner corner of the upper lid and working through the base of the lashes with a dot-and-dash stroke, ending in a modified lift at the outer corner.

For daytime, try to match the color of the eye-liner to your mascara.

Mascara comes next and is twice as glamorous if you powder your lashes lightly before using it.

Color news is in the vivid blues and greens and mauves that come in stick form and glide across the lids as smoothly as lipstick on the lips.

Use eye lotion, skin tonic, or even warm water to moisten mascara. Remember that two light coats are better than one heavy one, and wait until each coat dries before applying the next one.

New for straight, sparse, and almost any kind of lashes are easy-to-handle applicators which cut smudges and smears, make lashes look longer and curly.

Eyebrow pencil is next and requires a light hand so that the brows form a natural frame for your eyes, arching at their highest point just over the centre of the eye-socket and tapering a little beyond the natural growth.

Stroke on pencil with short, light strokes, then brush brows straight up and shape across the top for a pretty arch. Darken inner half of brow most.

Naturally full brows that are well groomed may need only a few gentle strokes of eyebrow pencil at the outer arch to make them immaculate.

EYES RIGHT! Wear a brilliant eye make-up and concentrate it on the outer half of the eyes to give this delicate and large-eyed look. A little cream will remove any hint of spikiness from the lashes and make a softer line.

By CAROLYN EARLE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917029

With a touch of magic . . .

Recapture the memories of life's golden moments
with the world's loveliest fragrance . . . Yardley Lavender.
So fresh . . . so feminine . . . so enchantingly youthful.
Surround yourself with its magic always
. . . give it to all your special friends.
Lavender Perfume, 11/3 to 32/9; Lavender Talcum Powder 6/3
and the 'luxury soap of the world', 4/- and 7/6.

YARDLEY Lavender

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917030

Would YOU have what it takes? . . .

Seven in race to be the first man in space

Lt.-Cdr. Walter Schirra.

• Do you wonder whether you, too, have even a little of what it takes to be a spaceman? If you do wonder, you probably have a fair idea of your own chances of meeting the physical requirements, but it's not easy to assess your standing in that mysterious realm — human personality.

Lt. Malcolm Carpenter.

Capt. Donald Slayton.

Lt.-Cdr. Alan Shepard.

YOU may get an inkling of what it takes from a sampling of the psychological and intelligence tests that helped separate the strongest from the not-so-strong candidates for America's Project Mercury.

The U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration has selected the "lucky seven" men who are now vying for the dangerous privilege of being "the first American in space" —probably in about two years' time.

These seven trainee astronauts are the cream of the crop of American fliers. With flying colors they came through the most searching physical, medical, and psychological tests ever devised to detect the slightest flaw in the whole man.

Then there was the brainwashing, to find out whether the man had the mental poise and emotional maturity to try what no man had ever tried.

Here are some of the questions they were asked—so try them and see if you're made of the stuff prospective spacemen must be. The answers are given at the bottom of the page.

First, they did the usual intelligence tests, which included such standard questions as:

By LARRY FOLEY, of our New York staff

• Choose the figure that doesn't belong with the other four:

(1) 15 25 125 317 625.

(2) $x + y = 12$ $2y = 2x + 5$ $3y = 7 - 3x$
$5y + 5x = 9$ $4x = 5 - 4y$.

• Select the word which best completes these analogies:

(3) VACUUM TUBE is to THYRATRON as CONTINUOUS is to (alternative, regular, discreet, diminishing).

(4) LIGHT is to DARK as PLEASURE is to (picnic, day, pain, night).

(5) JOY is to SORROW as LAUGH is to (joke, cry, grin, humor).

(6) RECOUP is to RECTIFY as RECOVER is to (bottle, correct, rescind, renew).

(7) AUTOBIOGRAPHY is to RECALL as FICTION is to (memory, fact, novel, imagination).

(8) REPETITIOUS is to REDUNDANT as FALSE CONCLUSION is to (non sequitur, false premise, recurrence, precondition).

(9) BRASS is to ALLOY as IRON is to (compound, element, steel, rust).

(10) CONDUCTANCE is to RESISTANCE as MULTIPLY is to (integrate, magnify, divide, differentiate).

(11) BODY is to PHYSIOLOGY as TRIANGLE is to (astronomy, algebra, calculus, trigonometry).

• Another group of tests was to test mathematical reasoning:

Directions: Each problem in this test consists of five mathematical figures or expressions. Four of these have something in common which is not shared by the remaining one. Choose the **one** which does **not** belong to the other four:

(12) Circle, ellipse, parabola, square, triangle.

(13) 7:49 6:36 5:25 4:16 3:12.

• Then there was the "personality inventory":

Directions: Read each statement and mark whether it is true or false as applied to you.

(a) I often worry about my heath. True.....False.....

(b) I am often unhappy. True.....False.....

(c) Sometimes I feel like cursing. True.....False.....

(d) Strangers keep trying to hurt me. True.....False.....

Directions: Complete these sentences to express your real feelings. Be sure to make a complete sentence:

(a) I am sorry that .....

(b) I can never .....

(c) I hope .....

(d) At times .....

(e) What bothers me .....

(f) When I was a child ...

(g) I wish .....

One of the typical 64-dollar tests was: Write a story entitled "Who am I?"

Obviously there are no right or wrong answers to the personality or sentence-completion questions, but by responses to these items psychologists made a personal evaluation.

After the chosen few were introduced to an admiring nation they were given leave from their respective branches of the armed forces to reorganise their private lives.

From now on they belong body and soul to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA), headquartered at Langley Air Force Base, Hampton, Virginia.

The seven had to give up their homes and move with their families to Hampton.

Their normal working day will take in lectures in the mornings on the theory and practice of space flight, followed by afternoon work on the development of the space capsule, simulated training flights, physical training, etc.

What it adds up to is hard, steady work, but nothing far out. They'll live in a normal environment, do a normal working day, have their weekends off like any other family man, live at home with their families most of the time.

The men get their regular Service pay; nothing extra for their Mercury assignment.

But fortune as well as fame will surely be theirs.

For one thing, they have agreed that whichever among them makes the trip to outer space all seven will share in the proceeds from the sale of his story.

Here are pen-pictures of these seven brave men:

• Marine Lt.-Col. John Herschel Glenn, jun., aged 37, 5ft. 10½in. tall, 12st. 12lb., thinning red hair, green eyes. Won five D.F.C.s, 19 Air Medals, set U.S.A.'s transcontinental speed record in 1957 of three hours 23 minutes in a jet fighter. Has wife, son aged 13, daughter, 12. Family hobby: Boating.

• **Air Force Captain Leroy Gordon Cooper, jun., aged 32, 5ft. 9½in. tall, 10st. 10lb., blue eyes, brown hair. His wife, Trudy, said she would go with him if she could. But daughters, Janita, 9, and Camala, 10, whose pet is a guinea-pig called Trixie, said they'd sooner have a horse than a rocket-ship.**

• Navy Lieut.-Commander Walter Marty Schirra, jun., aged 36, 5ft. 10in. tall, 13st. 3lb., brown eyes, brown hair. Won D.F.C. and two Air Medals. Has wife, Josephine, daughter, Suzanne, aged one year, and son, Marty, 8.

• Navy Lieut. Malcolm Scott Carpenter, 33, 5ft. 10½in. tall, 11st. 6lb., green eyes, brown hair. Has chalked up 2800 flying hours, sowed mines and hunted subs in Korean War. Was at sea when considered for Mercury, so his wife, Rene, phoned Washington and volunteered for him. She knew what he wanted. They have four children aged from nine to two.

• Navy Lieut.-Commander Alan Bartlett Shepard, jun., aged 35, 5ft. 11in. tall, 11st. 6lb., blue eyes, brown hair. Saw Pacific combat as sailor, won wings in 1947, became test pilot, flew high-altitude research missions. Has wife, two daughters, aged 11 and eight.

• Air Force Captain Donald Kent Slayton, aged 35, 5ft. 10½in. tall, 11st. 6lb., blue eyes, brown hair. Did 56 bomber ops. in World War II over Europe and seven over Japan, won two Air Medals. Has wife and two-year-old son.

• Air Force Captain Virgil Ivan Grissom, aged 33, 5ft. 7in. tall, 11st. 1lb., brown eyes, brown hair. Was air cadet in World War II, rejoined service in 1950, flew 100 combat missions in Korea (D.F.C., two Air Medals). Has wife, Betty, and two sons, aged nine and five.

Answers to spacemen's quiz

(1) 317, (2) $2y = 2x + 5$, (3) discreet, (4) pain, (5) cry, (6) correct, (7) imagination, (8) non sequitur, (9) element, (10) divide, (11) trigonometry, (12) parabola, (13) 3:12.

Capt. Virgil Grissom.

Lt.-Col. John Glenn.

Capt. Leroy Cooper.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917031

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917032

CLUES

to a woman who knows her own mind

• Tries on only three hats

• Knows how much tip to leave

• Won't put up with inconveniences

—and is pretty cool, confident, serene and well-poised about it all

Such a woman is almost certain to be a Tampax user. Because at the back of her swift sure decisions lies the fact that she turns instinctively to the best way, the right way, the modern way. Tampax internal sanitary protection is convenient, comfortable and reassuring. Odour can't form. Chafing and irritation can't happen. Disposal problems never arise. In fact it even tends to make you forget there's a difference in days of the month—you wear it in your bath or under the shower—your fingers never touch the Tampax—what could be nicer?

NO BELTS NO PINS NO PADS NO ODOUR

Choice of two absorbencies (Regular and Super) at chemists and department stores everywhere.

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

---- Send now for a ----

TRIAL PACKAGE

The Nurse, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney. Please send me a trial package of Tampax in a plain wrapper. I enclose 7d. in stamps for postage and packing.

Name .....

Address .....

A.P.88

Give Your Baby LOVELY CURLS

Banish nasty cradlecap

4 weeks treatment 4/10

Curlypet

FATHER

"Tell us, Ellen — Were you really surprised?"

MOTHER

"That's why I don't eat my crusts. I don't WANT curly hair!"

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

THAT'S a very interesting case in England, the one concerning the two members of a ladies' football club who discovered they were sisters.

These girls — one 17, the other 19—had been adopted as babies by different families. Their parents had parted.

The younger girl, when told she had a sister, began a search, but was unsuccessful.

Then the manager of the football club to which she belonged noticed her resemblance to another member and the sisters were reunited.

Surely some powerful hereditary influence was at work here. Lady footballers must be born, not made.

Unless their mother, being a lady footballer, insisted that they be adopted by football families. In which case you could chalk the victory up to environment.

★ ★ ★

I CAUGHT up with the Elizabethan Theatre Trust's newest Australian offering, "The Bastard Country," rather late in its run, and was glad I had made the effort.

People who make long journeys every day from their homes to the city are inclined to sniff at the use of the word "effort" in relation to a trip to Sydney's Elizabethan Theatre.

They insist that a short train trip is nothing. If they have travelled, they add that Sydney theatregoers are spoiled, that in London theatres are scattered all over the place.

Maybe so. But when that Opera House is built audiences will be drawn by the surroundings as well as by the programmes offering.

Anyhow, being addicted to violence and passion on the stage, I enjoyed "The Bastard Country." (When people say, "Oh, but I go to the theatre to be entertained," I always agree, explaining that I am especially entertained by being harrowed. So, fortunately for the future of drama, are many others.)

One critic claimed the name of the play was a handicap. He said it inhibited some people from talking about it, embarrassed them when booking.

He could be right. Come to think of it, it's the first time the word has appeared in this column.

But if Anthony Coburn's play is a success in London, it mightn't be the last.

★ ★ ★

ACCORDING to a B.B.C. bulletin, television is spoiling the market for cream buns and sticky cakes.

"You can't watch a cowboy programme and eat a cream cake at the same time," said a pastrycook. "You keep your eyes glued to the screen and drop cream and crumbs all over the carpet."

That's a problem that won't defeat big business for long. The cakes just need an additive for the filling—ammonia or petrol, for instance.

Wait for the ads: "Try Crummo's cakes with the inbuilt carpet-cleaner."

CONTROVERSY over the choice of Queensland's floral emblem has roused some high passions in the correspondence columns of a Brisbane daily.

One letter-writer (E. Hoare, of Coorparoo) said the Red Silky Oak "would look like a discarded toothbrush."

Another (Mrs. M. Thomason, of Bardon) spoke scornfully of one suggestion, the umbrella tree. "To pick the flowers one either risks one's neck or calls the fire brigade," she wrote.

As a Queenslander I take a special interest in this battle and am inclined to oppose the powerful poinsettia faction. The poinsettia has been Brisbane's official emblem for many years, but it is not a native plant.

To be truthful, however, I am a bit prejudiced about poinsettias. Many years ago I spent a few bored and discontented months in a house opposite a garden that positively crawled with the plants.

Its blaze of winter scarlet didn't cheer me one bit, and it left a flavor that lingered a long time.

Maybe some of the bitterer comments in the current argument have a similar basis.

If so, I don't know how it will ever get settled.

★ ★ ★

PLEASING note in Sydney's Wool Week was the Shearers' Band at David Jones, with its authentically dressed bunch of boys—not a ten-gallon hat among them.

During the past few years there has been a surge of interest in preserving some memory of old-time bush life. Poets have been busy collecting bush ballads. There are clubs devoted to perpetuating camp-fire songs.

All this will help to combat the impression among some of today's children that the Australian outback used to be full of marshals and six-guns and Indians.

★ ★ ★

SUBJECT on the agenda of a forthcoming Bachelors' Conference in Holland: "The oppression of bachelors by landladies."

Pity the bachelors. Afraid, no doubt,
To come home latish after they've been out.
Not game to say, "What, stew again?" or cry
"Surely my other socks are nearly dry?"
The speeches that they'll make will wring a tear
From all except the landladies they fear—
Unless they let some married brother in,
Who'll listen with a small, sardonic grin.

Introducing

F.J. KILTIE SKIRTS

in lovely NEW plains and plaids!

You simply must see these delightfully becoming new full-wrap permanently-pleated plaids and plains available now in the very finest Australian pure wool worsteds. So smart, so warm, so flattering —masterly crafted with 2-way adjustable waist fittings, 4 hip sizes and several lengths to ensure a fitting precisely yours!

In a wonderful choice of charming colours—with pleats "Si-Ro-Set" to retain that just-pressed look, always — personally fitted for only **£9/19/6**

F.J. is so fussy on fit as to say "Sorry, personal fittings only."

Fletcher Jones
lovelier ladies' skirts

Crafted and sold direct to you by
FLETCHER JONES & STAFF PTY. LTD.
MELBOURNE: 435 Collins St. SYDNEY: 453 George St.
ADELAIDE: 53 Gawler Pl. HOBART: 147 Liverpool St.
GEELONG: 225 Moorabool St.

ROYAL ALBERT
Bone China

On show at all leading stores

NIGHT AND DAY

A new Royal Albert pattern which blends well with modern decor and has for its motif a fern in white on black background and black on white background —a very striking pattern.

Made in England.

THOS. C. WILD & SONS LTD.,
The Strand, 64 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, Victoria.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917033

Marriage Bait

By JOE McCARTHY

Mona was new to the world of television, but she knew what she was doing, where she was going — and the man she wanted.

I HAVE an office in Radio City with lettering on the door that says: Norman Hughes and Associates. Publicity. But it's always empty. I do all my business in the phone booths at the actors' hangouts, and the associates in Norman Hughes and Associates are my Aunt Sadie over in Jackson Heights, who pastes clippings in the scrapbooks of my various celebrated clients while she listens to Helen Trent and "Our Gal Sunday," and a couple of operators at my telephone-answering service named Catherine and Olive, whom I have never seen, although I keep promising to take them both to dinner some night. Today, when I called to see if there were any messages, I got Olive, and she was in one of her chatty moods.

"Johnny Bowman from that television show, 'Calling on the Celebrities,' called you twice this morning," she said. "He said you know his number. That's quite a show, isn't it? I mean the way they talk to the people right in their own homes and everything. My mother and I saw your friend, Mona Merrill, on it the other night, parading all over that apartment of hers in those fancy lounging pyjamas. And exclaiming about the dee-vine view she has of the Hudson River. You could tell it was the first and only time she's been in that kitchen since she moved into the place."

"Don't be catty," I said.

"I told my mother you were probably there, holding her hand and arranging everything," Olive said.

"Can I help it if I handle Mona Merrill's publicity?" I said. "I happen to need the money."

"I see she was in Benny Benson's column today," Olive said. "Too bad about her boy-friend marrying that other girl, wasn't it?"

"I wish I could sit here and talk for the rest of the day," I said, "but the White House has been trying to reach me, and Grace and the Prince want some advice about—"

"Oh, all right," Olive said. "I guess I can take a hint. I'll let you go, precious."

I called Johnny Bowman.

"Nothing urgent," he said. "I was just wondering if you saw that thing in Benny Benson's column."

Did I see it? I had even counted the commas in it. But Johnny Bowman proceeded to read it to me. Other guys have alimony or fallen arches. I have people who read things aloud to me over the telephone.

" 'When Singing Star Freddie Kent and his new bride, the former Polly Parkinson, return from their honeymoon, give a guess where they'll take up housekeeping?' " Bowman read. " 'Of all places, the Kents will settle down in Riverdale right across the street from the home of Mona Merrill, the shapely sensation of the recent Broadway comedy hit "It's Delicious," who was keeping steady company with Freddie until only yesterday, when he suddenly changed his mind and eloped with all that Parkinson oil money.' "

I thought Johnny might stop there, but he went on reading all the rest of it.

" 'However, the new Mrs. Kent needen't worry about Freddie bumping into Mona when he goes out to walk the dog. Miss Merrill will be planing to Hollywood next week. As a result of her appearance in her living-room Wednesday night on the Tee-Vee show "Calling on the Celebrities" she has been signed for the role in the new Mitchell Swirling movie that Swirling intended originally for Marilyn Monroe.' "

Johnny Bowman evidently expected me to swoon with excitement or something.

"That's a hot one, isn't it?" he said.

"You mean about Merrill going to Hollywood?" I said. "I hope she stays there."

"That wasn't what I was thinking about," Bowman said. "I was thinking about what Benny Benson would give to get hold of the real story of how Freddie Kent and Polly Parkinson happen to be moving to Mona's street in Riverdale."

I opened my eyes and sat up straight.

"Now listen, Johnny," I said. "Wait a minute. You and I are friends. You want to keep it that way, don't you?"

"Oh, Norman, don't get excited," he said. "I wouldn't say anything. You think I'd say anything? I wouldn't say anything."

"I hope not," I said. "Outside of Polly and me, you are the only one who knows about it. If it gets around, it'll get back to Mona. And then I'll be in a pretty spot."

"I told you I wouldn't say anything," he said.

"Well, don't," I said.

"Gee, what a grouch!" he said.

I hung up, feeling uneasy. I hate to get into hassles with anybody. I didn't want to give Johnny Bowman the impression that the story about Polly and Mona and that penthouse apartment in Riverdale was something I was trying to hide from a grand jury. But Mona was a girl that you didn't want against you, and I didn't want her to know how Polly happened to be in that penthouse. When I thought about Mona, I wished I didn't have an eyewitness like Johnny Bowman. I wished I didn't have anybody as an eyewitness.

It was Freddie Kent who talked me into taking on Mona as a client. He asked me to do it as a personal favor and I couldn't say no, because Freddie and I are very close. He is really the only friend I have in show business, the most decent guy I ever worked for. This was when "It's Delicious" was in rehearsal and everybody was saying Mona Merrill would be a sensation in it.

So when Freddie asked me to talk with her, naturally I was interested. I figured Freddie was arranging it as a favor to me. When I found out that he was more interested in Mona Merrill than he was in bringing me a new client, I was shocked, because Freddie and Polly Parkinson were well establised at the time and I thought Polly was the best thing that ever happened to him.

Or perhaps I should say, frankly, that I thought Polly was the best thing that ever happened, period. I felt that having a girl like Polly crazy about him was a bigger break for Freddie than the breaks that had made him a ten-thousand-dollar-a-week singing star in television and in the recording business. I may be prejudiced about Polly, because I have a special weakness for girls with fifteen million dollars in their own names who don't try to let you know about it.

I don't mean that Polly gave herself home permanents. She wore expensive clothes and she wasn't ashamed of the box she had at the opera. But there was nothing condescending or phony about her.

"You and I can have lunch tomorrow with this Merrill kid," Freddie said. "You'll like her. She's not only gorgeous. She's also bright."

"Why not bring Polly along with us?" I said.

There was an awkward pause.

"Well, I think Polly said something about going to Long Island to see her aunt tomorrow," he said.

The next day at lunch I saw right away that although Mona Merrill was very young and new to Broadway she knew exactly what she was doing and where she was going.

I had seen a few others like her; not many, but a few. Back in Rockville Centre, at the age of thirteen, when the other girls in the neighborhood were still worrying about Girl Scout badges and eighth-grade basketball games, Mona was already reading "Variety" regularly and experimenting with make-up and hair bleaches and making her plans.

"I don't know anything about publicity," she said to me. "But Freddie's been telling me how terribly important it is."

"Norman took over when I had my first job, just after I came back from Korea," Freddie told her. "If it wasn't for what he did for me, I wouldn't have got into television."

I could have reminded him that his first sponsor was Polly Parkinson's oil company. She arranged the audition for him the day after she heard him singing for the first time at a society benefit show.

"Couldn't we cook up some kind of an interesting story about me?" Mona said. "Not just an item for the columns. Something that might get picked up by the wire services."

"The wire services?" I said.

"You know, the A.P. and the U.P. and I.N.S.," she said. "Isn't it much better to have the wire services send a story all over the country instead of just giving it to one paper here in New York?"

"I thought you said you didn't know anything about publicity," I said.

"I don't really," she said. "I just heard about the wire services from my uncle. He has a friend who used to work for the A.P."

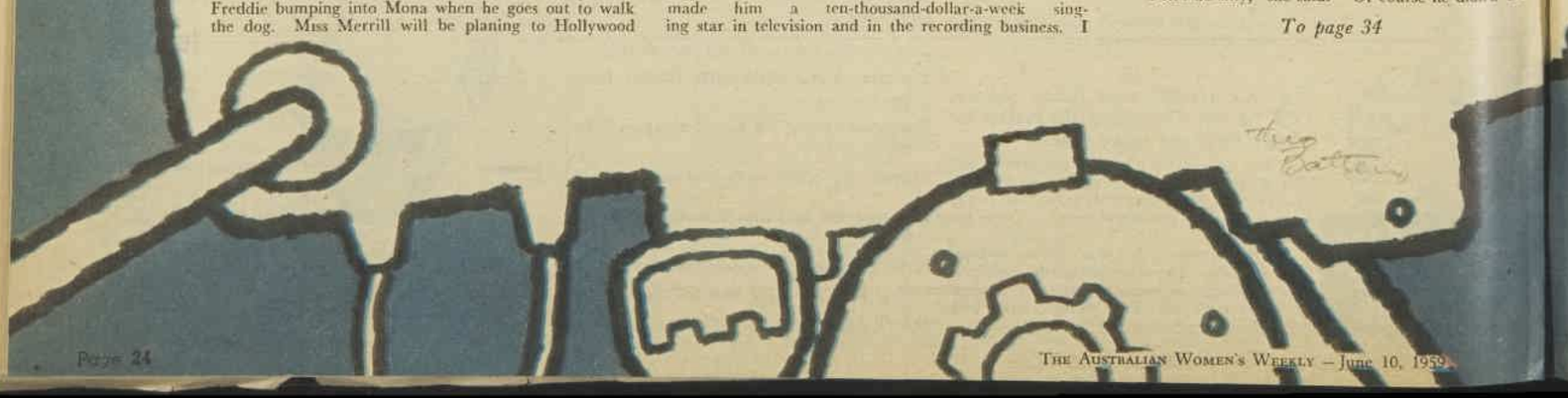
"Oh," I said.

"I've got it!" Mona said. "We could tell about how I was helping my father one day at his filling station out on Long Island and Freddie stopped to get some petrol. And how Freddie saw me and then how Freddie recommended me for this part in 'It's Delicious.' "

"I didn't know Freddie recommended you for the part," I said.

"Don't be silly," she said. "Of course he didn't. But

To page 34



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917034

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917035

NEW!

Tek ANTI-GERM TOOTHBRUSH

WITH * BUILT-IN "Germ-Killing" ACTION

*

Here is a great new advance in mouth hygiene! . . . The tufts of new TEK Anti-Germ Toothbrushes are specially treated to kill germs.

Not only germs that cling to the tufts after cleaning your teeth, but also germs that collect on the brush while it stands in the bathroom. And they remain active against these germs throughout their natural life.

Insist on TEK—now, more than ever, the best toothbrush money can buy!

The best toothbrush money can buy!

T-A 59

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON PTY LTD

Start the weekend well with

Weekend

★

1/- from your newsagent

SAVE ££s ON HAIRSETS

Concentrated Curlypet gives you 15 fragrant hairsets for 4/10

So—Quickset with Curlypet!

Curlypet

LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

Working girls need fresh food

AS a recent arrival from Canada, I think it is a shame that working wives and bachelor girls have to plan meals around canned goods and delicatessen foods. There is such wonderful fresh food available in this country, but no time for women employed away from shopping areas to buy it. It would be a big aid if one meat and one grocery store in each suburb remained open until 6 p.m. on weekdays to accommodate working girls. The stores could rotate on a weekly basis staying open the extra hour.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Norman F. Taylor, Randwick, N.S.W.

A burning problem

MY husband has two "kinks" which worry me. He built an enormous incinerator and makes a hobby of admiring it burn up huge quantities of rubbish and extra papers he brings home. He does this every morning before going to work. He also stands for hours in deep contemplation watching our fowls. But he never feeds them or cleans the pen. When I chided him about his actions he said that these periods of deep thought helped him to courageously face up to life's problems.

£1/1/- to "Wondering" (name supplied), Nunawading, Victoria.

Tact for two

ARTICLES on marriage should place more emphasis on the importance of tact between husbands and wives. It is needed more in dealing with one's nearest and dearest than acquaintances. Tactless remarks can build up resentments which accumulate and make a formidable dent in the marriage structure.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. T. Barford, Ashfield, N.S.W.

Health-y talk

I AM tired of being asked how I am! Am I hard to get on with, or is the art of conversation dead to such an extent that we are confined to the routine of "How are you today?" "Not bad. Lovely day, isn't it?" "Yes, I'll say," etc. Oh, the *boredom* of it!

£1/1/- to Miss. L. Kirmsse, Heathmont, Victoria.

Hard to find

AFTER spending hours one night looking for a doctor in a strange town, I think it would be a service to the public if councils erected notices in the main street listing the names and addresses of local doctors.

£1/1/- to "High Temperature" (name supplied), Wagga, N.S.W.

Jobs for youth

IT would be a big help to elderly people if members of youth organisations were willing to do odd jobs at 2/6 an hour. I am incapacitated and my wife, who is not young or in the best of health, has to do everything because it is practically impossible to get anyone for little chores such as cutting kindling wood, lawns, or cleaning the guttering.

£1/1/- to A. Peck, Mt. Eliza, Victoria.

A woman's role

WOMANKIND'S great value lies in preserving the ideals of the world, as a softening, humanising influence balancing the harsh, competitive life led by many men. Let women be highly educated and have careers outside the home, but above all use their intelligence to inspire men with honor, chivalry, and integrity. Women must realise they will not help the world by outdoing men in public life.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. Kijas, Plympton Park, South Australia.

Pet aversion

AT the pictures this week my wife and I had to change seats twice because of amorous couples brazenly canoodling. I'm in my early thirties and young enough to recall my own courting days. Taking a girl to the pictures then meant holding hands. There was none of this sprawling with heads together to the annoyance of people behind.

£1/1/- to "Disgusted" (name supplied), Camp Hill, Brisbane.

Old folks' contests

I APPLAUD Mrs. Edna Robinson's suggestion (22/4/'59) that it would be a blessing for aged pensioners to have telephones in their homes. I also think that instead of all these beauty contests for young women there should be competitions for elderly people to show their skill at tatting, knitting, gardening, and suchlike.

£1/1/- to "Pensioners' Pal" (name supplied), Salisbury, South Australia.

FAMILY AFFAIRS

Good ticking-off on Saturday

THERE used to be a lot of grumbling and quarrelling over the fairness of jobs until Mum thought of the "Saturday morning roster." On it are the initials of the children beside the jobs each is to do. Now we find it fun ticking off the jobs as soon as completed, because the first to finish gets a slight rise in pocket-money. When Mum comes home from shopping most of the jobs are done and we are happy.

£1/1/- to Leonia Gowlett, Glenbrook, N.S.W.

Happy birthday

MY "in-laws" unexpectedly arrived about 6 p.m. on my birthday and announced they were staying for tea. We were only having "hash." But I need not have worried. They marched in with delicious soup, roast turkey and vegetables, all still steaming hot. It was wonderful to sit down to such a meal and have kinship with people who think of such things. The idea may help others to surprise someone on a special occasion, even if they can't run to turkey.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. J. Lehmann, Murrayville, Victoria.

Ross Campbell writes...

A MAN in Sydney who had forgotten his identity was sure of only one thing about himself.

He said he felt married.

Put like that, it does not sound a very pleasant sensation.

It makes you think of an advertisement headed THAT MARRIED FEELING, showing a man with a worried face.

"Are you feeling listless, rundown, married? Take Singlo and enjoy instant relief."

Actually the married feeling can be either pleasant or otherwise, depending on who you are married to.

In some ways it is like the feeling of being in the army.

New recruits don't always take to it. Sometimes they panic and go A.W.L.

But they settle down gradually and often get to like it.

The married feeling is partly a feeling that you can't do as you please. There are rules to be obeyed.

You have to give up certain habits such as smoking in bed, or asking girls to go to the pictures.

FUNNY FEELING

It is also a feeling of togetherness. If you want privacy to think about money or cut your toenails, you may have to battle for it.

Above all the married feeling is a busy feeling.

There is always something to be done—buying picture-wire, mending the tap, going to the zoo, carving the meat, drying the dishes, doing

up buttons or necklaces, mowing the lawn, playing Snap, reading "Red Riding Hood," looking for socks, etc.

The unmarried feeling is, of course, quite different.

It is a feeling that you can do as you please, but you haven't enough to do.

While it is undeniably great fun, you can have too much of it.

There are one or two complications about all this, which I should mention.

Sometimes people are married without having the married feeling.

This is a dangerous situation. It often happens to film stars.

Elizabeth Taylor, when she was married to her fourth husband, a Mr. Fisher, said in surprise: "I feel just like Mrs. Fisher!"

Despite all her marital experience, she did not seem used to feeling married.

On the other hand it is dangerous to feel married when you are still unmarried.

Engaged girls sometimes get like that, and start bossing their fiances about. Before they know what has happened, there is no motor-cycle at the gate.

It is a good general rule that married people should feel married and single people should feel unmarried.

Personally, I like feeling married.

A disadvantage of the married feeling is that it tends to give you the married look, which is less exciting than the unmarried look.

But you can't have it both ways.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917036

THE FAT OF THE LAND

A short story by the famous humorist

P. G. WODEHOUSE

A bearded figure suddenly ran through the crowded entrance, closely followed at a fast and impressive speed by Oofy.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

AS the day of the draw for the Fat Uncles Sweep approached, excitement always ran high at the Drones Club in London's Mayfair, for the money involved never amounted to less than a hundred pounds and most of the members counted themselves rich if they found themselves in possession of a fiver.

The event was an annual one, and had been inaugurated some years previously by Catmeat Potter-Pirbright, who, noticing how many of his fellow members had fat uncles, had felt it would be a waste of good material not to make them the basis of a contest.

The names of the uncles were drawn from a hat, and the member who drew the winning uncle collected the jackpot. The deadline was the opening day of the Eton and Harrow cricket match, when all the uncles lunched with their nephews at the club; and the judging was in the capable hands of Charles, the man behind the bar, who had the unusual gift of being able to tell the weight of anything, from a Stilton cheese to a Covent Garden tenor, just by looking at it. He was known in his circle of friends as the Human Scales.

Form fluctuated, of course, from year to year, but never so much as to depose Freddie Widgeon's uncle—Rodney, Lord Blicester—from the position of favorite. It was generally recognised that the lucky stiff who drew the Blicester ticket could start spending the stake money right away, without waiting for it.

And, as always seemed to happen on these occasions, it was Oofy Prosser, the club millionaire, the one human soul, if you could call him a human soul, not in need of the cash, who drew it. Freddie himself got Oofy's Uncle Horace, and at the conclusion of the drawing he went over to where the plutocrat sat reading his morning's mail, to make inquiries.

"Who is this uncle of yours I've drawn, Oofy?" he asked. "I didn't know you had an uncle."

"Nor," said Oofy, "did I, till I got a letter from him the other day, signed 'Uncle Horace.' He appears to have been in the Argentine for the past twenty years. He's back in England now, staying at a place called Hollrock Manor in Hertfordshire."

"Is he fat?"

"I haven't seen him yet, but I shouldn't think so. Warm climate the Argentine. Keeps the weight down."

Freddie drifted away disconsolately, and Oofy returned to his letters. One of these bore the address of Hollrock Manor. He read it without any great interest till he came to the postscript.

"P.S.," his uncle wrote. "You must be wondering what I look like these days, not having been me since you were a child. I enclose a snapshot, taken in the garden the other morning."

The next moment Oofy had sagged back in his chair with a stifled cry, his eyes protruding from their sockets.

The snapshot showed a middle-aged man in a bathing-suit, a middle-aged man so rotund, so bulging in every direction that it seemed impossible that any bathing-suit built by human hands could contain him.

In the letter he had written to Oofy about his arrival in England, Horace Prosser had spoken of coming home to lay his bones in the old country. There was nothing in this photograph to suggest that he had any bones. A glance was enough to tell Oofy that his Blicester ticket was not worth the paper it was written on.

Compared with this mastodan, Lord Blicester was slim to the point of emaciation, and the thought that Freddie Widgeon, and not he, would win all that lovely sweepstake money was like a dagger in the bosom. We said earlier that Oofy did not need the cash, but it was we who said it, not Oofy.

It was well said of him at the Drones that, despite his revolting wealth, he would always willingly walk ten miles in tight boots to pick up twopence. Many put the figure even lower.

When money was at stake, Oofy Prosser thought like lightning. Two minutes later he was at Freddie's side, laying a gentle hand on his coat sleeve.

"Freddie, old man," he said, "can you spare me a moment of your valuable time? Did you know that I once used to be a Boy Scout?"

Freddie said he didn't.

"Yes, I was, and I have never forgotten the lessons I learned in those days. I don't mean so much lighting fires by rubbing sticks together as the doing-one's-daily-good-deed routine. One rather tends, as one grows older, to give the daily good deed a miss, and that's all wrong. There is no reason whatever why, just because one no longer goes about in a khaki shirt with a whistle attached to it, one should omit those little acts of kindness which sweeten life for all and sundry.

"And so I asked myself if it was right that I, to whom money means nothing, should have drawn the favorite in the sweep, while somebody who really needs the stuff, like you, gets stuck with a rank outsider. There could be but one answer. It was not right.

"We must swap tickets, Freddie, I taking my uncle and you yours. No need to tell me that I shall be doing myself out of a hundred quid or so. I shall, of course, but what is a hundred quid compared with the glow that comes from feeling that one has done an act of kindness? No arguments, Freddie, and don't thank me. My motives are purely selfish. I want to glow."

To page 37

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917037

Be lovelier —tonight

with the subtle magic of

Gemey PERFUME

The fragrance of enchantment

YOU'LL treasure it, as they do in light-hearted, gay Paris . . . this wonderful perfume of romance! Only Gemey Perfume has this rare, exquisite fragrance . . . a tantalising irresistible perfume . . . sophisticated, unforgettable, it lingers in the heart and memory. You'll revel in the new, delightful enchantment it brings.

GEMEY BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

PARIS • LONDON • NEW YORK • SYDNEY

G216.102

FREE OF RHEUMATIC PAINS
FREE OF ILL-HEALTH
thanks to MENTHOIDS

—says Mrs. W. M. of Kensington.

"Severe rheumatic pains made life a misery. I cried with pain as it was agony to move. I was advised to take Menthoids. After the first flask I felt so much better I continued treatment. I'm happy to say I'm now really well. Aches and pains have left me, I can do my housework and go about as I used to. My bad health has gone, and I feel really alive and well, thanks to Menthoids."

(Original letter on file, Head Office.)

SEE WHAT MENTHOIDS WILL DO FOR YOU!

The remarkable double action of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids rids the system of poisonous toxins, the main cause of rheumatic aches and pains, sciatica, lumbago, kidney and bladder weaknesses, hot flushes, aches and pains in limbs and muscles.

Menthoids tonic action also tones the system to recapture youthful energy, buoyant health and a real zest for living. Say goodbye to aches and pains that sap your strength and make life a misery. For yourself and your family — start Menthoid treatment TO-DAY and start feeling years younger in mind and body.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

15/-, 9/- and 5/- EVERYWHERE!

M22

The Flame of MURDER

Instalment three of our serial

By MARGOT NEVILLE

NO one in the town of Latham West, a few miles from Sydney, was pleased that ROWENA LATHAM was coming back to her husband, ANGUS, at the family home, Pine Hill, but her return was anything but triumphant. Her body was found in the attic of Burnside cottage, rented by VIVIAN WYATT, a friend of the Lathams and ex-fiancee of DENIS PAGET, who is camping nearby in his caravan. When detectives GROGAN and MANNING, from the C.I.B., start investigations they conclude that the body must have been in the attic all day while Vivian's friends TONI and CARL HENNESSEY, COLONEL FEWSTER, and SHEILA BINGHAM were helping her in the house and garden, for there is a smear of blue paint on the hem of her frock which matches the paint on the front door painted by Sheila between nine and ten-thirty in the morning, and which, being quick-drying, must have been dry by 11 a.m. at the latest. Although Angus has told the police he last saw his wife the previous afternoon in Sydney, Denis tells Vivian he himself saw Rowena at Burnside the night before the body was found in the attic.

Grogan and Manning are told by the local watchmaker, MR. TYSON, that Mrs. Latham was "a murderess," and later from Angus learn why she left the district a year ago. Tyson's son, MARK, was burnt to death in a cottage where he was supposed to have had a rendezvous with Rowena, but she asserted she spent the evening with Denis in his caravan. This, incidentally, had been the reason for Vivian's estrangement from Denis. Denis later asks Vivian to marry him and forget the past and also begs her to leave Burnside, for he feels there is more trouble ahead, but Vivian says she cannot bear the idea of running away. NOW READ ON.

BY eight-thirty that evening Vivian was alone, and as she sat under the reading lamp in the study she thought again that Denis had been right in saying that the house had a depressing quality, quite apart from the tragedy that had taken place in it yesterday. The people who built it had tried to make it as closed in and cushioned as their own lives. The light came in unwillingly, the dark walls threw none of it back.

From her chair, she looked across at the row of black silhouettes on the wall. Angus' great-grandparents and great-aunts and uncles, all noticeably like Angus, with regular features and deeply set eyes, and chins that knew what they wanted and how to get it. But it was unthinkable that any one of them had ever resorted to a means that was ruthless or cowardly . . .

Finding she wasn't reading, Vivian got up and made one of those aimless tours of the house that people make in times of crisis, trying to grasp for comfort at the ordinary, trying to pretend that the trouble is over and that life is flowing back into its everyday channels.

In her bedroom, she put away the contents of a suitcase she had unpacked that afternoon. In the bathroom she straightened towels. In the kitchen, in the drawing-room, she found some small thing to do. More than once she glanced at her watch, almost unconsciously waiting for it to come full circle to mark the twenty-four hours since she had put out a groping hand in the darkness and met Rowena's death-cold cheek.

Twenty-four hours? Twenty-four years! And Rowena tonight was a police exhibit, and in a few days would be up in that melancholy little cemetery where Angus' people were buried. "Rowena, wife of Angus Latham."

First wife of Angus Latham? . . .

Some men were bad pickers. From the start, Rowena had, as people said, "gone her own way." It was doubtful if her way had been any less congenial to him than Sheila's would be after a few years.

Sheila had gone out immediately after dinner, not saying where she was going, presumably to meet Angus.

The little cat that walks by itself, Sheila had come down the stairs looking the picture of self-contentment that verged on secrecy, and had gone down the garden path, walking delicately. She had lingered for a minute outside the gate, and then gone off briskly down the hill.

Vivian went and sat down again in the study. Still thoughtful, letting her cigarette, unenjoyed, hoist its spiral of smoke into the quiet air, she found herself regretting her brusqueness in putting aside Denis' suggestion that she leave Burnside. Goodness knows, she had a good enough excuse to do so. Most people would jump at it. Without a moment's consideration she had said no to every suggestion he had made; such as her going to the Hennesseys' to sleep, and Sheila to Pine Hill, and only spending the days here until her father and mother returned in six weeks' time.

She had said no, and no; she had said hasn't the worst happened, and that Rowena didn't haunt the place; and that she could more easily adjust herself to the shock of last night by not scuttling away and investing the house and its inanimate contents with the power to scare and rout her.

He had agreed with this argument, nodding grudgingly, and yet had held to his point that she should leave. He had refused her invitation to stay for dinner, saying that he was meeting a man at the pub, an orchardist from farther up the mountain, and had gone off dissatisfied.

She sat thinking about Denis and about her relationship with him, and the trend of her thoughts was that she had been a fool—still was!—a perfectionist. It was an unadult thing to be. She should have outgrown such nonsense with her teens. It was what had led her to stalk away last year, finding impossible to condone that door locked in her face and his silence when she had called. And now, her holding him at arm's length, that sprang from the same weakness in her. She couldn't let herself be happy with him in the midst of this dreadful affair, but must wait till everything was right again. She was a fool, there was no doubt about that. Nothing ever was finally tidy and right.

Another glance at her watch. The twenty-four-hour knell for Rowena had tolled. Her life was over. Why was she herself squandering time as though it were unending?

Making up her mind to go down and see if he were home, she went out into the hall.

At that moment she heard a car drive up outside, and the detectives were on the porch—four, five of them—when she opened the front door.

Her face must have expressed her unwelcome at the sight of them again.

Grogan said, with heavily laid on humility: "Well, now, isn't this too bad! Us here again just as you thought you were going to have a nice quiet read of a book."

Responding, she said: "Oh, I've given away that idea long ago. I was thinking of going for a walk."

"Can't settle to things. I know. Not even any good sweeping the carpets with us flatfoots tramping over them the next minute."

Disarming and affable, the inspector seemed someone little more to be wary of than a plumber come to talk about a burst water pipe.

The other men filed into the study, but Grogan lingered behind in the passage. He stepped over and put his hat down on the table. Turning, he said:

"By the way, there's one or two little things I want to ask you."

"Yes?"

"About last night. When you found this poor lady dead in the attic. Now you said, if I remember rightly, that you were making for the window and you stumbled over her body in the dark."

She nodded. "Yes," she said again.

"Then, I think you said, you sat up and reached out and touched her face. Right?"

"Quite right. It was then that I knew."

"Tell me now, did you have anything on your hand?"

"On my hand?"

"Yes. You'd been in the kitchen a minute before, so you happened to mention."

"Yes, I ran in that way when I'd been out to see if I could get up by the ladder."

"Did you stop around there to do any little thing, like?"

"How do you mean?"

"I mean, could you've collected a bit of flour on your hand?"

Vivian's eyes opened wide, staring at him, blankly at first, and then with an idea dawning in them. She said: "Flour! Certainly not. Was that why you were asking this morning about the way she used to make up?"

"That's right, that's it. You see, when we examined her body I noticed that one cheek was whiter than the other and I wondered why. I began to wonder if she'd had a row with someone and they'd given her a smack over the face and she'd tried to cover up the redness with powder. But what do you know! Just now I hear from our Scientific Branch that the white stuff on her cheek isn't powder at all. It's cooking flour."

Vivian sank on the chair against the wall feeling slightly dizzy. "Oh? . . ." she said on a croaking note.

He went on: "You only took over this house early yesterday. When Mrs. Hennessey baked that cake was that the only time flour was used during the day?"

It was. She knew it was. But she said quickly: "Yes. Of

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917038

"Don't think any more about it," Angus said to Vivian reassuringly, while Denis looked on. "Sheila's sorry for what she said."

course, we were all in and out of the kitchen while she was doing it."

"So she said." He was thoughtful a moment. "What about those little cakes the colonel came across with?"

"Well, they were just little queen cakes in paper patty-pans."

"And that fresh bread and honey you said you cut for morning tea?"

"That! . . . That loaf?" Very inviting it had looked, crisp and fresh. That was why she had hacked thick slices off it and spread them with butter and honey. She said: "Yes, the crust was heavily floured."

"Was it? Yes . . . Everyone had a bit, I suppose?"

"I think so."

They were both silent for a moment on this.

Then he shouldered himself from the wall against which he had been leaning. "Well, your guess is as good as mine. Anyhow, I mustn't keep you from your walk."

"I did think to go out for a stroll, but . . ." But the impetus had gone.

He went towards the study. "You do. Have a breath of air. We'll mind the house for you. If we're not here when you come back you've got your key, I suppose."

She ran up to her room and got it and a pocket torch.

When she came down again and passed the study she saw through the half-open door that fingerprinting men were at work in there.

Taking away with her this fresh worry, she stepped outside and hurried down the path.

There wasn't a great deal of light from the sky tonight; plenty of moon, but plenty of cloud, too. She cut into the bit of bush, and went down the track that led to the creek and the caravan. The oft-trodden track friendly and open.

Before she got down over the brow of the hill, over her shoulder she could see farther up on the other side of the road the glow of the lights from the Hennesseys' house, and almost opposite that a dim glow which she knew to be from the side verandah of Colonel Fewster's place. Then the track grew steeper, dipping down towards the water and the clearing.

There was no light ahead in the caravan as Vivian came out into the clearing. When Denis was in there at night the door was usually open, letting out a broad band of light to stream across the grass. She paused, half turned, hesitating as to whether to go on down and wait for him or to abandon the idea of seeing him tonight and go home.

As she turned away something white on the ground came into the ray of light from her torch. She shone the torch on it, went nearer.

Only a couple of feet beyond the clump of bushes that edged the clearing just there Quentin was lying.

He was in shirt and shorts, lying on one side, his face half hidden, turned aside on its bed of sandy grass.

Even before Vivian called his name and crouched down beside him, her fear, running ahead, expected to find exactly this; a wrist that had no pulse under her fingers, parted lips through which no breath came. Yet he was warm to her touch. She felt his forehead, slipped her hand inside his open shirt, feeling for his heart . . . Stillness.

Then she saw that blood had seeped into the sand from a wound in the left temple.

She scrambled to her feet and started to run.

Help! Help!

Help for whom, for what? For death which there was no helping. Or for herself, shaken almost to hysteria by this new outrage?

Back up the track she went. The track that had seemed so short a few minutes before when she had strolled down it now seemed to stretch out ahead of her unendingly. It was steep. Her feet, slipping on the slippery leaves, shot from under her once or twice, pitching her forward on hands and knees. A sort of fury was mixed with her terror, a rage against Quentin's unknown killer. The beauty of his youthful unspent body lying there! . . . It couldn't be, it couldn't be! The torch, undirected in her wavering hand, shone around like a dancing firefly.

She burst open the gate at Burnside. The lights in the house were still on, and she ran up the path, calling. As she reached the porch the inspector came hurrying from the study.

Like bees out of a disturbed hive they streaked out of the house—with Vivian at their heels—and down the track.

"There—just there." She was ahead now, pointing with her torch to the place where Quentin had been lying.

Had been. For now there was only the scuffed sandy earth and a dark stain of blood soaked into it. Only these to show that the thing she had seen had not been simply a bad dream, a monstrous imagining.

Vivian looked up from the six feet of earth where Quentin had lain to find the eyes of the policemen trained on to her face.

Like a specimen pinned to a board, she stood in the glare of their scrutiny and their torches. Fellow insects shot in and out of the shafts of light that turned the greyish foliage round about to a theatrical green. If insects could reflect, she thought, they couldn't possibly feel smaller than she did just then under that tough battery of looks.

To page 39

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917039

Betty King is proud to announce

NEW ONE EGG PUFFIN CAKE MIXTURE

her own recipe blended from fresh wholesome ingredients

It's what you've always wanted — an economical cake, and a new, easy recipe — made from ingredients you'd use in your own cake mixture.

"In this recipe I have used only the best ingredients," said Betty King. And the best they are, including finely milled "soft" Flour, pure, sweet Shortening, C.S.R. Cane Sugar and top-quality flavourings.

Blended under Betty King supervision, these wholesome ingredients need only the addition of ONE EGG and milk. With Betty King's new Puffin Cake Mixture you'll bake the nicest cake ever. *Only 5 minutes to prepare — only one mixing bowl needed!*

Buy the new Puffin Cake Mixture in 3 different flavours — Vanilla, Orange, Caramel! Or you can add other flavourings of your choice to any of these — it tells you how on the packets.

BETTY KING RECIPES

Your Puffin cake simple . . .

There are many easy ways to serve your new Puffin cake for lunches, snacks, afternoon teas . . . Here is just one delicious idea — you'll find there are others on the packets.

Luncheon Slice: Grease and flour 9" x 9" x 1½" tin and sprinkle sultanas and 2 level tablespoons coconut over base. Make Vanilla, Orange, or Caramel cake mixture according to basic recipe on packet. Pour into tin. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Cool and cut into blocks for school lunches or snacks.

Your Puffin cake fancy . . .

Serve your Puffin Cake dressed up, too. Try this tested Betty King recipe and others on the packets.

Chocolate Mallow Cake: Make a chocolate cake according to the recipe on Vanilla Cake Mixture packet. Bake in a deep 8" tin. Cool and frost with chocolate icing, leaving a little in the basin. **Topping:** Make marshmallow and set. Cut into small squares and mix with remainder of icing, adding chopped walnuts. Combine all ingredients together and spoon over cake.

BETTY KING GUARANTEES

1. All the ingredients used in Puffin Cake Mixture are the finest quality, fresh and nutritious. 2. If your Puffin Cake Mixture doesn't fulfil all the claims made for it, just send the empty packet to: Betty King, Box 3580 G.P.O., Sydney, and you will receive double your money back.

Three flavours
Vanilla
Orange • Caramel

PF.34.W.WFC

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917040

What's it to be?

A short story complete on this page

By PAL CLEARY

EARLIER in the evening Judy had wanted a dill-pickle. By the time Bob had his hat and coat on she decided that she didn't want one. Now she sat, uncomfortably erect, in a hard-backed chair, a copy of "Name Your Baby" open on her lap. Across the living-room her husband stretched out on a chair with the paper.

Judy looked up from the book. "What about Duncan?"

"Duncan?" Bob put aside the paper and considered.

"It's Gaelic," Judy said. "Means 'brown' and 'head.' Chances are he'll have a brown head like us."

"Duncan, Dunc, Dunky, Dinky," Bob said rapidly. He picked up the paper. "Not on your life."

Judy sighed. "What's wrong with Duncan?"

"Not a thing," Bob said. "But I don't want kids calling my son Dinky. Or even Dunky."

"Why should they?" Judy demanded. "Why don't they call him Duncan?"

"Because they won't," Bob said positively. "Kids can't have changed that much since I was a boy. Give 'em a name they can get their teeth in and they chew it like a puppy with a bone." He glowered. "What's more, they always find the most repulsive variation."

"What of it?" Judy asked.

"It can ruin his whole youth," Bob said darkly. "Of course, he can look back and laugh about it later on, but a thing like that can do an awful lot to a youngster."

Judy looked over at her husband. "What was your nickname, dear?"

Bob looked away. "Bozo," he said in a low voice.

Judy giggled. "Mine was Jazzer." She bent over the book. "Well, here we go again."

"That's the spirit," Bob said. "Anyway, at least we're all set if it's a girl."

"Patricia," Judy smiled. "I like Patricia."

"And all its variants," Bob agreed. "Pat, Patty, Patsy."

"Aaron," Judy said. "Abel, Adrian, Alexander—how's Alexander?"

"Great," Bob said. "But the Curtons across the street beat us to it, remember?"

Judy sighed again. "Brian, Barry, Burt—"

"Burt is a beauty," Bob said sarcastically. He imitated a childish treble. "Hey, Burty! Hey, Burtyyy!"

"Cecil, Clarence, Dennis, David, Donald, Duke——"

"Woof, woof," said Bob. "Down, Duke, down!"

"Eric, Edward, Edmund, Frankie, Frank, Frederick," Judy paused. "I like Freddie."

Bob made a face. "I had a workmate named Fred. He used to be always borrowing money from me."

"George, Gilbert, Herbert," Judy chanted.

Bob lit his pipe. "Keep going."

"I will not," Judy snapped, and closed the book and tossed it over to Bob. "You find a name."

Bob began to flip through the pages of given names. Minutes passed. Abruptly he looked up.

"Eureka!" he cried.

Judy stared at him. "You want to name our son Eureka!"

"I mean I've got it," Bob said impatiently. "We'll call him Montgomery!"

"Montgomery?" Judy said dubiously. "It's quite a mouthful."

"Exactly!" Bob said enthusiastically. "I like a long first name to go with Singer. Doesn't whiz by so fast."

Judy tried it out. "Montgomery Singer."

"Has a real prosperous ring, huh?" Bob said. He picked up the dictionary. "From Montgomerie, a family name in Normandy, France."

"Interesting," Judy said. "Now, who do we know in Normandy, France?"

Bob was pacing the room. "And the nickname is fine, too—Monty."

Bob wrote rapidly on a sheet of paper. "Looks good spelled out, too. What do you say, darling?" he pleaded. "Is it Montgomery?"

"We'll see," Judy said, and stretched wearily. "Maybe it'll be a girl . . ."

. . . . .

Montgomery Singer entered the world at three o'clock the following Thursday morning. On Saturday Judy was allowed her first visitors other than Bob. They came trooping into the hospital room—Judy's parents and Bob's mother and father, and half a dozen relatives, and Bob's boss, Mr. Raymond. Mr. Raymond brought along his wife and his son Mike.

"Where is it?" Mike asked eagerly. "Mike wanted to see a brand-new baby," Mrs. Raymond explained. "He's never been allowed in a maternity ward before."

Bob looked down the hall. "Nurse Smith is bringing him now!" He held the door open as the nurse carried in a small blue bundle. "Here he is, people!" Bob cried radiantly. "Meet Montgomery Singer!"

Mrs. Singer remarked that the baby had Judy's eyes. Judy's mother, equally gracious, noticed he had the Singer mouth.

Mike Raymond shyly approached the bedside. "Can I look, please?"

"Of course," Judy said, and turned the baby in his direction.

Mike stared delightedly. "Gee!"

"Go on, Mike! Say something to him," his mother said.

"Hi, mate," Mike said.

"His name is Montgomery," Bob said proudly.

Mike grinned at the small face peeping through the blanket.

"Hi, Gummy!" he called out. "Hullo, Gummy, boy!"

(Copyright)

Judy stopped at the name Frederick. "I like Freddie," she said, and waited for Bob's reaction.

Don't let that sniffle become a cold!

Reach for Listerine!

Listerine *kills* the germs that cause the misery of colds. At the first sign of a "sniffle" — gargle with Antiseptic Listerine. *Listerine stops colds before they start!*

YOUR No. 1 PROTECTION AGAINST INFECTION

20-52-4

AVAILABLE AT ALL GOOD STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

3/59

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917041

NOW YOU MUST SEE PANELYTE *Galaxy*

NO PAPER OR MAGAZINE CAN TRULY ILLUSTRATE THE DRAMATIC BEAUTY OF GALAXY

Galaxy captures "stardust beauty" for modern surfacing

. . . Imagine the beauty of a starry night — that's *Galaxy*. The theme is heavenly with shimmering bursts of stardust mingled with chips of gold in the most dramatic backgrounds to delight the eye and harmonise with every colour scheme.

The breathtaking beauty of this durable surface defies the art of colour printing — eludes the camera with its dazzling splendour, that's why we say — "*YOU must see Panelyte Galaxy to believe it!*"

SIX THRILLING COLOURS!

. . . from the glamour Panelyte range of thirty-three. All colours are available in tailor-made furniture or in economical sheets.

Panelyte is a surface of beauty and a joy forever!

Stays New Looking — so durable!

Pride is your privilege when you have a **Panelyte** surface in your home. It stays new looking with the whisk of a damp cloth, resists heat, stains, scuffs and impact — provides a lifetime of dependable service.

See the full range of Panelyte patterns and colours, including *Galaxy*, at your nearest stockist.

So easy to work with!

Any handyman (or woman) can easily fix **Panelyte** *to bench tops and tables. Glueing is no problem — your Panelyte retailer has stocks of specially prepared* Panelyte Contact Adhesive — *makes a lifetime waterproof joint in 25 minutes.*

PANELYTE
LAMINATED PLASTIC

Panelyte is manufactured in Australia under direct licence from the St. Regis Paper Company, New York, U.S.A., by

Charles Hope Ltd.
BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA

Free Galaxy Sample & Colour Folder

To: **Charles Hope Ltd.,** Wandoo St. Valley, Brisbane.
Please send me a sample of _____ (write colour here)
Galaxy and a Panelyte Colour Chart by return mail.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
_____ W.W.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917042

Command Performance

A short short story

By REX HARDINGE

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE IRVING PRATT came to Africa with a theatrical company and was left stranded by a manager who had the price of only one ticket home.

In the years that followed, remote native villages became accustomed to the strange white man who appeared mysteriously out of the bush and was a thousand men in one body. Before a spellbound audience of black faces he created characters innumerable in return for a skinful of liquor and such scraps of food as were going.

He could boast indeed that he played before royalty—the proud kings of many of the darkest corners of Africa—but with the passing of the chief's liquor supply the gaunt Englishman, with his thin, mobile features and compelling eyes, passed on, taking with him the magic of a voice that could coo like a lovesick maiden, weep like a teething babe, and make a man hear himself talking when his mouth was shut.

Through all his lonely journeys, from the Cape to the Lakes, from the mouth of the Zambezi to the mouth of the Congo, William S. remained the popular conception of an actor. Always intense, with a voice that never lost its feryor, and the airs of a man strutting the stage. But he had lost his first fine frenzy by the time he gravitated to the Invuma district, where his shambling figure became a familiar sight to the few scattered settlers.

He had reached the state where he was never strictly sober, never entirely drunk, but always grubby and uncouth, so that many vowed they would close their doors to him.

But he would look so old and broken, with hoary head bent low, when he mumbled in a quavering voice that oozed despair, that few had the heart to kick him out. Even though, at the back of the tragic eyes was always a wicked twinkle at the never-failing power of his own acting. He had no money and little need of it, for whites and natives fed, clothed, and housed him, and he was always to be found where liquor flowed the freest.

He was at Bill Devenish's farm on the day that Tim O'Marr arrived from England. Bill, a big, quiet, improvident Irishman, had been farming a valley in the district for five years, and O'Marr was the result of an advertisement for a partner. Two Irishmen together might have been a mistake, but young, gay, debonair O'Marr was as volatile as Bill was quiet, and as close with his money as Bill was spendthrift.

The partnership was celebrated, unwisely but well, and William S., who appeared miraculously but sedately out of the wilderness when the cork popped from the first bottle, entertained with a brilliant galaxy of caricatures of everybody up and down the district. With a relentless, unerring touch he found the most ludicrous characteristic of each in turn and magnified it cruelly.

"Comic old boy!" chuckled O'Marr to Bill. "Looks like Hamlet after a thousand hectic nights, and seems able to mimic everything from the sound of paddles on the river to both Romeo and Juliet. Here, William S., there's one man in this district you can't imitate."

"And who might that be, laddie?"

"Me. Seeing that I arrived only today, I guess I'm immune."

But the supply of whisky had been plentiful, and Bill was promptly treated to a discussion, during which he had only to close his eyes to be quite convinced that there were two O'Marrs in the room. The inflection of both voices was identical, and it seemed impossible that one spoke out of the firm mouth of Tim and the other through the thin, slack, crumpled old lips of William S.

But the old man went too far. He hung about the following day, obviously determined to be on hand as long as the liquor lasted, and he strayed into O'Marr's room when the newcomer was unpacking.

"Ho-la!" he boomed, snatching up the photograph of a girl with a small, sweet, proud face. "What have we here? Romance comes to Invuma. Love knocks at the door." He slid into mimicry of O'Marr's voice. "It is my lady. O, it is my love . . . See how she leans her cheek upon her hand! O, that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek!"

O'Marr grabbed the photograph from him and kicked him out.

Less than six months later O'Marr sent for the girl in the photograph to join him.

"I'll meet her at the coast," he told Bill. "We'll be married there. And don't look so glum about it, man. You don't know Sheila. She's a girl in a million."

Bill sighed. He had once known a girl in a million and had come to Africa to forget that such things existed. As the day of Sheila's arrival came nearer he informed William S., who, needless to say, haunted the neighborhood in readiness for the celebrations to come, that the farm was not worth living on these days.

"Tim's making furniture and putting up curtains. Pink in one room, blue in another. And he's fetched a sideboard and a dressing-table, and I don't know what else, all the way from Nairobi. What's wrong with the empty petrol-cases I've used for more than five years?

"William S., why do they do it? Here's a man free as air—lord of all he surveys!" Bill waved a hand at the vast panorama of veld and bush and mountain—"and then a girl—wedding bells——"

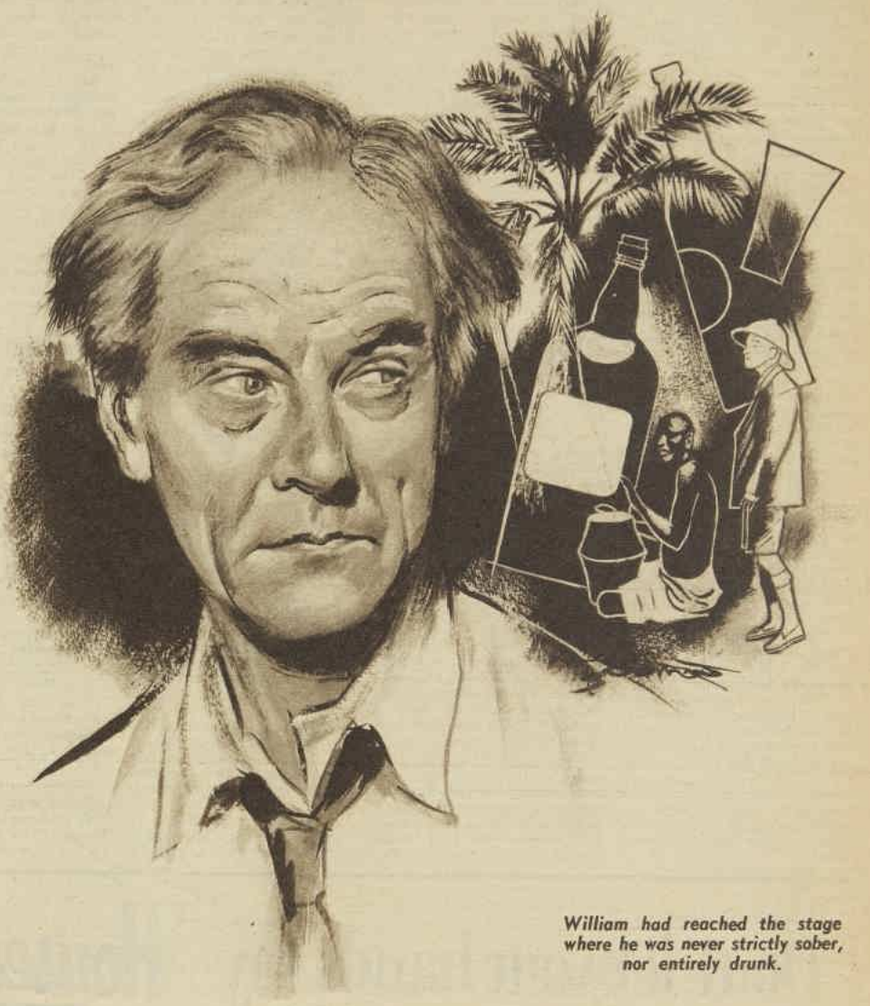
"And the last state of that man is worse than the first," sighed William S. "The last sight of him is naught but a mountain of parcels, following from shop to shop after the wife of his bosom along the matrimonial road to drab monotony and penury. Had we not better pour a libation to his unhappy fate, laddie?"

"I guess so," said Bill. "Come up to the house, but, for crime's sake, admire the curtains. He's changed them all once because some silly ass said that color wouldn't go with fair hair and blue eyes."

"In the words of the immortal bard," declared William S., "As the most forward bud is eaten by the canker ere it blow, even so by love the young and tender wit is turned to folly. Lay on Macduff."

They reached the house to find that O'Marr was dying.

Three natives had brought him in from the lands where he had been working. They also brought the snake. Bill scarcely looked at it. It was not a mamba. O'Marr took too long to die.



William had reached the stage where he was never strictly sober, nor entirely drunk.

He spoke of the girl.

"You, Bill — you'll meet Sheila, won't you? Explain to her — tell her —" O'Marr's face was a radiant, livid mask and his bright eyes looked far beyond Bill and William S. — "Tell her — somewhere I'll be waiting for her. I'm not out of my mind. I know what I am saying — I'll be waiting for her. Tell her that, Bill. Love like ours can't die. There must be somewhere — I'll be waiting . . ."

William S. went down to the coast with Bill to meet the ship. Bill had not cabled. He felt that would be too sharp a blow.

He could not bear the thought of making the journey alone; and William S. had been present when O'Marr died; had helped to hold him up — heard that last message.

"I never fail my friends, laddie," said William S., his thoughts roving ahead to the variety of bars in the coast town.

But Bill was firm and watchful, and it was a drooping, unhappy old man that stood by him on the dock. One drink only to steady their nerves was the ration.

"I am ill," muttered William S. "The strength has gone from my bones, laddie. My head is a raging torment. You have taken away my stay and prop. The sight of all this water fills me with nausea. How sharper than a serpent's tooth is . . ."

"Shut up!" snarled Bill.

His grip tightened on the old man's arm as they watched the ship come alongside. They realised that somewhere in that sea of faces along the rail was Sheila looking for her love.

The gangway was run out, and for a moment Bill hesitated, frowning at the cringing, uncouth figure of his companion. But he dragged William S. aboard with him. He was aware that surprised, disdainful glances came their way from all sides, and he longed for the quiet solitude of Invuma.

But a ship's officer came up to him and said: "Mr. O'Marr?"

Bill said: "No. But, I—I have come from—for him."

The officer said: "I see." And cleared his throat, as if to say something difficult.

But before he could speak an old lady, with troubled eyes, came quickly and took Bill's arm.

"Come this way," she urged. "She is waiting for you. You must be very quiet."

"But—" began Bill; while William S. tried to bolt.

But the woman held Bill's arm, and he dragged William S. with him down the companionway. Both realised that people all around were not looking disdainful any more, but studying them with curious, compassionate eyes.

A tall man appeared suddenly at Bill's side and began to talk in curt, quiet sentences.

"It was a kid—last night—little fool!—playing with matches in the cabin. She was the first to get there —grabbed the child—put out the fire. But—"

The woman opened a door. And there was Sheila.

"Tim!" she called instantly.

Bill stood immovable in the doorway. The girl was propped up on the pillows, with her head and hands covered in bandages, through which he could somehow sense what the fire had done.

She reached out. Called again, in a voice that was little more than a dying whisper, and yet so eager, so filled with love—"Tim."

Bill could only stand and stare, with something in his throat twisted into knots. But William S. moved.

With strangely swift, steady strides the wreck of a man in the soiled white suit crossed the cabin. Knelt by the bunk and took the bandaged hands in his.

Bill closed his eyes, and it was as if Tim O'Marr lived again, telling his love with all the fervor of youth . . . telling Sheila not to worry . . . this wasn't the end of love; it was the beginning . . . that where she was going she would find him waiting.

(Copyright)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917043

Continuing . . . MARRIAGE BAIT

from page 25

if we say I was discovered by Freddie, won't the story get printed quicker?"

I looked at Freddie.

"Freddie won't mind," Mona said. "Will you, Freddie?"

Freddie laughed. "It's O.K. with me," he said.

I felt like picking up my glass of beer and pouring it over the top of his head.

"It's all set then," Mona said. "When can you give the story to somebody at the wire services, Norman? Tomorrow? Or maybe you could do it tonight. If they want to take a picture of me and Freddie to go with it, they could send a photographer over to the theatre."

"Slow down a minute," I said. "Let's get this straight. Does your father actually own a filling station?"

"Not really," Mona said. "My father's in the insurance business. But it doesn't have to be a filling station. You can make it anywhere—a drugstore or a movie theatre. It doesn't really matter where you have Freddie discovering me, as long as you make it clear that he was the one who found me. That will make the story really interesting. . . . Oh, Freddie, look at the time! I have to get back to the rehearsal right now. Freddie, you're coming over there at four-thirty to listen to that song I sing in the second act—right? You promised."

"I'll be there," Freddie said.

He fell all over himself seeing her to the door and getting her a cab. When he came back to the table he said to me, "Isn't she something? She's going places."

"And if anybody gets in her way she'll walk right over him," I said.

"Stop it, Norman," he said. "She's only a couple of years out of school. She doesn't know her way around yet."

"She knows enough to get you to come to her rehearsals, so that everybody in the show will know Freddie Kent's helping her with her song," I said. "Then you'll have to be seen around with her, talking the song over. Has she asked you yet if she can sit in the control booth during your television show?"

"As a matter of fact, I said I'd take her to the studio with me next week," he said. "Anything wrong in that?"

"You don't know about these things because you never ran into anything like this before," I said. "But you are now a name in show business, and when a girl like Mona Merrill is seen in public with you she gets her name in the papers. Doesn't it occur to you that this might be the reason why she wants you to take her out?"

"So what?" Freddie said. "If being seen with me is going to get her a little publicity that might do her some good, it doesn't hurt me, does it?"

"But the next thing you know, all the columnists will be saying that you're having a romance with her," I said. "How will Polly like that?"

"This hasn't got anything to do with Polly," he said. "I just want to give Mona a hand in getting started right in show business. That's all there is to it."

It worked out just the way I knew it would. Getting Mona started in show business took much more time than Freddie expected it to take, but he didn't seem to be bothered by it. They became a frequent item in the columns and Freddie saw less of Polly. I tried to tell Polly that Mona was just using Freddie to build up her own publicity and that it wouldn't last, but Polly wasn't so sure.

"Maybe I can't compete with a young girl like her," Polly said. "After all, I'm a lot older than she is."

"How old are you?" I said.

"Twenty-six."

"Maybe you ought to see about getting your face lifted," I said. "Look, Polly, I thought you and Freddie were planning on getting married only a couple of weeks ago. Did anything happen between you?"

"The only thing that happened between us was this crafty child prodigy, who saved up her allowances to buy a ticket on the Long Island Railroad and try her luck in the big city," Polly said. "Oh, Norman, can't we do something about her? If it was somebody else, I might bow out of the picture. But I won't let a good guy like Freddie get tied up with a girl like Miss Mona Merrill. Besides, I'm nuts about him."

"Got any ideas?" I said.

"Not yet," Polly said. "But I'm staying with it. You keep an eye on them, Norman, and if you see an opportunity for me to jump in and pick up the pieces, you just get to the nearest telephone."

Incidentally, I stalled then finally squashed, after many arguments, Mona's bright idea for a story about how she was discovered by Freddie. But it didn't bother her for long, because after "It's Delicious" opened she began to get reams of publicity on her own, without the help of Freddie's name. "It's Delicious" wasn't exactly a hit, but it ran for a few months. It was another one of those very frothy comedies about a husband who gets mixed up with his teenage baby-sitter, played by Mona. She had trouble memorising her part, but that didn't matter, because when she was onstage nobody listened to what she was saying. They were too busy staring at her.

"Miss Merrill's lines are the best thing in the play, and I'm not referring to the ones that were given to her by the author," one of the critics reported.

I never saw anything like the publicity she got—picture layouts in the Sunday supplements, covers on three national magazines, and appearances in TV quiz shows. Still she wasn't satisfied. I couldn't convince her that I was supposed to be working for eight other important clients as well as for her. She thought I should be plugging Mona Merrill fourteen hours a day and seven days a week.

"Meet me at eleven tomorrow morning," she said to me one day. "We're going to the opening of a new supermarket in New Jersey."

"How did this come about?" I said.

"An advertising man invited me," she said. "Wasn't it nice of him? He says a photographer from a Newark paper is going to be there."

"Listen to me, Mona," I said. "Last week you had your picture on—"

"Who cares about last week?" she said. "I've got to do something about this week."

But I was wrong when I predicted hopefully to Polly that Mona might begin to let go of her hold on Freddie when she got a real taste of the limelight. Three months went by and she was still clinging to him. Of course there was a certain romantic element in it, but I figured there must be another angle. Then I heard that "It's Delicious" was on the verge of closing and Mona was running her agent, George Bixby, ragged trying to get either a movie contract or another Broadway show job for her. That accounted for her unflagging devotion to Freddie. She would need Freddie as an escort to keep her name in print if she became unemployed.

Every man desires to live long, but no man wants to be old.
—*Jonathan Swift*

I talked the situation over with Polly.

"So instead of letting up she's putting on more pressure," I said to her. "Aren't you getting discouraged?"

"Not yet," Polly said. "I still haven't seen anybody else who measures up to that booby baritone. I'm a sap, but I just can't help it."

When "It's Delicious" was in its final week, Mona called me one morning at the unearthly hour of 9.45 and said she had to see me right away.

"Tell me over the phone," I said.

"It's very important," she said. "I tried to get you all last night. George Bixby says Mitchell Swirling is interested in putting me into his next movie."

"Congratulations," I said. "But what's that got to do with me?"

"Plenty," Mona said. "The thing that's holding it up is that Swirling has never seen me."

"Doesn't he subscribe to any papers or magazines?"

"This is no time to be funny," she said. "I mean he's never seen me perform. George tried to get him to fly here to see me in 'It's Delicious,' but he's tied up in Hollywood all this week and we close Saturday."

"So?"

"So this is where you come in," she said. "There's only one thing left. You've got to get me on a network television show that Swirling can see in California. And you've got to do it fast, before he picks somebody else for the part."

"The network dramatic shows are booked a long time in advance," I said. "Maybe a quiz show?"

"A quiz show is no good," she said. "I don't want Swirling to see me sitting behind a desk answering questions. I want him to see me walking around, if you know what I mean. I know just the show I need for that."

"What have *you in mind*?" I said.

"I want to be on 'Calling on the Celebrities'," she said. "Start working on it. I've got to be on it next week."

"I don't think I heard you right," I said. "It's impossible to get you on 'Calling on the Celebrities' next week. They had next week's show arranged three months ago."

"You can do it," she said. "I heard you say you know a man connected with 'Calling on the Celebrities.' I think you said his name was Johnny Bowman."

She couldn't remember the lines in a play she had been acting in for three months, but she could remember the name of Johnny Bowman.

"Besides, they do that show from your home," I said. "You haven't got a home. You've been living in a hotel room ever since you've been in 'It's Delicious.' Unless you think you'd like to do it from your parents' house in Rockville Center."

"I've already thought about that," she said. "I can't use our house. It's too small and it's not swanky enough for the performance I want to put on for Mitchell Swirling. I've made a deal to sublet a very nice furnished apartment up in Riverdale. It's in a very expensive neighborhood."

And this was a kid twenty years old. What was she going to be like at thirty?

"All right," I said wearily. "I'll talk to Johnny Bowman. But don't get your hopes up. It's strictly a longshot."

As I expected, Johnny Bowman laughed at *me*. He said that "Calling on the Celebrities" was calling the following week on Clark Gable and a very famous scientist at Princeton. He said the earliest open date they had for someone like Mona was eight months away, so I thanked him and told him not to bother about it unless he heard from me again, and I apologised for taking up his valuable time.

But you know what happened? Talk about luck, that Mona Merrill has it. In less than a half-hour Johnny Bowman called me back. It seems that they thought they had a commitment with Clark Gable, but whoever had fixed it for them neglected to mention it to Gable. And Gable had gone fishing and didn't expect to get back for a week.

"We could use a college president that we had scheduled for later in the month in Gable's place, but we've already got that Princeton scientist on the other half of the show," Bowman said. "And a college president and a scientist back to back on the same programme—well, we can certainly use somebody like Mona Merrill. Where does she live?"

"Riverdale," I said, hoping that Mona really did have an apartment in Riverdale.

"That's good," Johnny said.

To page 36

Don't let your hands say 'Housework'!

Keep your hands romantically lovely

After household tasks and all outdoor sports, smooth on Softasilk Cream or Lotion and keep your hands romantically lovely. Rich, protective oils in Softasilk neutralise the drying effect of harsh soaps and detergents and prevent wind and weather chapping. Use fragrant, creamy Softasilk constantly . . . and then your hands will stay soft and smooth as silk!

Softasilk

FABULOUS HAND BEAUTY CREAM OR LOTION ★ 3/9 per bottle ★ Small tube 2/3 ★ Large tube, 3/- ★ Economy tube, 3/11 BUY THE BIG ECONOMY TUBE AND SAVE MONEY!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917044

Sir Edmund Barton, our first Prime Minister, had soup served from this tureen over fifty years ago. Such old-fashioned tureens are unfortunately rare, but Mushroom soup with real old-fashioned goodness, can be freshly cooked at a few minutes notice — with the help of a Continental brand packet.

You taste real mushroom in this mushroom soup

... freshly home cooked in minutes!

Heart-warming soup you cook in minutes—steaming with appetising mushroom aroma—enriched with the goodness of milk.

Betty King Home Economist of World Brands, says:

"Here's a soup to lend an exotic touch to a special occasion — delicious Continental brand Mushroom soup. You'll love its creamy richness . . . and real mushroom flavour. There's a favourite for everyone in Continental's range of 8 delicious varieties — each freshly home cooked in minutes! You'll use these readily available luxury soups to enrich recipes too — like the one on this page."

Continental soups
BRAND

Chicken Noodle · Cream of Chicken · Chicken Broth · Mushroom · Tomato Vegetable · Thick Vegetable · Green Pea · Beef Vegetable

WHEN FRIENDS "DROP IN" AFTER A SHOW

What more satisfying and novel idea to send them smiling on their way than with a bowl of delicious, steaming Continental brand Mushroom Soup. Takes only minutes to prepare, too . . . Serve it with salted crackers or savoury toast, and you haven't a worry in the world. Your friends will really enjoy the sheer luxury of those rich, juicy mushrooms in Continental brand Mushroom Soup!

RAGOUT OF BEEF AND MUSHROOMS

Cut 1½ lb. of bladebone steak into cubes and cover well with 3 level tablespoons flour. Fry till well browned in 1 oz. Copha. Add a diced onion and brown lightly. Mix in 1 packet Continental brand Mushroom Soup blended with ½ pint water and stir till boiling. Add 1 cup sliced carrots and ½ cup each sliced parsnips and celery. Cover and simmer for 1½ hours. Serve hot with savoury rice or fluffy mashed potatoes.

CS41.WWFPC

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917045

Continuing . . . MARRIAGE BAIT

from page 34

"If you said Connecticut, we might have to build a hundred-foot steel tower on a nearby hill. But from Riverdale we ought to be able to beam the picture straight from her house to our receiver on the Empire State Building without a relay. Will you take me up there Monday so we can look the place over?"

The couple who were sub-leasing the apartment in Riverdale to Mona didn't plan to move out until Thursday, but Mona had them packed and out on the street before ten o'clock Monday morning. When Johnny Bowman and I arrived at eleven, she was acting as if the place had been in her family for generations.

"You live here all alone?" Johnny said.

"Mother and Dad are in Europe," she said.

I wished I had seen the papers that morning. The news about Rockville Center, Long Island, being washed across the Atlantic must have been all over the front pages.

"No servants?" Johnny said.

"We usually have a cook and a butler," Mona said. "But I had to fire them yesterday. I caught them stealing the silver."

"Let's take a look around," Johnny said. "I see you have a nice terrace."

"Have I?" Mona said. "Oh, you mean the terrace? Yes, isn't it? Let me show it to you."

"That door leads to the dining-room," Johnny said. "The terrace is over this way."

"Mummy rearranged the furniture before she went to Europe and I've been all mixed up ever since," Mona said.

On the terrace, Johnny studied the view downtown. It looked all right to me. The Hudson River was below us on the right, and across the street there was a private home with a lawn beside it as big as the outfield at Yankee Stadium. In the middle of the lawn there was a huge tree and through the branches of the tree you could make out the towers of the Manhattan skyscrapers. It was pretty, but Johnny pointed at the tree and shook his head.

"That tree louses us up," he said.

"I don't get it," I said.

"When you do a television show from a place like this, you send the picture through the air on a straight line of sight to the nearest network receiver," Johnny said. "The nearest receiver, in this case, is on the top of the Empire State Building. But this tree is in our way."

"Why can't we chop the tree down?" Mona said.

She wasn't kidding, either.

"That tree is a hundred years old and the people who own it don't want it chopped down," Johnny said. "If you lived on the top floor of this building, we could shoot over it, but you don't, so we have to go around it."

He pointed at the roof of a tall apartment building across the street to the left of the tree.

"That's our only hope," he said. "If we can get permission to put a relay disc on the roof of that building we can do the show."

"You mean you can send the picture from here to that roof and from there to the Empire State Building?" I said.

"You're catching on," Johnny said. "A relay disc is something like a mirror. We reflect the picture off it and then it bounces in a straight line downtown to the receiver, just like a billiard shot off the side cushions. That roof is the only place in the neighborhood where we can put the relay disc. So let's have a talk with the owner of that building."

"If he gives you any trouble, let me talk to him," Mona said.

The owner of the apartment building was a fan who watched "Calling on the Celebrities" every Wednesday night. He became all excited and asked us to hold everything until he could come uptown from his office and talk with us personally.

"If I let you use my roof, can't you mention on the show that we have a few rentals in the building still available?" he said when he arrived. "You could say that we've got three-room and four-room apartments, with air conditioning and all modern appliances and a gorgeous view of the Hudson River."

"Now listen here—" Johnny said.

"All right, all right," the landlord said. "You can't blame me for trying, can you? Come on, I'll take you up."

The roof of the building was occupied by a five-room penthouse with flagstone terraces around it. Johnny found the location he needed for the relay disc at one corner of the terrace. Directly below and across the street was the terrace of Mona's apartment, and off to the south was a clear and unobstructed view of the Empire State Building's spire.

"It's all yours," the building's owner said. "If the penthouse was rented, you'd have to get an O.K. from the tenant. But the penthouse is vacant. The price is a little too steep for the average customer."

"Thanks for your hospitality," Johnny said to him. "We appreciate it."

We were starting back towards the elevator when an electric-light bulb suddenly glowed in my head.

"Wait a minute," I said to the landlord. "Did you say if the penthouse was rented we couldn't put the relay disc up here without the tenant's permission?"

"Naturally," the landlord said. "This whole roof goes with the penthouse. If somebody was living there, you'd have to take it up with him. It would be out of my hands."

I turned to Johnny. "And if you can't put the relay disc on this roof, you can't do the show?" I said to him.

"I've explained that to you six times," Johnny said.

"If I could get you a tenant, how quick could she move in?" I said to the landlord. "This afternoon?"

"How quick could she move in?" he said. "Why wait until this afternoon? If you can get me a tenant at the price I'm asking for this penthouse, I'll carry her on my back all the way up those twelve flights of stairs right now."

"Hey, Norman!" Johnny said. "What are you doing to me?"

"Let me handle this, Johnny," I said. "Just do me one favor. Don't say a word about it to anyone. I guarantee you everything will be all right and you'll be able to use this roof for your show. But let me rent this man's penthouse for him first."

"Maybe you won't be so anxious when you hear what it's going to cost," the landlord said. He named a figure that sounded like the total of place and show bets on the favorite in the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont Park.

"The tenant I have in mind can afford it," I told him.

After I made the call, Johnny and I went back across the street to see Mona. She was pacing the floor.

"Is it all set?" she said. "Can we do the show? Can you put the disc up on that roof?"

I had briefed Johnny on the background of the case and had asked him to help me out. He was entering into the spirit of it.

"Come on, tell me!" Mona said. "What's the trouble?"

"We ran into a slight complication," Johnny said.

"Quit stalling and tell me what happened," Mona said. "This show means a lot to me. Can we do it or can't we?"

"We have to get permission from a certain party who just rented the penthouse on the roof of that building," Johnny said. "So far, we haven't had much success."

"I'll talk to him myself," she said.

"It isn't a him," I said. "It's a she. And I don't think she likes you very much. I might as well break the bad news to you. That penthouse belongs to Polly Parkinson."

"The girl who used to go with Freddie?" she said.

"The same one," I said.

"Small world, isn't it?" Johnny said.

"Isn't she still pretty stuck on Freddie?" Mona said.

"Very much," I said.

"I'll talk to her," Mona said. "She's stuck on Freddie and I'm stuck on this part in Mitchell Swirling's movie. Maybe she and I can make a little deal. Is she there now? I'll run over and see her."

"If she's not there now, she'll be there in a few minutes," I said. "I told her you might be dropping in on her."

I guess you know the rest of it, and what you don't know you can imagine. I must admit that Mona was sensational in "Calling on the Celebrities."

Five minutes after the show went off the air she received a phone call from Swirling begging her to take the part in his picture, and he didn't call any too soon, because in the next two hours three other movie producers also phoned her from Hollywood with offers. I asked her if she was planning to celebrate with Freddie.

"No," she said. "I had a long talk with Freddie yesterday. I'm not going to see him any more."

"It's none of my business," I said, "but did this talk with Freddie have anything to do with the talk you had with Polly Parkinson when she gave you permission to put that television relay disc on her penthouse terrace?"

"I don't know what you mean," Mona said. "I've been planning for a long time to drop Freddie. I don't want to get mixed up romantically with anybody at this crucial point in my acting career."

When Freddie saw Polly's new penthouse he was nuts about it. As a matter of fact, I think it was the penthouse that made him propose to her. He wanted to have something to say about the way it was going to be decorated. Of course, Freddie doesn't know how or why Polly rented the penthouse, but what he doesn't know won't hurt him.

And what Mona Merrill doesn't know about it won't hurt me. What would Mona do if she found out that the penthouse was vacant when Johnny and I went across the street to see the owner of the building that morning? As I said, I'd feel better if I didn't have a talkative guy like Johnny as an eyewitness to this thing.

(Copyright)

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — by TIM

fine . . . fine . . . fine

the perfumed flattery of

Lournay

FACE POWDER

Fluff on this delicate Lournay face powder and see how it clings without caking or streaking. It does not smother the natural loveliness of your skin as heavy face powders do. See how Lournay hides every tiny imperfection and gives your skin a faultless finish that lasts hour after hour.

8 HEAVENLY SHADES

Frangipani • Dawn Pink • Peachbloom • Magnolia
Golden Glow • Roseglow • Sunkissed • Gipsytan 6/6

Lournay Cosmetics are recommended by Guild Chemists also leading Department Stores throughout Australia. GUILD CHEMIST

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917046

Continuing . . . THE FAT OF THE LAND

from page 27

And Oofy went off to tell Catsmeat Potter-Pirbright to record the change in the official notebook listing the ticket-holders. He was glowing.

It is a very incurious and phlegmatic nephew who, when he has an uncle whose adiposity is going to net him more than a hundred pounds, does not hasten to go and take a look at that uncle, if only to see to it that he has that second helping of mashed potatoes and does not stint himself in the matter of bread, beer, and butter. The following morning found Oofy, preceded by a telegram saying that he was coming to lunch, on his way to Hollrock Manor.

It proved to be a fine old house standing in spacious grounds, plainly a place where the moneyed did themselves well. His mouth watered at the thought of the lavish meal of which he would soon be partaking.

Arriving, he inquired for Mr. Horace Prosser, and presently his uncle appeared, and after a certain amount of Well-well-well-ing and So-here-you-are-at-last-ing they went in to lunch.

"Sorry I can't offer you a cocktail, my boy," said Mr. Prosser as they seated themselves. "We don't have them here. But they serve an excellent glass of parsnip juice, if you would care for it. No? Then suppose we order. Will you have stewed lettuce, or would you prefer an orange? Oh, but wait. I see we are in luck. This is grated-carrot day. How about starting with potassium broth, going on to the carrots, and winding up with a refreshing cup of dandelion coffee?"

At an early point in these remarks Oofy's lower jaw had dropped like a tired lily. He arched it up in order to ask a question.

"I say, what is this place? A hotel?"

"Well, more a clinic, I suppose you would call it. We come here to reduce. I expect to lose forty pounds before I leave."

The thought of the hundred pounds he was going to lose made Oofy reel, the potassium broth falling from his nervous spoon.

"Forty pounds? But why?"

"You don't think I'm a little overweight?"

"Certainly not. Just pleasantly plump."

"You are more flattering than Mabel was. 'A Mrs. Delancy met on the boat. She called me a hippopotamus.'"

"A vulgar, ill-bred female blunder!"

"Please! You are speaking of the woman I love," said Mr. Prosser, and murmured something about ah, those moonlight nights. And when Oofy said, ah, what moonlight nights, explained that he was alluding to the moonlight nights which he and this Mrs. Delancy, a widow, had enjoyed on shipboard.

In fact, at the conclusion of one of these promenades, he decided, he had asked her to be his wife, and she had replied that the only obstacle standing in the way of the suggested merger was his adipose deposit.

"So we left it that I would slim off somewhere and diet, and one day I came to her with forty pounds or so removed from the parent body our talks could be resumed in what politicians call an atmosphere of the utmost cordiality.

"One sees her point, of course. She said she had often yearned for a man like me, but he was opposed to the idea of loving twice as much as she had yearned for. Have some more of these carrots, my boy. Apart from acting on the fatty muscles, they are rich in vitamins A, B, C, D, E, G, and K."

As Oofy entered the Drones club next morning, he was saying to himself, "I must be calm, calm," and it was with outward calmness that he approached Freddie Widgeon, who was having a ham sandwich at the bar.

"Freddie," he said, "I am quivering like an aspen. And do you know why I'm quivering like an aspen? Because I'm thinking of the narrow escape I've had of letting an old friend down. With the kindest of motives, if you remember, I persuaded you to exchange your Lord Blicester ticket for my Uncle Horace, and what do I find? I find the former is slender in comparison with the latter. I had a letter from my uncle this morning. He enclosed a snapshot of himself. Look at it."

Freddie examined the snapshot, and such was his emotion that his ham sandwich flew from his grasp.

"Golly!"

"You may well say 'Golly.' I said the same thing myself. It is pretty obvious, I think you will agree with me, that Blicester hasn't a hope. Thank goodness I discovered this in time. We must change tickets again."

Freddie gaped.

"You really . . . Oh, thanks," he said, as a passing Drone picked up the ham sandwich and returned it to him. "You really mean that?"

"Why, of course. Nothing else to do."

"I call it pretty dashed noble of you."

"Oh, well, you know how it is," said Oofy. "Once a Boy Scout always a Boy Scout," and a few minutes later he was informing Catsmeat Potter-Pirbright that the list must once more be revised.

It was shortly after this that Oofy made another of his trips to Paris. He usually popped over there two or three times a year to get a change. And as he sat sipping an aperitif one morning at a cafe in the Champs-Elysees his thoughts turned to his Uncle Horace, and not for the first time he found himself marvelling that the love of a woman could have made that dedicated man mortify the flesh as he was doing.

Himself, he would not have knocked off so much as a pat of butter to win the hand of Helen of Troy, and had marriage with Cleopatra involved the daily drinking of potassium broth there would have been no question of putting the banns up.

His meditations were interrupted by a splintering crash at his rear, and, turning, he observed that a chair at a nearby table had disintegrated beneath the weight of a very stout man in a dark suit. This made him chuckle heartily, but not for long, for a moment later he saw that the well-nourished body extricating itself from the debris was that of his Uncle Horace, the selfsame Uncle Horace who at this hour should have been at Hollrock Manor, Herts., squaring his elbows over the grated carrots.

"Oh, hullo, my boy," said Mr. Prosser, as Oofy hastened to the spot. "You here? What are you doing in La Ville Lumiere?"

"What are you doing in La Ville Lumiere?" demanded Oofy. "Why aren't you at that frightful place in Hertfordshire?"

"I left there ages ago."

"But how about the woman you love?"

"Oh, Mabel Delancy. That turned out to be just one of those fleeting shipboard romances. You know how they all look good to you at sea. She came to Hollrock Manor one afternoon, and the scales fell from my eyes. Couldn't imagine what I had ever seen in the woman. Well, nice to run into you like this. Are you staying long?"

"I'm leaving today," said Oofy. "I have to see a man named Widgeon on business."

But he did not see Freddie Widgeon. Arriving at the Drones and inquiring for him, he was informed by Catsmeat Potter-Pirbright that the other had not been in the club for some time and was not expected there till the day when the runners in the Fat Uncles' Sweep would pass the finishing-post.

"A rather unfortunate thing happened," said Catsmeat. "I dare say you know that Freddie drew your Uncle Horace, who, judging from the snapshot he showed me, appears to be so far ahead of the field that there is no competition. Blicester will be an honorable runner-up, but nothing more.

"Well, with the sweepstake money as good as in his pocket, Freddie lost his head and put his shirt on a horse at Kempton Park which finished fourth, with the result that he owes a bookie twenty quid and no means of paying him till he collects on the sweep.

"The bookie, when told that he couldn't settle, advised him in a fatherly way to be very careful of himself from now on, because he—the bookie—had noticed that every time people did him down for money some unpleasant accident always seemed to happen to them. So Freddie is lying low in East Dulwich disguised in a false beard."

> **Tell me what company you keep and I'll tell you what you are.**
> **— *Cervantes***

"Whereabouts in East Dulwich?"

"Ah," said Catsmeat, "that's what the bookie would like to know."

. . . . . .

On the opening day of the Eton and Harrow match the weather was bright and sunny, in which respect it differed materially from Oofy Prosser as he stood on the club steps scanning the street like Sister Anne in the Bluebeard story.

Member after member entered the building, accompanied by uncles of varying stoutness, but not one of those members was Freddie Widgeon, and Oofy's blood pressure had just reached a new high and looked like going to par when something bearded shot out of a cab and, whizzing past him into the entrance hall, disappeared down the steps to the washroom.

Oofy, following at a fast and impressive speed, found the man he sought staring at himself in the mirror, a thing not many would have cared to do, for he looked horrible.

"Freddie!" cried Oofy.

"Oh, hullo, Oofy," said Freddie. "I say. I can't get this beard off. It's stuck on with spirit gum or something."

"Never mind your beard. This is no time to talk of beards. What a mercy I've found you. Another quarter of an hour and it would have been too late."

"What would have been too late?"

"It. We've got to change those tickets."

"What, again?"

"Immediately, and I'll tell you why. You remember I told you my uncle was staying at a place called Hollrock Manor in Hertfordshire. Naturally I supposed it was one of those luxury country hotels, where he would be having twice of everything—swilling beer, champagne, liqueurs, and what not. But was it?

"Not by a jugful it wasn't. It was what they call a clinic, run by some foul doctor, where the superfatted go to reduce. He had gone there to please a woman he met on the boat who had told him he looked like a hippopotamus."

"He does look rather like a hippopotamus."

"He does in that snapshot, I grant you, but that was taken six weeks ago, and during those six weeks he has been living on seaweed soup and potassium broth and having daily massage. Well, I needn't tell you what happens when that sort of thing is going on. Something has to give. By now he must have lost thirty pounds. So slip me the Uncle Horace ticket and I will slip you the Blicester and the situation will be stabilised."

Freddie stroked his beard. To Oofy's dismay he seemed hesitant, dubious.

"Well, I'm not so sure about this," he said. "You say your Uncle Horace has lost thirty pounds. I am strongly of the opinion that he could lose fifty and still be fatter than my Uncle Rodney, and I'm wondering if I ought to take a chance. You see, a great deal hangs on my winning this tourney."

"I know. That bookie."

"Exactly. I should feel an awful ass if I gave up the Uncle Horace ticket and Uncle Horace won and I found myself in a hospital with surgeons knitting stitches on me."

Oofy was unable to stroke his beard, not having one, but he fingered his chin. He was thinking with the rapidity with which he always thought when there was a bit of money to be picked up. It did not take him long to reach a decision. Agony though it was to part with twenty pounds, winning the sweep would leave him with a nice profit.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, producing his wallet and extracting two crackling bills. "I'll give you the twenty pounds you need for the bookie. Then you will be all right, whatever happens."

It is probable that Freddie's face lit up, though it was impossible to tell with any certainty because of the beard.

"Gosh, Oofy. Will you really? But what is there in it for you?"

"Just that glow, old man, just that glow."

Going upstairs, Oofy found Catsmeat Potter-Pirbright and broke the news that a little further pencil-work would be required of him. It brought a frown to Catsmeat's face.

"I disapprove of all this chopping and changing," he said, though agreeing that there was nothing in the rules against it. And so, reluctantly, he made another switch.

It was at this moment that the hall porter, who for some little time had been trying to attract Oofy's attention, spoke.

"There's a gentleman come asking for you, sir. Name of Prosser."

"Ah, yes. My uncle. Where is he?"

"He stepped into the bar."

"He would. Will you go and give him a cocktail, Catsmeat? I'll be with you in a minute. I've just got to book a table in the dining-room."

Coming out of the dining-room with a gay air on his lips, he was surprised to encounter Catsmeat in the hall.

"Hullo!" he said. "Didn't you go to the bar?"

"I went."

"Didn't you find the old boy?"

"I found him," said Catsmeat. His manner seemed strange to Oofy. He was looking grave and reproachful. "Oofy," he said, "I don't understand this. You know the rules governing the sweep perfectly well. Only genuine uncles are eligible."

"That's right."

"Then why did you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Ring in a non-uncle. It's as bad as entering a greyhound for the Grand National."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"I'm talking about that fellow in there with the billowy curves. You said he was your uncle."

"He is my uncle."

"He is nothing of the ruddy sort."

"His name's Prosser."

"No doubt."

"He signed his letter 'Uncle Horace.'"

"Very possibly. But that doesn't alter the stark fact that he's a sort of distant cousin. He was telling me about it while we quaffed. It appears that as a child you used to call him Uncle Horace, but, stripped of his mask, he is merely a distant cousin, and as such is, of course, disqualified. The stakes go to Frederick Fortescue Widgeon, holder of the Blicester ticket."

It is not easy to think of what might have been and what is going to be simultaneously, but Oofy, as he heard these words, managed it. For even as his mind dwelled on the thought that he had paid twenty pounds to deprive himself of the sweepstake money, handing the latter to Freddie Widgeon on a plate with watercress round it, he was also reminding himself that in a brace of shakes he would be giving his distant cousin Horace a lunch which, Horace being what he was, would put him in the hole for at least two pounds ten.

If the fellow who said "There are the times that try men's souls" had walked into the Drones Club at that moment, Oofy Prosser would have shaken him by the hand and told him he knew just how he felt.

Catsmeat Potter-Pirbright was regarding him with concern.

"Don't gulp like that, Oofy," he said. "You can't be sick here."

Oofy was not so sure.

(Copyright)

Stomach upset — a risk you take with ordinary aspirin

and aspirin-containing pain relievers

Ordinary aspirin—the ingredient of most pain relievers—does not readily dissolve: it merely breaks up into coarse acid particles. Medical experience shows that these aspirin particles can lodge in and irritate the stomach lining—a cause of serious conditions, in some people, of indigestion, dyspepsia and heartburn in others.

DISPRIN

THE *DISSOLVING* ASPIRIN

is free from these defects. DISPRIN dissolves in seconds to become a solution in your stomach. And DISPRIN is far less acid. That's why DISPRIN is the safe, fast way to relieve headache and pain.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND

DISPRIN

THE *DISSOLVING* ASPIRIN

For Headaches, Feverishness, Nerve Pains, Colds, Chills, 'Flu

From Chemists only

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917047

Now! The highest, lightest cakes you've ever baked

1 **White Wings Orange Chip Cake:** New and delectable — a big golden beauty, spangled through and through with crystals of pure orange! This is the kind of mellow, old-fashioned orange cake you've always associated with lashings of eggs and butter. Now, by using White Wings Cake Mix, you can make it with only one egg.

2 **White Wings Buttercup Yellow Cake:** The cake with the delicate air, so tender it melts in your mouth! It's tall and tempting — tastes like home-made butter cake.

3 **White Wings Vanilla Snowcake:** White and fine as a snowflake, and almost as trifling! Looks and tastes like a party cake — keeps deliciously moist.

4 **White Wings Chocolate Cake:** Dark, rich and velvety — the kind of chocolate cake you've dreamed of making. One slice leads to another — so hide the cake tin!

Bake a beautiful cake today — ready for the oven in minutes

Meltingly fine and tender, with the wonderful lightness and even texture you associate with Show cakes . . . the mellow, mouth-watering flavour that says home-made. Yet so easy . . . so incredibly easy with White Wings Cake Mix . . . you add one fresh egg and water, beat for 4 minutes and that's all!

You'll probably find that White Wings cakes vanish quickly — in huge slices! But if you do want to keep them, here's good news. White Wings use such a perfectly-balanced recipe, such high quality ingredients, that your cakes will keep fresh for a week or more!

You may have tried other cake mixes but you'll never know how wonderful a mix can be **White Wings** *till you try White Wings.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917048

Continuing . . . THE FLAME OF MURDER

from page 29

She blinked and backed and knew for the first time the fear of someone doubting her own senses, doubting the evidence under her hand of Quentin's still heart and pulseless wrist.

Yet the blood was there, the blood on the sand.

The inspector was kneeling down examining it by the light of his torch. Fresh blood. It had hardly had time to darken and the absorbent sand couldn't as yet reveal how freely the wound had bled.

Grogan said, standing up and dusting his knees: "Well, Miss Wyatt, looks like this young feller was only wounded."

"Oh, no!"

"He must've got up and wandered away."

"But he—he can't've, I'm sure he was dead," she stammered.

"We'll see. Scout around, boys."

They left her standing there, and she saw their lights going off in every direction, probing with their beams under and inside the caravan — Denis rarely bothered to lock it — up and down the creek bank, over the footbridge, through the trees, in the surrounding scrub, and along the road at the top.

Left alone, a dread not felt before took hold of Vivian. The familiar bush became hostile.

So, hurrying over to the caravan, she scrambled up into it and turned on the light.

A saucepan with some soup in it on the kerosene stove. A glass coffee machine half full of coffee. A bag of apples on the table. A shirt he had washed hung up to dry. An open book face downwards, on the bunk, and the imprint of his head on the pillow where he had lain reading before going out.

She found a packet of cigarettes and lit one, poured herself a cup of the cold black coffee and drank it. She began to busy herself with small jobs to hand. She folded the shirt, dry now, emptied and washed the coffee machine, wiped up some milk spilt on the table.

A honeymoon in the caravan, Denis had said. She had smiled then and shaken her head. Now it seemed too good to hope for, to be speeding away with him leaving tonight and yesterday behind.

It was half an hour before she heard steps approaching down the track, and it wasn't Denis then. It was the inspector, with nothing to tell her.

Soon after, sitting on the step of the caravan, for the heat inside had suddenly become oppressive, Vivian was taken through her story in detail. Angus had arrived by then, with Sergeant Manning, and Denis had come back to find an impromptu police inquiry in progress.

Colonel Fewster, never long absent from the scene of any untoward happening, had strode down.

Questioned, Denis told that he had been absent for less than an hour, that he had driven to Simpson's pub to meet a man, but the man hadn't shown up, and after waiting around and having a drink or two he had come back.

VIVIAN'S story grew thinner and thinner as they questioned her, the holes in it gaped wider, torn apart by the detectives' scepticism, and even by the politely doubting expressions on the faces of Angus and Denis.

Grogan was saying: "Now you say you felt his pulse. Are you used to taking pulses, Miss Wyatt? Ever had any nursing training?"

"No. No. But surely anyone can take a pulse?"

"Oh, no, I beg leave to differ there. Anyone can't take a pulse, not if anyone was shocked and worried and already feared the worst. You did say that when you first saw him sprawled out there you got a real bad fright and thought he might be dead?"

"I know, I know. Yes, I did. I did say that, but—"

"Ever seen a dead body?" Manning asked scornfully.

"Why—last night—it was I who found Mrs. Latham."

"Yeah, I seem to remember you said that after the first glimpse of her you scuttled out of the attic as quick as your legs could carry you . . . So you really never saw anyone dead before?"

"No."

Grogan said: "You say he wasn't breathing, but you know the breathing can get very shallow when a person's passed out, from one cause or another. Did you know that?"

"I can't say I've ever thought about it," she admitted.

"Were his eyes open?" Grogan asked.

"Shut, I think. I was looking down at him."

"And his skin was warm?"

"Yes, that's so."

"How long did you kneel there beside him?"

She tried to recall, sitting forward, elbows on knees, looking down at the grass between her feet. It had seemed an age. One's mind was kaleidoscopic at such a moment, a procession of sharply colored images crowding through it: Quentin, an awkward schoolboy. A year later, Quentin, a young man. Quentin, a flashing arrow diving into a pool. Quentin, his face flushed and clouding under Rowena's sharp tutelage.

She had sought frantically for some connection between Rowena's death and his here now. It had flashed to her mind that people said he was in love with Toni. She had wondered if Toni loved him and what his death would mean to her.

All this had flashed to her as she knelt there beside him—how could she say for how long?

But she said: "Oh . . . only a moment or two, I suppose."

"And then you ran straight up to Burnside?"

"Yes."

"Yes . . . Well, looks like he came to the minute your back was turned and got up and set off for some friend's place." He raised his voice. "Mr. Latham."

Angus tossed his cigarette into the creek and came over to them. His face wore more than its customary expression of reserve.

"Mr. Latham," Grogan said, "can you think of any other friends your young nephew might've gone off to? We've inquired round about without any luck. No one claims to have had a sight of him for several hours. Mrs. Hennessey says he was over at her place late this afternoon. Then he went away and she took it for granted he was going home to his dinner."

"Well, he didn't."

"Is that usual? Does he often stay out without phoning his home?"

Angus didn't say, more nights than not! Instead, he meticulously straightened the ends of his bow tie, ran a hand over his hair, said evenly: "Oh, there's never any need for that. One knows he's just stopped for a meal at a neighbor's house."

"I see. Well, now, a bit further afield. Can you think of any friend he's got where he might have gone?"

"No, Inspector, I can't. As a matter of fact, I don't think he's gone off to any friends, near or far."

"You don't?"

"No. Though I agree with you that Miss Wyatt made a mistake in thinking him dead — sorry, Vivian, but I must think you did — from what I know of Quentin, I think that if he'd had a row with someone, if he'd taken a bit of a beating and didn't want to come home, I think his aim would have been to get away alone."

"Taken a bit of a beating? Got any idea who'd be likely to beat him up?"

"Not the remotest."

"Did he have a girl?"

"I really couldn't say."

"You see what I mean? When a young feller of twenty starts throwing punches with someone, nine times out o' ten it's over a girl, isn't it?"

"Is it?" Angus said pleasantly.

"Isn't it?" Grogan repeated,

To page 47

Fashion FROCKS

• *Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.*

"CHRISTINA."—Pretty, princess-style party dress is trimmed with a bow at the Empire-line. The material is cotton faille and color choice includes rose-pink, watermelon-pink, ming-blue, emerald-green, lilac, and turquoise.

• *NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 61. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £5/11/6; 36 and 38in. bust £5/15/6. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 77/6; 36 and 38in. bust 79/6. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917049

HOT FROM THE OVEN

● There is only one thing nicer than smelling hot cakes—eating them. It is hard to resist the temptation of a freshly baked muffin, a piece of teacake, or a slice of warm soft loaf spread with butter.

IDEAL for morning callers, informal afternoon teas, or meals around the fireside, the cakes made from recipes on these pages will suit everyone's taste.

Some need a fair amount of preparation; others can be quickly made to cater for unexpected guests or the unpredictable demands of the family.

When preparing any of the recipes which require yeast, a warm room and warm ingredients will give best results.

If using dehydrated yeast instead of the compressed type, allow about 25 per cent. more yeast, and a little extra liquid.

For all our recipes we have used level spoon measurements, and the standard glass measuring cup, which gives 8oz. of liquids, 4oz. of flour, a scant 8oz. of sugar, and 8oz. of butter or substitute.

NUT TWISTS

Four ounces softened butter or substitute, 3 dessertspoons sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ¼ cup scalded milk, 2oz. compressed yeast, 4 cups sifted flour, 3 eggs, ¾ cup chopped walnuts, extra ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Combine shortening, sugar, salt, vanilla, and milk in basin, add crumbled yeast, mix well. Blend in half the flour, beat until mixture is smooth. Cover and allow to stand 15 to 20 minutes. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Work in remaining flour; mix thoroughly. The dough should be quite soft. Place mixture into a greased basin, cover and allow to stand in a warm place ½ hour. Break off pieces of the mixture about the size of a golf ball. Roll each piece in nuts, extra sugar, and cinnamon mixed together, roll each piece into a long thin strip. Twist into any desired shape, place on greased oven-tray. Allow to stand in a warm place 10 to 15 minutes. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Serve hot.

SPICED APPLE FANTANS

Two cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup castor sugar, ½ cup finely chopped cooking apple (skin removed), 1 egg, ¼ cup salad oil, ¾ cup milk, 1½ tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 cup finely sliced apple pieces.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and castor sugar into basin, add chopped apple. Combine egg, oil, and milk, add to dry ingredients, mix well. Two-thirds fill greased muffin-tins with mixture. Combine the 1½ tablespoons sugar, cinnamon, and nutmeg. Coat apple slices. Press two sliced apple pieces into top of each muffin, bake in hot oven 20 minutes. Serve hot.

CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT GEMS

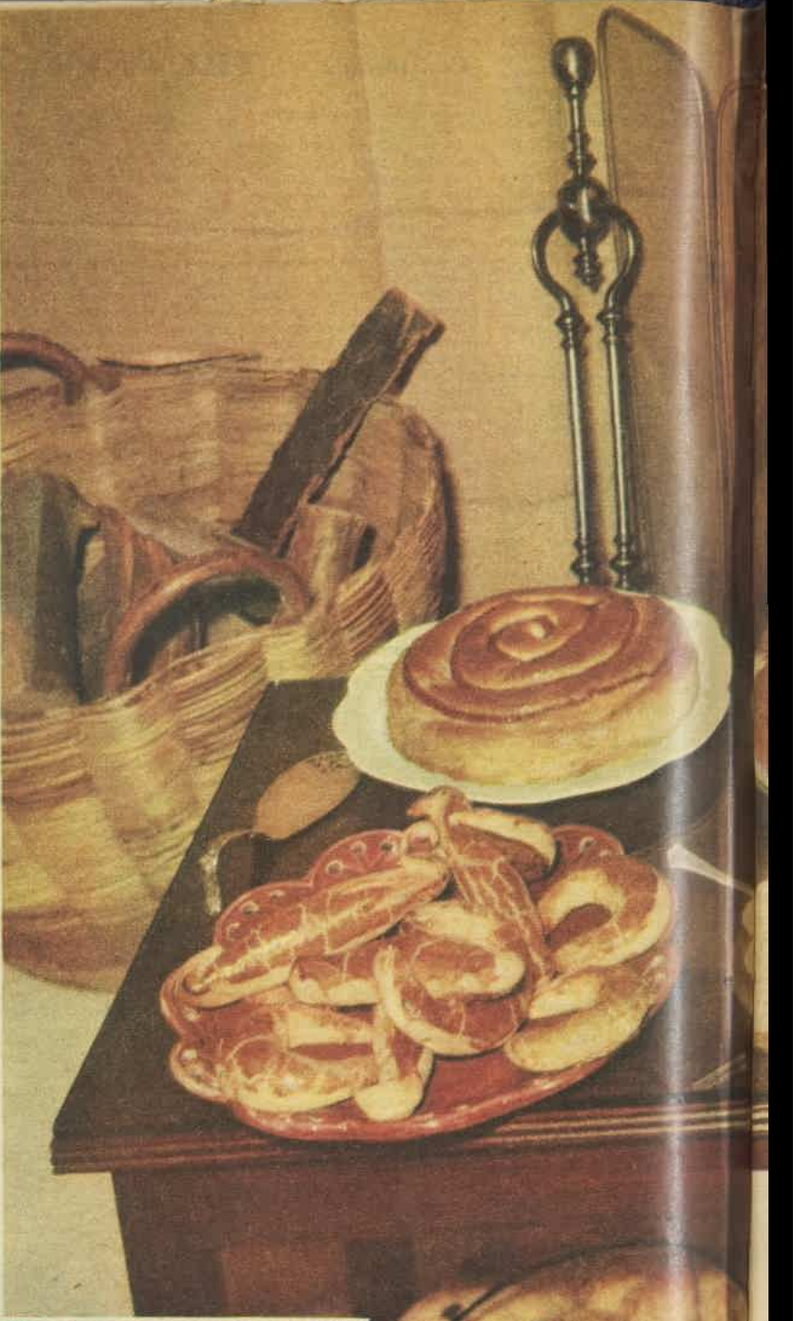
One and a quarter cups plain flour, 3 dessertspoons cocoa, 4 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 2oz. butter or substitute, 5 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, ¾ cup milk, 2 or 3oz. chocolate peppermints.

Sift flour, baking powder, cocoa, and salt. Rub in butter, then add sugar. Beat egg-yolk with milk, add to flour mixture, lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-white. Three-quarters fill heated and greased gem irons, bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Remove from irons, and while hot join in pairs with one or two chocolate peppermints, press firmly together.

APRICOT CLOVERS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, ¾ cup milk, apricot jam.

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in butter. Mix to a soft dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Roll a little mixture at a time into small balls a little larger than a marble. Place three scone balls into each greased muffin or patty tin, place ½ teaspoon jam into the centre of each clover. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Remove from tins, top with extra jam if liked, serve hot.



BUTTER BRIOCHE

One ounce compressed yeast, ¼ cup lukewarm water, 1 cup milk, 1-3rd cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 4oz. melted butter or substitute, 5 to 6 cups sifted flour, 1 egg-yolk mixed with 1 dessertspoon milk for glazing.

Crumble yeast into basin, add lukewarm water, stir until mixed. Scald milk, add sugar and salt; cool to lukewarm. Add beaten eggs, melted butter, and yeast mixture. Gradually add sufficient flour to make a firm dough. Knead on floured board until mixture is elastic to the touch. Place dough in a large greased basin, cover with a clean cloth; allow to stand in a warm place until

***MIXED PLATE** of nut twists, spiced apple fantans, chocolate peppermint gems, apricot clovers, butter brioche, and golden doughnuts. Recipes for all are included on these pages.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917050

FRESHLY MADE cakes beside a glowing fire are a sight to warm all hearts. Spiralled teacake, cinnamon brownie, date crescents, rock cakes, and apricot loaf are the variety of small and large cakes laid out above for a winter's tea party.

mixture has doubled in bulk. Shape three-quarters of the dough into 2-inch balls, place in well-greased brioche or muffin tins or small tart-shells. Shape remaining dough into ¾in. balls, tapering at one end into a point. Make an indent in tops of large balls, insert tapered end of smaller balls into each. Allow to stand again in a warm place until doubled in bulk. If small balls roll to the side during rising, replace in centre of large balls before baking. Brush tops with egg-glazing, bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Remove from tins, serve warm with butter curls.

CINNAMON BROWNIE

Half pound flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 4oz. castor sugar, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, 6 tablespoons milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, rub in butter, add sugar, beaten egg, and milk; beat mixture for one minute with a wooden spoon. Fill mixture into greased 8in. cake-tin, cover with topping.

Topping: Sift 3 tablespoons flour and 1 dessertspoon cinnamon into basin, add 3 tablespoons sugar, rub in 1oz. butter.

Bake in moderate oven ¾ to 1 hour. Turn out on to clean cloth or sheet of greaseproof paper to preserve topping. Invert on to serving-plate.

ROCK CAKES

Three cups self-raising flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 4oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, ½ cup currants or sultanas, 2 small eggs, 1 tablespoon milk, extra sugar.

Sift flour, salt, and ginger into basin, rub in butter lightly until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs; add sugar and fruit. Beat eggs and milk together, add to dry ingredients, make into a stiff mixture. Place in heaped tablespoonfuls on to greased oven-tray, sprinkle tops with a little extra sugar. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Serve buttered.

SPIRALLED TEACAKE

One ounce compressed yeast, 2 tablespoons lukewarm water, ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 egg, 2½ to 3 cups flour, ½ cup raspberry jam, extra butter or substitute.

Crumble yeast into water, mix with warm scalded milk, lemon rind, sugar, salt, melted butter, and beaten egg. Add sifted flour a cup at a time, mixing well until firm enough to handle. Place dough in a greased basin, cover with a cloth to prevent a crust forming on dough, stand in a warm place until doubled in bulk. Turn on to floured board, knead until smooth and elastic to the touch. Divide mixture in two, roll each to a thin long strip. Brush surface with jam. Twist each one spiral fashion into two greased 8in. sandwich-tins. Brush tops with a little melted butter, allow to rise again in a warm place 10 minutes. Bake in a moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Serve sliced and buttered.

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert

DATE CRESCENTS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. castor sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, 8oz. flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 1 egg-yolk and extra 1 dessertspoon castor sugar for glazing.

Date Mixture: One cup chopped dates, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ cup boiling water.

Prepare date mixture first. Soak chopped dates and lemon rind in boiling water for ½ hour. Beat until smooth and pulpy. Allow to become quite cold before using.

Cream butter with sugar and vanilla, add egg, beat well. Work in sifted dry ingredients, making a stiff dough. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Roll out to barely ¼in. thickness. Cut into 4in. squares, then cut across to form triangles. Place 2 teaspoons prepared date mixture in centre of each triangle, spread slightly. Roll up from the longest side. Form into crescent shapes or leave straight with just the ends turned over. Place on greased oven-tray, brush tops with egg-yolk beaten with extra sugar. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

APRICOT LOAF

Half cup chopped dried apricots, ½ cup chopped seeded raisins, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon bicarb. soda, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, grated rind of ½ orange, 4oz. melted butter or substitute.

Soak apricots in ½ cup boiling water 2 or 3 hours; drain thoroughly. Sift flour, salt, baking powder, and soda into basin, add sugar, apricots, and raisins. Add beaten egg, milk, orange rind, and butter, mix well. Fill mixture into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven about 1 hour. Allow to stand in tin 10 minutes before turning out.

COCONUT JAM BUNS

Two cups flour and 4 teaspoons baking powder or 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup coconut, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk, raspberry jam.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg, mix well. Fold in milk alternately with coconut, sifted flour, and baking-powder. Roll into balls a little smaller than a golf ball. Place on greased tray. Press a hole in centre of each and fill with jam. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

MALTED MARMALADE RING

Three cups self-raising flour, ¾ cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons marmalade, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 tablespoon malted milk, 1½ cups mixed fruit, pinch salt, 2-3rd cup milk.

Sift flour, spice, salt, and malted milk. Add fruit and sugar. Beat egg, add marmalade, melted butter, and milk. Fold into dry ingredients; making soft mixture. Fill into greased ring-tin or fruit-roll-tin. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Cool slightly on cake-cooler, serve in slices with butter.

BANANA KNOTS

Seven ounces flour, 2oz. cornflour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 3oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 3 bananas, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, little milk, warm icing, and nuts to decorate.

Cream butter with sugar, add egg-yolk, mix well. Mash bananas well, add lemon rind, and stir into creamed mixture. Sift flour, cornflour, baking powder, and salt, fold into banana mixture, making a soft, pliable dough. Depending on ripeness of bananas, it may be necessary to add a little milk. Knead dough lightly on floured board, press out to ½in. thickness. Cut into strips and mould into rolls approx. ½in. thick. Cut each roll into 3in. pieces. Glaze ends of each small roll and twist together in pairs. Lift carefully on to greased trays and bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes until lightly browned. Cool slightly and top with warm icing (colored pink if desired), decorate with chopped nuts.

Continued on page 42

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917051

Keen's Curry makes good cooks better!

Keen's Curry has wonderful ways with all kinds of foods. Used in the right amount it makes delicious curries exactly to your taste — mild, medium or hot. Its delicate blend and true Indian flavour add a new subtlety to many dishes. Try a little today in your soup, stew, casserole or summer salad.

Keen's Curry

MAKES MILD, MEDIUM OR HOT CURRIES

Made by the manufacturers of Keen's Mustard

J135

Hot from the oven

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

● Here are more tempting recipes for small and large cakes. Serve them hot for morning coffee, afternoon tea, or a late-night snack.

EGGLESS FRUIT ROLL

Eight ounces plain flour, ½ teaspoon bicarb. soda, ½ teaspoon spice, pinch salt, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, 3oz. butter or substitute, 3oz. sugar, 8oz. mixed fruit, 2 dessertspoons golden syrup, ¼ pint sour milk.

Sift flour, soda, spice, salt, and nutmeg. Rub in butter, add sugar and fruit. Make a well in centre of dry ingredients, pour in warmed golden syrup and sour milk. Mix in lightly. Turn into two greased nut-roll-tins. Bake in moderate oven approx. 40 to 50 minutes. Allow to stand in tin 15 minutes before turning on to cake-cooler.

CHOCOLATE WALNUT TEA-CAKE

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, ¾ cup flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon cocoa, ½ cup milk, vanilla essence, chopped walnuts.

Cream butter, sugar, and vanilla, add beaten egg-yolk. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-white, reserving 1 dessertspoonful. Fill into greased 7in. cake-tin, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler, brush top with reserved egg-white, and sprinkle with nuts.

Variation: Omit cocoa from cake mixture, spread half mixture in tin, cover with combination of ½ cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 1 tablespoon plain flour, 1 tablespoon melted shortening. Spread balance of cake-mixture on top, bake as directed for 30 to 35 minutes.

HONEY-ORANGE NUT-LOAF

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup honey, 1 egg, 3 dessertspoons grated orange rind, ¾ cup orange juice, 1¾ cups self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup chopped nuts.

Cream butter with honey, add beaten egg and orange rind. Sift dry ingredients, add alternately with orange juice. Lastly, fold in nuts and fill into greased loaf-tin. Bake in moderate oven 1 to 1¼ hours. Allow to stand in tin for 15 minutes before turning out on to cake-cooler. Serve warm and sliced.

MELT-IN-THE-MOUTH gem muffins. They have a soft centre filling of jelly or jam. The recipe is given on this page.

JELLY GEM MUFFINS

One-third cup softened butter or substitute, ¼ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1½ cups sifted flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ cup milk, ¼ cup currant jelly, extra 3 tablespoons melted butter, ½ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon cinnamon mixed together.

Combine first 3 ingredients and mix well. Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and nutmeg. Add alternately with milk to egg mixture. Half fill greased muffin-tins or gem-irons with mixture. Place a teaspoon jelly in centre of each cup. Add extra batter to fill tins 2-3rds full. Bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes or until golden-brown. Remove from pans at once and roll in extra melted butter, then in mixture of combined sugar and cinnamon.

GOLDEN DOUGHNUTS

One ounce compressed yeast, ¼ cup lukewarm water, ¼ cup sugar, 1-3rd cup butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon salt, ¾ cup scalded milk, ½ cup cold water, 1 egg, 3½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, extra ½ cup sugar.

Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water. Combine sugar, butter, salt, and scalded milk in large bowl, add cold water; cool to lukewarm. Add beaten egg and yeast mixture. Work in sifted flour and cinnamon, mix well. Place dough in large, greased bowl; cover. Stand aside in a warm place until mixture doubles in bulk, approx. 45 to 60 minutes. Stir dough slightly, stand aside in a warm place a further 10 minutes. Spoon into well-greased electric doughnut iron, cover, and cook approx. 8 minutes. Remove doughnuts, roll in extra sugar.

Alternatively, this mixture could be filled into muffin-tins and baked in a hot oven 15 minutes.

Variations: Add ½ cup sultanas and ½ teaspoon mixed spice when adding beaten egg.

Omit sugar and half the butter from basic recipe. Add ¼ cup grated cheese and pinch cayenne pepper. Toss in extra grated cheese after cooking.

Use other savory foods such as chopped bacon, chopped onion, or chopped parsley in place of sugar in recipe. Add little extra salt for additional flavor.

THIS WEEK'S PRIZEWINNING RECIPE

A RECIPE for an appetising and substantial curried fish and rice casserole wins the £5 prize in this week's recipe contest for Mrs. E. Evans, 118 Milson Rd., Cremorne, N.S.W.

Any type of fresh or smoked fish may be substituted for the frozen fish fillets given in this recipe.

Spoon measurements are level.

CURRIED FISH AND RICE CASSEROLE

To cook fish: One and a half pounds frozen fish fillets, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, ½ clove garlic, 1 tablespoon shortening, 1 chopped onion, ¾ cup tomato puree, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, ½ cup white wine or water mixed with 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Sprinkle fish with salt and pepper. Melt shortening in pan, add onion and crushed garlic. Place fish on top, then tomato puree, parsley, and wine. Cover and simmer until fish is tender. Lift out fish; flake, reserve liquid for sauce.

Casserole: One tablespoon minced onion, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons flour, 1½ teaspoons curry powder, dash cayenne, 1½ teaspoons salt, 2 cups milk, 1½ cups cooked rice, cooked flaked fish, 1 cup cooked peas, 1 cup buttered breadcrumbs.

Melt butter, add onion, saute until soft. Stir in flour, salt, pepper, and curry powder, cook 1 minute. Add milk and ¾ cup of the fish liquid. Stir until the sauce boils and thickens. Add rice, fish, and peas. Pour mixture into a greased casserole-dish and top with buttered crumbs. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes, garnish with lemon and parsley.

Klipper WOOL TIES

Stop Winter Wrinkles

Use the colder months to give your skin a lovely bloom, but guard against dry wrinkles caused by the cold air. Even mildly crisp air causes the skin to contract, preventing protective oils from reaching the surface. Ask your chemist for a little oil of ulan and, before you make up, smooth it over your face, neck and hands being careful to pat it in generously round the eyes. You will be amazed how quickly this moist oil will give the skin a peaches and cream loveliness, especially on cold days.

. . . *Margaret Merril.*

Sew it with DEWHURST'S "SYLKO" MACHINE TWIST

NEW BRITISH BOURNE-READY

A ready-mixed liquid Satin Plastic. Gives all timber a longer-lasting lustre — without polishing. In tins from ½ pint to 1 gallon from all leading Hardware Stores.

BOURNE-READY

The Latest Look

for FLOORS and FURNITURE

. . For people who think—

The Observer

Australia's first fortnightly review. 1/6 from your Newsagent.

KIDNEY AID FOR RHEUMATISM

If your back aches like sin and Rheumatism kills your work and fun, take New Improved CYSTEX to wash away the acids and pain. Feel young and fit again. Get Scientific, Laboratory-tested and Certified CYSTEX from your chemist under money-back guarantee. Only 6/6.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917052

HANDSOME PEONIES

PEONIES, from the top, are Alice Harding, Kelway's Brilliant, Queen Victoria, and a Japanese type, Globe of Light.

Herbaceous peonies are hardy, handsome perennials grown mostly in southern States and in hilly to mountainous areas in warmer parts of Australia.

GARDENING

AS natives of the Chinese mountains, they don't thrive in treme heat.

Though they need a south-eastern aspect, full sunlight, they appreciate some shade ring the afternoon in early summer, hen they mostly flower.

Peonies are easy to grow, but require ore than average care during planting.

Now is the time to order them from your urseryman for planting in winter or early mmer. Specify that you want advanced lants from two to three years old, as root ttings from old plants often fail to flower r many years.

Peonies resent disturbance, but when ey're not disturbed their endurance is eat, and they should remain healthy for any years.

In preparing the ground for peonies, ot dig holes wide enough to take the large, oody roots without cramping, break up the bsoil to a depth of 2ft., and anure well.

Then cover the manure with sevral inches of surface soil, firm e new plants well in, water undly.

Later mulch the surface with d cow manure or leafmould.

There are six main classificaons of peonies: Single, with w petals and profuse staens; Japanese, with wider, ore conspicuous stamens; omb, with some of the staens changed to narrow tals; Semi-double, with many amens changed into broad, tal-like parts; Crown, with amens and carpels petal-like; ne, completely double.

KELWAY'S BRILLIANT, a semi-double peony with giant-size flowers, is a showy member of this lovely family. Does well in cooler climates.

THERESE, a bomb-type peony, is an ideal plant for corners in a sunny herbaceous border. It grows to three feet.

QUEEN VICTORIA, a semi-double peony, is one of the older hybrids. This makes a lovely show in early summer.

Gifts TO GRACE HER TABLE FOR A LIFETIME...

Wiltshire Cutlery

WITH GAY COLOURFUL HANDLES

Wiltshire CARVING SETS

Beautifully designed units with handles of Ivory, Black, Maroon, Teal Blue or Dove Grey Celsior. In presentation cases with rich interior trim colours. Also available with Ivory handles in Gift boxes.

Wiltshire

Fiesta

Attractive matching or mixed coloured handles of Teal Blue, Imperial Yellow, Royal Red and Dove Grey.

GRILL SETS: 4 knives and 4 forks in de luxe boxes. Also boxes of 2 knives and 2 forks.

KNIFE SETS: 4 table knives and 4 dessert knives in de luxe boxes.

GRILL, DESSERT or TABLE KNIVES or FORKS in boxes of 4.

CHEESE KNIVES: Boxed singly.

Wiltshire

GRILL KNIVES or FORKS with Grained Ivory handles in boxes of 6.

Wiltshire GRILL SETS

with handles of Grained Ivory, Mahogany, Cape Horn or Black xylo. in de luxe boxes of 4 and 4.

SEE THE FULL WILTSHIRE CUTLERY RANGE AT YOUR FAVOURITE STORE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917053

For the good of your sewing
and your sewing machine
ALWAYS sew with
COATS SUPER SHEEN!

With Coats Super Sheen size 50 thread on the slim, compact reel, you can sew faster, more neatly than ever before. That's because Super Sheen size 50 is *fine* thread—the ideal thread for modern sewing machines. In fact, Super Sheen size 50 is recommended and demonstrated by famous sewing machine companies—and of course it's just right for hand sewing, too.

COLOURS? *A wide range of glowing shades—they're boil-proof too!*

LENGTHS? *For your convenience, Coats Super Sheen size 50 comes in different lengths. Choose your colours and sizes to-day!*

COATS LEAD FOR EVERY SEWING NEED

In addition to Super Sheen, Coats are famous for their original 6-cord thread—in black and white and many thicknesses. And for all fine fabrics, choose Coats Gossamer—the modern 'Terylene' thread.

COATS
Super SHEEN

SEW IT FOR GOOD WITH COATS

CA 20/12.2

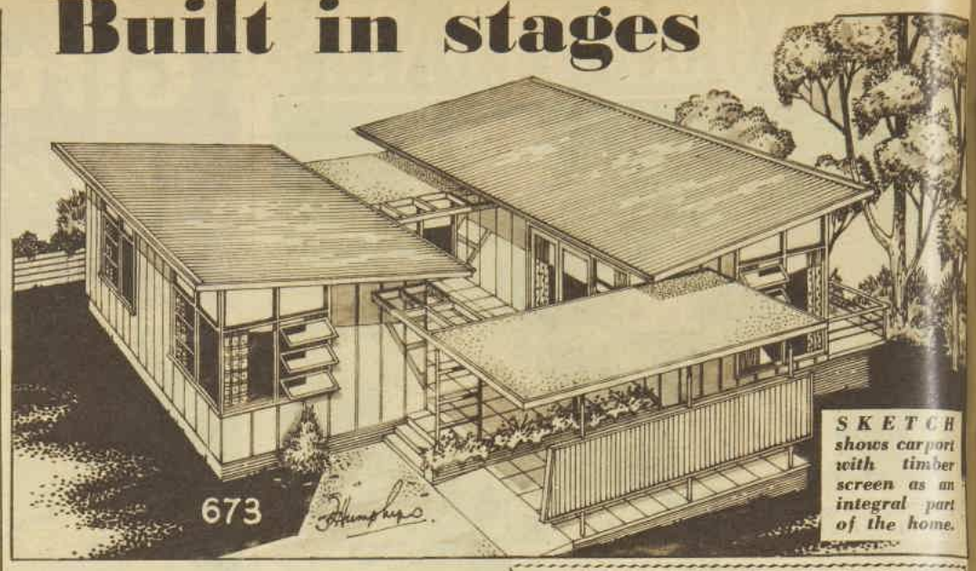
For people who think —

THE OBSERVER

Australia's first fortnightly review

1/6 from your newsagent

Built in stages



SKETCH shows carport with timber screen as an integral part of the home.

● Designed for home builders with limited finance, this house can be built in three sections. First contains kitchen and lounge.

THIS contemporary home has been designed by Melbourne architect Mr. F. T. Humphryis for young couples who want their first house to be individual and out of the ordinary.

It is No. 673 in our Home Plan series.

These standard plans can be bought for £7/7/- per full set at any of our Home Planning Centres. See panel above right for addresses.

The design we show on this page has been visualised for a site with an attractive view to the rear. The dining-living room and kitchen have an uninterrupted outlook, and open on to a sundeck running the width of the building.

However, the house could be turned on any site to take advantage of the view.

The bedrooms have large built-in wardrobes, and, in the hall, three other built-in cupboards give plenty of storage space for linen, etc.

A back door between the kitchen and laundry gives easy access between the two areas.

If the house is built in sections, the first unit would contain the kitchen and living-room. The area indicated for the back porch could be used for a temporary shower. The bedroom wing, service rooms, and carport could be added later on.

The total area of this house is 9.7 squares in timber or fibro, and 10.5 in brick. The width, including the carport, is 43ft. 2in. in timber or fibro, and 44ft. 4in. in brick. The depth is 44ft. 6in.

Approximate building costs are:

In New South Wales: Brick, £4515; timber, £3355; fibro, £3095.

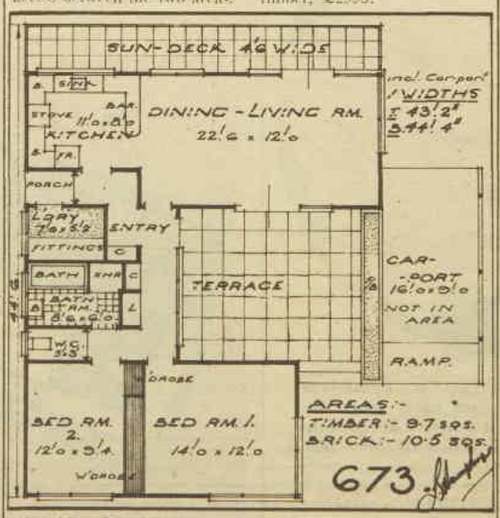
In Victoria: Brick, £4025; brick veneer, £3550; timber, £2855; fibro, £2765.

In South Australia: Brick, £3245; timber, £2895; asbestos, £2845.

In Queensland: Brick, £4495; timber, £2995; fibro, £2895.

In Canberra: Brick, £4825; timber, £3395.

In Tasmania: Brick, £4295; timber, £2995.



FLOOR PLAN shows large living-dining room which is separated from the kitchen by a breakfast bar. Laundry is conveniently near kitchen.

WHERE TO BUY THIS PLAN

HOME PLANS can be bought for £7/7/- per full set at any of our Home Planning Centres. Mail orders should give the number of the design and state building material to be used. Please include fee.

Addresses of the Centres are:
HOBART: FitzGerald's.
CANBERRA: Anthony Horderns'.
MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.
GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Fridays and Saturdays only.
SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns'.
ADELAIDE: John Martin's.
BRISBANE: McWhirter's.
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

Insist on the best . . .

PHILIPS 'PHOTOFLUX' FLASHBULBS

By using genuine Philips PHOTOFLUX Flashbulbs, more and more photographers are discovering that flash photography is an easy and effective way of taking those usually difficult subjects. And, if you're thinking of colour photography, PHOTOFLUX Flashbulbs are the ideal light source, too.

PHILIPS

Be sure it's a PHILIPS

P1534/59

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917054

It's a family affair...

picture-making the easy, low-cost Kodak way!

YOU'LL ALL ENJOY TAKING INDOOR FLASH SNAPS . . .

with a BROWNIE FLASH CAMERA OUTFIT

Here's the world's favourite "snap-shooter", with its own Flasholder, flashbulbs, batteries and Kodak film in one big-value outfit. With this around the house, the whole family can enjoy the fun of taking brilliant flash pictures indoors (or outdoors) at night as well as sparkling outdoor snapshots in daylight. The Brownie Flash II Camera Outfit — tremendous value and perfect for "gift giving" —

£5.10.0

(All items in outfit available separately)

YOU'LL ALL ENJOY PRINTING YOUR SNAPS AT HOME . . .

with a KODAK PHOTO-HOBBY OUTFIT

Taking pictures is fun, but there's a greater thrill in store when you develop and print them yourself . . . and you can easily do it — with the Kodak Photo-Hobby Outfit. It contains everything you need, including an easy-to-follow instruction chart which takes you step-by-step through the fascinating process. Truly this is a creative hobby with enjoyment for all the family. Wonderful value at

£5.10.0

(All items in outfit available separately)

KM1446

Kodak

KODAK (AUSTRALASIA) PTY. LTD.
Branches in All States

SEE YOUR KODAK DEALER NOW

T.V. VIEWERS!
Watch H.S.V.-7 & T.C.M.-9, Sundays, 6.30 to 7.30 p.m. for "High Adventure with Lowell Thomas"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917055

Your life is more pleasant with WINE

to Savour!

A glass of good Australian wine—red or white—to sip and savour before your meal, and with it, makes even everyday dining memorable. Women like wine's touch of glamour. Men, especially, like the way wine satisfies even giant-sized thirsts. Yet wine costs but a few pence a glass. So do give yourself and your guests the pleasure of wine—often!

to Flavour!

It takes wine—good Australian wine—to give a dish that extra excitement, the subtle tantalising flavour which wine and only wine can bestow. Wine brings fresh inspiration to favourite recipes, adds zest to soups and sauces, a gourmet touch to simple stews and casseroles. And, since alcohol evaporates during cooking, children can share in wine dishes too.

ROAST VEAL IN WINE SAUCE

▶ 5 lb. leg of veal ▶ salt and pepper ▶ 4 tbsps. oil ▶ 1½ cups White Wine ▶ 2 chopped onions ▶ 2 chopped carrots ▶ ¼ lb. chopped ham ▶ 1 bay leaf ▶ 2 sprigs parsley.

Salt and pepper veal, place in baking dish. Place all other ingredients around veal. Roast in moderate oven (350° F.) 2-2¼ hrs., basting every 10 mins. with contents of pan. Transfer veal to serving dish, remove all fat, bay leaf and parsley from contents of pan and serve as gravy. Serves 6.

Put Wine on your shopping list today! From any Hotel, Wine Retailer or Licensed Grocer.

Australian Sherry, sweet, medium or dry, before a meal cleans the palate and whets the appetite. And, of course, the crowning touch to a perfect dinner is mellow, full-bodied Australian Port. Both wines are admirably suited for 'tween meal snacks or for saying welcome when friends drop in.

WINE is so friendly to food—and you!

FREE BOOKLETS! write for yours NOW!

Like to know more about wine . . . wine buying, wine serving and wine in cooking? Send for these Free Booklets: "Life is more Pleasant with Wine" and "Cooking with Wine, No. 2." Simply write to me—

Sheila Norris

WINE INFORMATION CENTRE

BOX 3634, G.P.O., SYDNEY.
BOX 4057, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.
BOX 155C, G.P.O., BRISBANE.
BOX 260D, G.P.O., ADELAIDE.
BOX T1650, G.P.O., PERTH.
BOX 809H, G.P.O., HOBART.

AUTHORISED BY THE AUSTRALIAN WINE BOARD

AW.78.FPC

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917056

Continuing . . . THE FLAME OF MURDER

from page 39

d their glances locked for a cond. Angus' refusing to ad- it any knowledge of such sor- d statistics, Grogan's saying, mention of a lady's name fore the port, eh!

He asked: "Anyhow, you say u think his aim would've en to get away alone. Why, you reckon?"

"Well, he's an odd youth, or ther I should say he's the ult of the tragedy that came him when he was ten."

"What was that, now?"

"He lost both parents in a r accident, and he's never med to become properly ad- ted to the altered circum- nces and environment."

"Got a kind of grudge against e, has he?"

"No, that's generally sup- sed to lead to delinquency. t he hasn't shown the slight- t sign of that. He's a good tup, Quentin. The only thing that he can't ever face up any trouble or difficulty."

"Such as a row or a fight?"

"Such as anything. I don't ant to criticise my wife," he id slowly, "but there's no ubt that she dominated him. on't you agree, Denis?"

Denis hedged and hesitated. hile the detectives and Angus aited. Angus had thrown the all to him, so he had to come

"In a way, I suppose," he reed slowly. "The job of pping into two dead parents' es can't have been easy."

"True," Angus admitted, d to know when to cease ing a parent harder still. yway, even as late as a year o, just before she went away, e couldn't refrain from tell- g him what he should do and ere he should go."

"Did he kick against that?" ogan asked.

"Not openly. But he must e. What young man of nine- en wouldn't? All the more, rhaps, because he knew that in any serious issue he'd be totally incapable of standing up to her."

"Was there anything special that she was on to him about?"

"No, no, nothing special that I know of. Nothing at all."

"Did he have a job, or ever earn his living?"

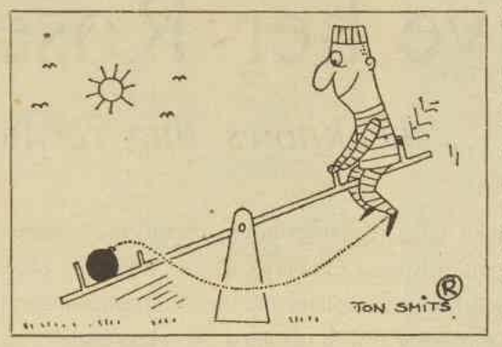
"Well, he's coming into the money his father left him when he's twenty-one. He didn't do well at school. At the approach of examinations he always managed to get ill or something. There's been vague talk of him studying Law, but so far"—he gave a shrug—"but so far his greatest activity has been idling about with a gun and a rod."

"And you're suggesting that that's what he's aiming to do now?"

"I am. That's what I think. He's done it before. Twice before. Some years ago he cleared out with a knapsack after his aunt had given him a dressing down over a specially bad school report. And once he stayed away for the best part of four days, camping in a cave up in the hills, sulking over something or other. I often feel a shade guilty that I'm not more in his confidence."

"Hell, Angus!" Fewster rumbled. "What boy of twenty ever wanted to spill his troubles to his elders? They'd be the last one's he'd tell about his affairs of the heart."

Steps sounded on the track behind them, and Toni and Carl came hurrying down and into the circle of light around the caravan.



Toni's tone was airy, even sounded gay, as she greeted them: "Well, has he come back yet?"

Angus told her no, and she went over and sat on the step beside Vivian, took her hand in her impulsive fashion. "Darling, what a horrid experience for you. But don't worry, he'll be all right."

Vivian looked back at her with sombre eyes and murmured some kind of agreement.

Toni said, under her breath: "Did you really think he was dead?"

"I did."

"Crikey, how ghastly! You don't now?"

Did she? . . . didn't she? For answer she shrugged.

Grogan said to Toni: "I believe he often looks in at your place, Mrs. Hennessey, and you and him sometimes go shooting and tramping over the hills together?"

"That's so, yes. We're both happier away from habitations, I think."

"Nature lovers, eh? Well, would you have any idea where he might have a hide-out? Mr. Latham mentioned that once or twice before, when he was in some kind of a fix, he stopped away in some cave or other."

"Did he?" Her candid eyes looked at the inspector.

"Didn't you know that?"

"No, I didn't. I suppose that was when he was only a kid, though."

"Sixteen the last time," Angus put in.

"Yes, well . . . Grown men don't do that sort of thing. It's like a little boy making a house in the treetops when mother's cross with him. But Quentin? Oh, nonsense!"

"So you think he's outgrown that, do you?"

She turned this over. "I admit he's not frightfully — well, nice lad as he is, he's not frightfully valorous. If anybody knocked him down I doubt if he'd want to hit back. He'd certainly be more likely to get up and streak off, and today—" She stopped.

"Today?" the inspector prompted.

"He was in rather a flap about perhaps having to face the police. You must find lots of people like that, don't you?"

"My word we do. Especially young people."

"Well, this fight—or whatever it was — could've brought to a head what he's been wanting to do all day. Streak off!" she said.

"Where to?"

She narrowed her eyes into the dark distance. "Yes, he might've gone off fruit-picking . . . peaches . . . or grapes at Mildura."

"Ever heard him come out with an idea like that?"

"No, but the other day, now I remember, I was idly reading bits out of the paper—he was on the verandah cleaning his gun—and one bit was about what a fantastic lot of money unskilled people could earn fruit-picking."

Carl queried vaguely: "Would he have had enough cash on him to get to Mildura? In shirt and shorts he wouldn't be carrying a wallet."

"Darling, he wouldn't need much. He could hitch-hike."

Solidly planted and sad of mien, Sergeant Manning dropped the first hint of worse: "Could've had a wallet, too. Whoever hit him could've handed him one and said, 'Beat it.' "

A silence greeted this. Nobody volunteered any opinion for or against. Angus it was who broke the silence, speaking to Grogan as though Manning's remark had not been. "Well, if he's hitch-hiking you should be able to find him. Some car driver'll come forward."

"Will they?" Manning said on a sour downward note. "You're more confident than what I am. For the one that'll help the police there's a hundred that won't."

Back in his office at Headquarters later that night, Grogan was speaking to the finger-printing department on the intercom-telephone. The subject was the lacquer box which had stored Rowena's papers in the attic.

He was informed that the recent prints on it had been identified, and putting down the receiver he leant back in his chair with a smirk of satisfaction on his face.

. . . . . .

During the next two days to the people living in and around Latham West the police seemed to become as familiar as the trees in the landscape, and as little to be commented on. Uniformed and plainclothes men came and went. They probed and questioned. Not one single thing concerning Quentin Rivers seemed too trivial for them to cock an attentive ear to: his friends, pathetically few; his comings and goings, somewhat secretive, betraying a basic insecurity; his tastes and hobbies.

In the neighborhood the subject of his wounding and disappearance momentarily ousted the grimmer story of his aunt's murder, though in discussion of him, unfailingly her name cropped up. The common agreement was that she'd kept such a hold on him he never could stand up for himself and seemed more like seventeen than twenty.

"Unenviable notoriety for a small place," Carl said to Fewster, meeting him outside the shop.

"Awful, old boy. Intolerable," the colonel agreed, which in itself was a sign of the times, for Carl and Fewster rarely found themselves in unison, their seven years of neighborliness having bred too many small feuds.

Carl's heavy face expressed injury. "It puts you off your job, you know. You can't settle to anything."

"You can say that again!" Fewster nodded.

"Toni ironed a hole into my best shirt this morning, she's so wrought-up about it. And all because somebody took a crack at the poor kid and he got scared and lit out."

"Who hit him? Who could've wanted to hit him? Who had it in for him? All sorts of little trifles are being remembered, too. Got nothing to do with it, of course, but . . ."

"Such as?"

Fewster drew a step nearer, glancing over his shoulder at the peeling picket fence of Tyson's dwelling. "Well, somebody reminded me this morning that since Mark's death the old man's hatred of Rowena has extended to Quentin. Wouldn't mend a cigarette-lighter he asked him to, they say."

"Oh, that's all bosh! He mended that clock up at Burnside. And apparently took a hearty poke at Angus when he brought it back."

Fewster stared. "Who the devil told you that?"

"Mrs. Siskin was telling Toni this morning."

"That woman talks too much. I said to her only a while ago, 'Now for heaven's sake no gossip! Don't let us add to the gabble that's going on.' And she suddenly said, 'That's right! Somebody might remember I smacked his face when he broke the laundry window with his shanghai.' Six years ago, but that won't stop them."

"Nothin'll stop 'em once people want to display their amateur powers of detection," Carl said scornfully.

Fewster drew even a little closer. "Would you believe this? One of the maids up at Pine Hill — that new girl with the red hair — she told someone that Angus' mother had accused Quentin of writing to Rowena and telling her she'd dug herself in there and never meant to leave. The old girl went for Quentin hammer and tongs, they say."

"He said the same thing to Toni."

"Did he? True enough, probably. She loves the place. Would rather die than have to walk out again."

"I'd back her to get her own way any day of the week."

"Yes . . . Pity poor old Angus

To page 54

UTILITY FOLDING TABLES

TRUMP

UTILITY FOLDING CHAIRS

FOR OVER 30 YEARS LEADERS IN TOP QUALITY FOLDING TABLES AND CHAIRS, BEAUTIFULLY FINISHED IN POLISHED TIMBER, WITH WASHABLE PLASTIC TOPS.

SOLD BY ALL GOOD FURNITURE STORES IN AUSTRALIA

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2300 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

And remember!

Robin STARCH

keeps things crisper, cleaner longer.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917057

Give her Roses

... she knows they're nice!

Make today live longer in the memory of someone you care for, with a gift of Roses - Cadbury's Roses Chocolates. She'll love these delicious chocolates and their fourteen wonderful centres, each richly covered with the finest chocolate made as only Cadbury's know how. Soft or firm, there's something for every taste and preference in this supreme assortment. Look for Cadbury's Roses Chocolates at confectioners everywhere. You'll know them by the gay rose-decorated box!

For quality such as this, the half-pound box is wonderful value at **5/6** *- and the attractive 1lb. box for only* **11/-.**

Give her

CADBURY'S ROSES CHOCOLATES

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917058

GAMBLING PARTNERSHIP between Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin is formed after a run of luck began sending up their bank balances.

HE'S NO SQUARE

No fewer than three members of Hollywood's mous "Clan" — Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, d Dean Martin — star in "Some Came Running."

"HE CLAN" is the im- mensely wealthy, powerful, d determinedly "anti-square" ial group of which Sinatra is rowned king.

Other members of "The Clan," which eeds Humphrey Bogart's old "Rat k" as the most hard-to-crash circle Hollywood, are cy Curtis, mmy Davis, and Judy land. o make the matic, big-time film was something of an act of faith for Sinatra. The author of the book on which it is based, James Jones, also wrote "From Here To Eternity," the picture that brought Sinatra back from near-obscurity.

In "Some Came Running" he plays a novelist who becomes a professional gambler.

It is an M.G.M. film, in color, directed by Vincent Minnelli, and a personal production of Sol C. Siegel, production head of the busy studio.

Film Parade

SHIRLEY MacLAINE as Ginny, the pathetic little pick-up who hero-worships Sinatra. The role nearly won her an Academy Award Oscar

SINATRA the gambler fails to justify himself to college lecturer Martha Hyer, who is interested only in Mr. Sinatra the novelist.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917059

"Follow the Sun - join in the Fun!"

Says Nancy Knudsen, this year's winner of Queensland's famous Sun Girl Competition.

HOLIDAY IN QUEENSLAND DURING THIS CENTENARY YEAR!

Thrill to the wonders of the Great Barrier Reef . . . revel in the sun on Queensland's famous Gold Coast beaches! An interest-packed programme of Centenary Year events adds colour and interest wherever you go!

Queensland's unrivalled climate favours all kinds of outdoor activities. The famous Winter Turf Carnival will be only one of the many Centenary Year highlights you will enjoy if you make your vacation plans now.

GET THIS FREE BROCHURE NOW!

All of Queensland's Centenary Year events are detailed in a lavish, full colour brochure which is available now, free of charge, at Tourist Bureaux, Travel Agents, leading Hotels and Airports. Get yours without delay!

INSIST ON

The Genuine Indian Curry Powder

Clive of India

entirely made and packed in Madras

Remember . . .
the curry you make
is only as good as
the curry you use!

START THE WEEKEND WELL WITH

WEEKEND

★

1/- FROM YOUR NEWSAGENT

NEW RELEASES

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

Film Parade

★★★ Excellent
★ Average
★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★★ ROCKETS GALORE

Comedy, with Jeannie Carson, Donald Sinden, Roland Culver, Noel Purcell. In color. Embassy, Sydney.

THIS film is what might loosely be called a sequel to that gem in the crown of post-war British film-making "Whisky Galore."

Like most sequels it falls far short of the original, but just the same it is extremely pleasant to renew acquaintance with the tetchy, conniving Toddayites and the beautiful Outer Hebridean scenery—this time very sympathetically captured by color cameras.

Todday comes into the news again when the Ministry of Protection decides to use it as a rocket base, and the island is invaded by officials referred to jeeringly by the inhabitants as "rocketeers."

Survivors of the old cast are Catherine Lacey (Mrs. Waggett), Jean Cadell (Mrs. Campbell), Gordon Jackson (George Campbell), and Duncan Macrae, who is recast and gives a magnificent performance as the fanatical poet-patriot Duncan Ban.

A slender love interest is supplied by Jeannie Carson and Sinden, but the film's real business is concerned with the Toddayites' routing of officialdom.

Culver replaces Basil Radford as the hated Captain Waggett, and Irish actor Purcell plays Father James.

In a word . . . AMUSING.

★★ THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

Italian opera, with Tito Gobbi, Irene Genna. In color. English subtitles. Lyceum, Sydney.

BRINGING operas, even light ones, to the screen has always seemed to me a chancy and generally unsatisfactory undertaking.

But top Italian producer Ottavio Poggi has succeeded here in striking a happy balance between operatic convention and film requirements.

The taste and elegance of the production as a whole is enhanced by being photographed in soft, agreeable color.

Gobbi, who appeared some years ago in a black-and-white version of this opera, is a youthful, pudgy Barber, well up in lurkmanship. Genna, a handsome young woman, retains most of the operatic conventions with her Rosina.

Subtitles are kept to a minimum, letting the action and Rossini's music tell the light-hearted tale of aristocratic lovers outwitting a crotchety guardian.

In a word . . . SUCCESS.

★ DINO

Teenage drama, with Sal Mineo, Susan Kohner, Brian Keith. Palace, Sydney.

THE visit of its young star, Sal Mineo, to Australia has brought this rather paltry study of juvenile delinquency into circulation some three years after its making.

A not-too-prepossessing stripling of 17 at the time of filming, Sal portrays a boy who, newly released from a reformatory, must return to a home where he has never known love.

Too much altogether is asked of Mineo, who in his immaturity comes near parodying the delinquent figure he is supposed to represent.

A still less prepossessing youth, Pat De Simone, is much more at ease as Sal's hero-worshipping younger brother.

Susan Kohner very pleasantly plays the poetry-writing plain girl he meets at a youth club. Keith is the social worker who tries to help him.

Gerald Fried has supplied a musical score of some merit for what was originally a teleplay by Reginald Rose, with Mineo as star and De Simone in support.

In a word . . . ANOTHER.

SUCCESSFUL husband-and-wife film-producing team Andrew and Virginia Stone watch some film being run off in the basement of their own home.

"A crazy idea" said Hollywood

By LEE CARROLL, in Hollywood.

● A unique and highly successful movie-producing team are Hollywood husband and wife Andrew and Virginia Stone.

WORKING from their own home, with a basement games-room as operational headquarters, they turn out feature-length films that have all so far showed a profit.

Andrew and Virginia discuss ideas for new films together. Then Andrew writes the script and produces and directs the film.

Virginia finds locations ("as many as 75 for one picture"), cuts, and generally assists.

The Stones work on the theory of having a minimum of equipment—a light camera, tape-recording gear, simple lighting, and a low budget.

"This is the system that I tried to sell the studios in 1947," said Andrew.

"I knew that pictures could be made on location with a minimum of equipment and a maximum of quality. But I convinced no one.

"In fact, I fear the word got round that poor old Stone had lost his senses."

Failing to get studio backing, they at first despaired, and then an "angel" financed their first effort, "Confidence Girl." It cost only £22,300 to make and turned in a good profit.

They continued to operate on their own, and came up with "The Night Holds Terror," a melodrama, which Columbia bought outright.

Then came "Julie," with Doris Day.

Miss Day's salary alone was £90,000, but the whole movie cost only £334,500—a fraction of what even minor movies cost at the major studios.

As well as pulling her weight as a fifty-fifty partner in her husband's business, Virginia Stone cares for their two sons, aged five and ten.

Studio gossip

AMERICAN directors are still heading for Rome. Latest arrival is **Martin Ritt,** who will be in charge of "Jovanka," with Van Heflin, Shirley MacLaine, and Gina Lollobrigida. Nunnally Johnson is expected soon to prepare the film "Fair Bride" in Rome, with **Ava Gardner** as the lady of the title.

★ ★ ★

FORMER husband and discoverer of **Brigitte Bardot,** Roger Vadim, will soon be acting before the cameras instead of directing. He is to play a role in the new French film "Girl for the Summer."

★ ★ ★

PAT BOONE, of all people, has recently revealed himself as a racehorse owner. It seems that during the making of "April Love," fellow actor Arthur O'Connell persuaded young Boone to go halves with him in buying a likely looking youngster. April Love recently had his first race, unplaced.

★ ★ ★

SOMETHING out of the ordinary is promised by Italian producer Maleno Malenotti, who is preparing "Top of the World," to be filmed in the Arctic region soon. Two stars already announced for the big cast are **Anthony Quinn** and Japanese actress **Yoko Tani.** Malenotti is now studying a report on the conditions to be expected during location work.

★ ★ ★

PATRICIA, the 16-year-old daughter of former star **Ann Sothern,** has landed herself a job modelling for teenage magazines. If she has inherited her mother's looks she shouldn't have much trouble.

★ ★ ★

DIRK BOGARDE, now in Hollywood filming for Columbia in "The Franz Liszt Story," looks like being busy on his return to Britain. Rank producer Betty Box has two new films lined up for Dirk's return.

First is a new film in the successful "Doctor" series. This new one is "Doctor In Love." Then Miss Box would like Dirk to star for her in "The Passionate City," which uses for its background Italy at the outbreak of World War II.

★ ★ ★

THINGS couldn't have been arranged more nicely for **Christine Carere.** Her studio, Fox, is to make a film in Paris under the direction of Jean Negulesco. Christine has been asked to go along and star, with her own husband, Philipe Nicund, as co-star. Since her marriage, Christine has spent almost as much time in Hollywood as she has in Paris with Philipe.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917060

Twenty years from now... only the mattresses will be the same

The boys will be grown up . . . Mother may be Grandmother . . . but the mattresses will be the same comfortable, wrinkle-free Dunlopillo they sleep on to-night . . . Dunlopillo's 20-year Guarantee ensures that!

Dunlopillo is the modern mattress . . . does not ever develop lumps, bumps, squeaks or creaks. Remains forever fresh, clean, odourless . . . allergy free . . . stays cool in summer. . . cosy all the year 'round.

That's why hygienic, air-filled Dunlopillo is the choice of hospitals all over the world. Thrifty housewives know, too, that the long life, the 20-year Guarantee make Dunlopillo the best buy in the long run.

So, for sleeping comfort that lasts . . . choose Dunlopillo . . . twenty years from now, still the world's most modern mattress.

Dunlopillo

Your Dunlopillo sleep investment is available on easy terms at your favourite store. Choose from the economical 2' 6" "Famous Four" to the luxurious 4' 6" "Fantasy". 2' 6" priced from £16/8/-. Prices slightly higher in Western Australia.

IF IT'S NOT LABELLED IT'S NOT DUNLOPILLO — MATTRESSES . . . PILLOWS . . . CUSHIONS . . . FURNITURE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917061

Controversial TV show starting

● "Small World," the controversial Ed Murrow show, has its Australian premiere on Channel 9 on Sunday, June 7, at 5 p.m. This 30-minute show, an Emmy winner, is said to have caused more world headlines, controversy, and speculation than any other TV show in the world.

"SMALL WORLD," the new Ed Murrow show, Channel 9 every Sunday from June 7 at 5 p.m., features in its premiere two well-known personalities. Left, Malcolm Muggeridge (with squirrel); right, Lauren Bacall.

"SMALL WORLD" has been described as "electronic journalism" and is the brain child of Ed Murrow. American experts, critics, and fellow reporters all agree that Murrow is TV's top journalist.

The show is made up of interviews and debates between people all over the world, connected by radiotelephone. In each centre a film is made of the conversation. They are all sent to Murrow, who edits them into a brilliant TV half-hour.

Personalities in Sydney's first "Small World" on June 7 are Lauren Bacall (rated in America as an intellectual and fine talker as well as an actress) in Los Angeles; Eric A. Johnston, Motion Picture Association executive and diplomat, in Washington, D.C.; and Malcolm Muggeridge in Sydney.

Everyone knows of Lauren Bacall and Malcolm Muggeridge, famous writer and ex-Editor of Punch, who visited Australia last year. But probably the name Johnston won't mean a thing to Australians, although his work is quite well known here.

This may give you a clearer picture of the business role of Johnston in films. You may remember the old Hays Office that set the standard of American films—"The Hays Office demands this, censors that, said someone or other's neckline was too low," newspapers would report.

Well, Eric A. Johnston or "The Johnston Office" is today's Hays Office.

Apart from films, Mr. Johnston is a highly-thought-of American diplomat, and was recently President Eisenhower's personal representative to the Middle East.

Mr. Murrow's "Small World" technique is to pose a question and let the three participants have a go at it.

A question in the first one that caused a deal of heated argument was: "Are American films good ambassadors for their country?"

Mr. Johnston held that they are the best ambassadors America has ever had or ever will have, and bought himself a blue with the doughty Mr. Muggeridge. Miss Bacall, in her turn, got very heated with the men over women's suffrage.

It all sounds very stimulating TV.

"Small World" on the following Sunday, June 14, features Bertrand Russell in London; Dr. Willard Libby, Science Member of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, in Washington; and Dr. Homi Bhabha, Chairman of India's Atomic Energy Commission, speaking from Paris.

Their discussions centre on the effects on society of such phenomena as radiation, fallout, testing of atomic and hydrogen bombs, and so on.

Only a month ago a "Small World" two-part show was banned by the B.B.C. after the first part had been shown. The show dealt with Britain's attitude to Ireland and the Irish Republican Army, and featured Irish actress Siobhan McKenna, 35.

Siobhan caused the ban when she described I.R.A. terrorists as "young idealists" and defended recent border raids in Ulster when four Orangemen were killed and 20 injured as "throwing peanuts."

So far, the banned programme is not scheduled for release here.

TeleVision Parade

by NAN MUSGROVE

★ ★ ★

MUSIC while you work is old stuff, but not "Musak" while you work. "Musak" is an American development and is said to be very important. It is so important, in fact, that England's ATV has it installed throughout its fabulous new London headquarters.

It makes everyone from cleaners to top executives work better, feel happier, and has a great effect on TV performers.

"Musak" is not random discs over a loud-speaker. It is scientifically developed, taped, and piped into your room or business premises. Tapes are different for various places.

The music for factories is different from the music for banks, or the music for homes or TV or newspaper offices.

Everyone exposed to it for the first time hates it. But after a few moments it has its effect and boosts morale.

ATV boss Val Parnell said when he first heard it in the office of a New York businessman he was so impressed that he went out of his way to get the English rights of "Musak."

And there's endless mood music available. You can have a soothing room for nervous TV artists. ATV's special for them is the Romantic Room. It's all very advanced and electronic.

What I'm waiting for is a Musak-equipped TV Column-writing Room.

★ ★ ★

GROWN-UPS who remember entertainment and the joys of radio, pictures, and the theatre before TV will find it hard to understand Julie, a little girl of six who has lived with TV ever since she was four.

Administered in small doses, she's had most of the entertainment of her life, except birthday parties, from the magic box.

First intimation of her attitude to TV came when she was taken to a pantomime. When she got home she enthralled her grandmother with its story, but floored Gran when she said: "The TV was lovely colored, Gran."

Gran explained at length the difference between a pantomime and TV, all of which was gravely accepted.

But when school broke up recently for the holidays the trouble started again. The last day there was a concert, given by her class. She came home madly excited to say her class had given "the TV" at school.

Told it was a concert, she said, "Yes, I know. TV."

Now the family is convinced — television means entertainment.

★ ★ ★

"HAVE Gun, Will Travel" (Channel 9, Tuesdays, 9.30) producers reckon Paladin has to look for employment for his gun (in 1870 settings) in foreign parts. Already planned are shows in Mexico, Hawaii, Japan, and there's talk, too, of Australia, and a hired gun to help with bushrangers.

New SUPER ACTIVATOR

gives New SUPER BRIGHT RESULTS with Wilkins Servis

Imagine a wash that's super-white, with colours super bright! *Now* it's possible... with the new Wilkins Servis Super Activator that creates 20 times more suds turbulence than copper boiling! The powerful Super Activator swirls suds through your wash, spiriting away every last trace of grime and dirt; clothes never tangle — they're completely washed. Be dazzled, be amazed by your own washing! Let the super washing action of the Wilkins Servis Super Activator do it all for you.

SEE THESE YEARS AHEAD FEATURES!
• 22 high-speed features — a full 9 lb. wash out on the line in only 12 minutes • Magic Touch waist-high controls • Wringomagic thinks for itself, adjusts automatically from hankies to blankets • Fully guaranteed for 5 years • Sparkling Gay-tone colours • Completely Automatic 2-way Pump • **99 gns. to 114 gns.**

Complete Lifetime Service Plan
(Service plan Capital Cities, Newcastle, Wollongong, Geelong only)

SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD - ON SUPERIORITY

Wilkins Servis

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917062

ELNA
Zig-Zag

£67/10/-

• New Swiss precision-built automatic sewing machine.

SEND COUPON FOR FREE FULLY ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE!

ROBERTSON REVERSIBLE SEWING MACHINE PTY. LTD.
• 453 Pitt St., 148 Castlereagh St., Sydney.
• 215 Little Collins St., Melbourne.
• Shop 19, T. & G. Bldg., Arcade Lane, Albury.

Please send me, without obligation, free fully illustrated literature on the Elna Zig Zag.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Just squeeze it on!

Adorn
CREAM
HOME PERM
in a
handy tube

You can Recap Tube for future use

Comb through, roll up, rinse. Your hair perms as it dries! No drip! No mess! No bother!

11/6 WHOLE HEAD SIZE

At Chemists and Stores

NO SIGN OF PIMPLES NOW

Thanks to

ORD PILLS

...ples are a problem, particularly at ... party or dance. Stop worrying ...out your pimples; clear up your com... troubles, take Ford Pills for a ...lant, healthy skin.

...rd Pills are wonderful for blotchy ...plexions and pimples, constipation, ...t headaches, indigestion and listless...s. Ford Pills are absolutely safe, ...t and dependable. They contain the ...racts that give you the valuable ...active properties of fruit, to keep you ...ll in Nature's way.

...rt a course of Ford Pills to-day. Get ...rd Pills in red and gold plastic tubes, ... and 3/6 everywhere. F9

FORD PILLS

Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS STOP CORN PAIN FAST

Glorious relief from corns. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, world's fastest-acting, most successful corn remedy. Medicated discs remove corns. Sizes for Callouses, Bunions. 3/- pkt. at Chemists, Stores, Shoe Dealers, Scholl Depots.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and PRINCESS NARDA have recently returned from an exciting visit to the planet Magna. Mandrake does not realise that soon his services will be required in a very different sphere. In a city bank just before closing time a young clerk faints. His case-drawer is found empty with twenty thousand pounds missing. He explains to the director that a voice ordered him to hand over the cash. No figure was visible, but suddenly a gun appeared in the air directed at his head. NOW READ ON:

new super-soft
LUSTRE-MIST
hair-control spray

Loved by Hollywood stars

JANET LEIGH
co-starring with Tony Curtis in 'The Perfect Furlough' Universal International production in colour and cinemascope.

keeps hair fragrantly perfumed and softly set between shampoos

When you set your hair after shampooing, Lustre-Mist makes your curls and waves more natural, springy and alive. It actually makes your hair appear thicker, more luxuriant. Its lanolin gives your hair new highlights and sheen. Even in wet or humid weather, you'll find Lustre-Mist keeps your hair perfectly styled.

13/11

NON-DRYING — CONTAINS NO LACQUER AT ALL — CONDITIONS WITH LANOLIN

See how simple it is!

Spray damp hair after shampoo

Comb through, set it in curls

Lovely natural-looking curls that last!

L211

soothes itching HAEMORRHOIDS quickly!

Are you suffering the torture of haemorrhoids? Then here's new hope for you! DOAN'S OINTMENT will quiet the itching QUICKLY—soothe and lubricate the tender tissues with special antiseptic ingredients and bring you welcome relief. DOAN'S OINTMENT has been used successfully for over 50 years—and it's oh, so gentle. Don't put up with distressing haemorrhoids any longer. Ask for DOAN'S OINTMENT at any chemist or store today.

Start the weekend well with

Weekend

★

1/- from your newsagent

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917063

Continuing . . . THE FLAME OF MURDER

from page 47

is so much under her thumb."

"Everybody's under somebody's thumb," Carl deplored. "Except the lone wolves like Denis Paget."

"Talking of Paget, Simpson was saying up at the pub this morning it was lucky for him he was there that night. Away from the scene of the brawl on his doorstep!"

Carl looked into the middle distance. "What time did he leave? Did Simpson say?"

"Oh . . . as for that . . . Simpson couldn't remember. You mean, could this inspector bloke be on the right track? Could Quentin have been making a pass at Vivian?"

Carl shrugged. "Boys of that age'll chase after every skirt they see. And what's all this police snooping around in people's sheds for? Looking for a blue honey tin! Have they been to you?"

"I'll say they have. Where haven't they been, according to what I hear?"

"I suppose they know what they're up to. It's more than anyone else does."

Carl picked up his box and opened the door of his truck. He shoved the box inside and got into the driver's seat. Leaning out, he grinned at Fewster. "Anyhow, what that snooty cove the sergeant suggested the other night, if someone gave him a wallet and told him to beat it, that lets you and me out, eh?"

"You've said it, old boy! The day that anyone finds you and me with wallets to chuck around!—" The cackle of his laughter was drowned in the roar of Carl's engine.

At a leisurely tempo, Fewster did his shopping, meat and vegetables from Petty's, a couple of picture papers at the newsagent's, meat pies for lunch. Then he set up the road for home in time to listen-in to the twelve-thirty news.

Only three-quarters of a mile. Shaded by his white linen hat, he walked with soldierly erectness.

Arrived home and going round the side of the house to the kitchen, he thought that the news was already on as a male voice came to him through the open window.

Dumping his bag on the kitchen table, he went through to the living-room and found Mrs. Siskin, rather too animated, entertaining Grogan and Manning.

"Oh, there you are," she greeted the colonel. "I was beginning to wonder if you were ever coming."

"'Morning," he saluted his visitors. "You wanted to see me?"

Grogan assented, but seemed in no hurry to get down to why. He ranged widely over the whole field of Mrs. Latham's death and her nephew's disappearance, said they had one or two leads but nothing of any importance as yet, and suggested that no doubt Colonel Fewster, being an old friend, would be able to tell them a bit more about the lady. Little things noticed by friends could often supply very valuable—etc., etc.

Fewster, happy to oblige, was able to fill in a background picture of the pleasant times had by all up at Pine Hill; of Rowena Latham's wide hospitality, her cheery, charming personality.

Expanding under Grogan's flattering interest, Fewster stood with his back to the empty fireplace, arms spread along the shelf behind him, his thick silver hair damp from his walk.

A fine figure of a man, and usually the main target of Mrs. Siskin's hot brown glance. But today that glance was on the inspector's face, waiting.

She didn't have long to wait.

"Yes, if it hadn't been for this tragedy," Fewster winded up an easy flow, "I guess we'd all have been eating turkey and plum pudding up at Pine Hill in a day or so."

Grogan said: "That's funny, now. I had an idea that this Christmas it mightn't 'ave been that way. Even if she'd been alive. Not for you, anyhow, Colonel."

Fewster's arms dropped to his sides, the bland expression faded from his face. "Eh? What's that?"

Mrs. Siskin sat up straight, as straight as the aged springs of the sofa would allow her.

"This letter," Grogan said, and took a sheet of paper from his pocket.

"A letter? What letter? What's all this?" He squinted down at it.

GROGAN spread it on the table and smoothed the creases out of it. "The maid up at the house says that before she took herself off last year Mrs. Latham went to her desk in the sitting-room next to her bedroom and tipped the contents of the drawers out into that Chinese box that she stored in the attic at Burnside. Apparently she didn't bother to sort anything. It was just a jumble of various papers and letters. Including this one. She turned the key in it and the box was carted away." He held the letter out to Fewster. "Do you remember writing this?"

The letter, in Fewster's all too legible script, was in reference to the letting of Burnside to Rowena's friends the Cottars, whereas, Fewster avowed, everyone had always understood that it was to be let to himself when the last of the Miss Lathams should die. Now he had heard, with utter disgust, that a lease to the Cottars was on the point of being signed, sealed, and delivered. Furthermore, he wrote, it had come to his ears — through some vulgar tattle — that she had said in more than one person's hearing that he was not a desirable tenant, that his own place had become disgracefully run-down since he'd lived there, and that she didn't want Burnside to get into the same state.

The colonel wrote that it was nasty to have your property run down, but, he had gone on to remind her, it was a good deal nastier for the same thing to happen to your reputation, and that certain facts about hers, if they came to Angus' ears, would surely make her regret that she had swept aside his, Fewster's, claims to Burnside so high-handedly.

There was silence in the room while Fewster ran his eyes over the letter.

Then he tossed it down on the table. "That!" he said, and turned to the mantelpiece, found a pipe and started to fill it. "That old rubbish!"

"Are you in the habit of writing threatening letters to people?" Manning inquired.

"Threatening? There's nothing threatening in that." Fewster's tone was a masterpiece of rejection. He rammed the tobacco home and struck a match with a flourish. Puff, puff, a volcano of smoke scattered the imputation, too. "I was only reminding her that she wasn't in a position to throw stones at me."

"And that if she did you were in a very nice position to throw 'em back at her, eh?"

"Nonsense! Nonsense! I never heard such stuff in all my life. It was written in the heat of the moment; perhaps I said rather more than I should've. But I knew Rowena Latham well enough not to mince matters. And, as you see, she took not the faintest notice of that—that hot air." He waved his pipe at it. "The proof is, I didn't get the house. She went ahead with her plans. She knew fine well I'd never breathe a word to old Angus."

"What happened when it fell vacant again recently? When these folk the Cottars left?"

"Exactly. Exactly. I'd got the whole idea of moving out of my system. Couldn't afford the higher rent, couldn't afford the upkeep. Why, with Latham's wife off the scene, as she was, I could have had Burnside for the asking."

He looked over his pipe at the dead-pan face of Sergeant Manning. "Got it? Got the whole picture now? Don't imagine I resent you coming here and putting me through the hoop. Not at all. I know you fellows've got to be on to every trifle you run across."

"Thanks a lot," Manning said with heavy sarcasm.

Mrs. Siskin got up off the sofa with difficulty but dignity. She smoothed down her snugly fitting skirt and moved to the door. "I'm surprised," she said in a tone of lofty contempt, "I really am quite amazed that if Mrs. Latham kept all her private correspondence you gentlemen didn't find something a bit more worth your while than that!" She shut the door smartly behind her, and tap, tap, went her heels down the linoleumed passage.

Grogan looked after her. You said it, old girl! he thought. And somebody else had the same big idea, too, and got there before us!"

At Burnside on that same midday an incident occurred that was both strange and distressing. In fact, as Vivian saw it, there were a number of other adjectives that could be applied to the happening: grotesque, embarrassing, mystifying, infuriating. It could even be seen as sinister, though this possible aspect of it didn't appear till later. This morning, on getting up, she had thought that, conditioned as she was by the horrors of the past few days, there was little that could surprise her any more. She could hardly have foreseen anything as bizarre as this.

She was in the kitchen at midday, making a salad. Standing at the sink, she automatically washed and shook and dried the lettuce leaves. Housekeeping threatened to become a drudgery, all the everyday diversions that should be lightening it being absent. One couldn't lose oneself in reading or listening to music. People only met to exchange fruitless speculation and small bits of information about what the police were doing and where they had been and whom they had questioned last.

She had spent the morning with Toni, and though they had vowed not to discuss the murder any further they hadn't been able to keep off the subject for more than a few minutes.

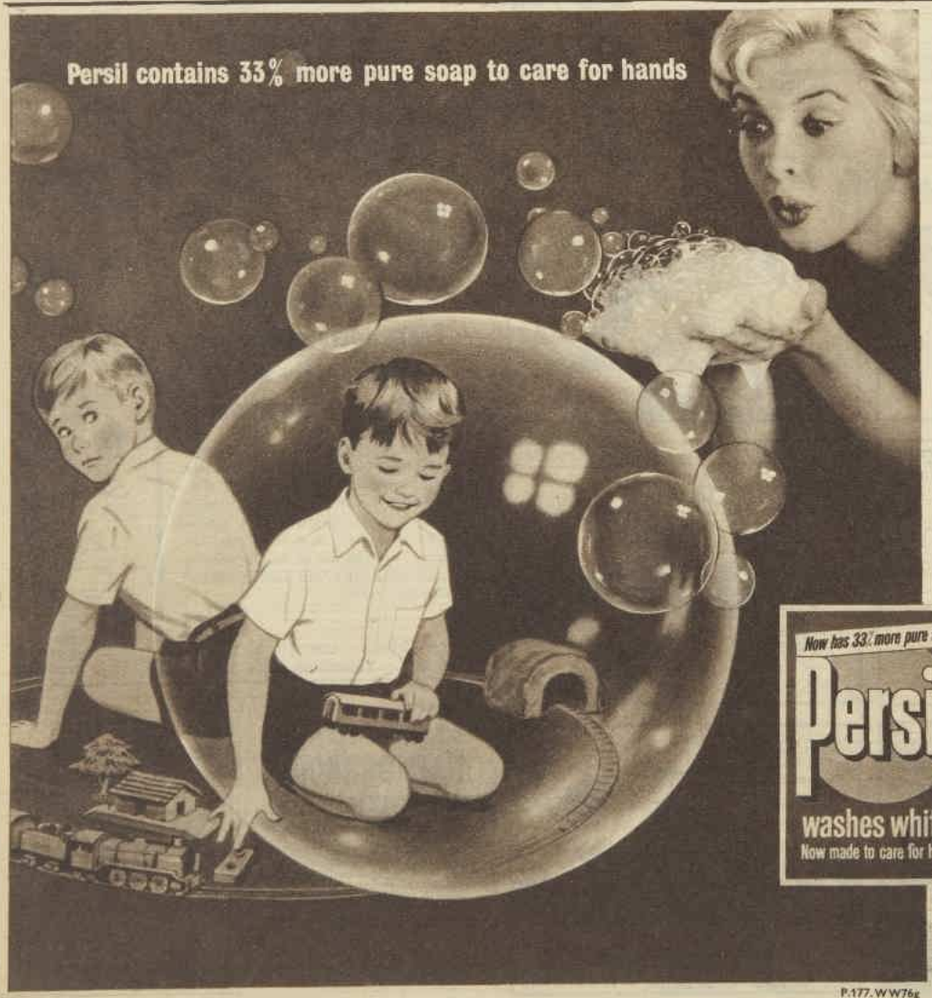
She put the lettuce leaves into a cloth and shook it round and round . . .

It was then that Sheila came into the kitchen. She stepped through the back door which stood open on to the verandah and her face wore a stilled expression, stilled and big-eyed.

"Vivian," she said.

"What?" Vivian looked up quickly. Sheila's very tone was portentous, standing there with her china-smooth skin and her

To page 55



PERSIL WASHES WHITER

and your hands will love its mildness

More pure soap — that's what makes Persil suds the gentlest. Prove it yourself. Look at the lovely soft suds you get with Persil now. Feel how much milder they are. *Extra pure soap* gives New Persil that *extra* gentleness. Millions of soft, bubbly suds ease out the dirt, thoroughly but gently. Your hands stay soft and smooth through the biggest wash. What a pleasure — to get that famous Persil whiteness with such kindness to your hands!

You'll appreciate New Persil's special gentleness at washing-up time too!

IN COPPER OR WASHING MACHINE PERSIL WASHES WHITER

P.177.WW76g

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917064

Continuing . . . THE FLAME OF MURDER

from page 54

tal black hair. Her face ed bewilderment.

hat order that Petty left on the verandah last ," she breathed.

he groceries?"

es."

Yes . . . I saw the box just re I went to bed last night. ant to bring it in and for- What about it?"

eila came over and spoke in that same meaningful "It's gone," she said. "It's Somebody's taken it."

aken it? Impossible. d come in here in the and steal a few ries?"

Who?" Sheila repeated, ping her voice to a whis- "Who? Surely you don't to ask who."

ivian dropped the cloth ol re on the table and seeing la's inference threw back her a glance of instant re- m.

elations between Vivian her guest had been de- ating steadily since the of Quentin's disappear- It was hard to say ex- why this was so, though as had a shrewd suspicion. n coming back after the rogation on the caravan she had found Sheila al- y at home. Sheila had in an odd state, with- en, slightly hostile. She let that she had gone out to Angus. They had gone short walk together, she but she had developed a ache and left him after a minutes and came home to the house empty.

ivian's mind had worked ad several items of this First, she guessed why s had gone for a walk Sheila rather than a drive. oo frequent meetings with could fan Mrs. Latham's ition, and the sound of ar starting up might have n attention to yet another hose meetings. No one d fail to see that Angus a peace-at-any-price man might resort to small stratagems rather than argue it out with his mother.

Secondly, Sheila never had a headache, as she had recently happened to say. And then, the certain coldness in her tone when she mentioned Angus' name revealed that all had not been sweet harmony on that walk.

Summing it all up, Vivian suspected that Sheila had put up to Angus the plan that she should transfer herself to Pine Hill for the rest of her stay over Christmas and the New Year, and that he had vetoed it. Perhaps poor Angus, caught between his infatuation for Sheila and his mother's dislike of her, had made her, Vivian, the reason for his refusal? She could hear him floundering: "It mightn't look so good at this juncture, would hardly be fair to run off and leave Vivian alone."

SUCH an argument would have been quite enough to make her the object of Sheila's irritation, an irritation that had broken through a dozen times in the past forty-eight hours. Vivian sensed that the first check to Sheila's ambition, insignificant as the ambition was — to marry a rich man — had aroused in her a fury of frustration.

Now, in the kitchen, over the missing groceries, that irritation crept into her voice at the first hint of Vivian's non-agreement.

Vivian said, "You can't be suggesting it was Quentin who took them?"

"Why shouldn't I suggest it? Why shouldn't I?" Sheila's lifted round little chin challenged, too.

"I'll tell you why," and she heard herself affirm with a conviction she hardly knew she still held. "Because he's dead."

A quick color rushed up into Sheila's face. "You're not still holding to that!" she cried.

"Yes, I am. I said so at first. I say it now."

"You said it. And not a single soul agreed with you."

"They didn't see him. I did."

"I know. And Angus told me you admitted that you took fright the minute you set eyes on him lying there and feared the worst. And imagined the rest."

"I didn't admit that—that I imagined it."

"Oh, all right, all right! Not in so many words, perhaps. You're very, very sure of your opinions, Vivian."

"We needn't go into that."

"Needn't we? But that's just the point. Everyone explained to you—the detectives, Angus, Toni and Carl, even Denis—they were all quite sure you were wrong, but you had to be right. I suppose it was natural enough, when you'd made such a frightful fuss."

"Calm down," Vivian said, and knew the warning was for herself as much as for Sheila. "This doesn't have to develop into a slanging match between you and me, Sheila."

"Certainly not. I'm not heated. Not the smallest bit. Let us suppose that you're right, then, that he was dead." Her sweetly reasonable tone was more irritating than her sharpness, suggesting, as it did, soothing agreement with an hysteric. "How do you imagine that his body was removed in the short time before you came back with the detectives?"

"A car, I suppose. Denis brings his down the little road from the highway and along by the creek. It could have been standing quite near in the darkness. I wouldn't have seen it."

"Oh, quite. But wouldn't the detectives have found the car tracks next morning and we'd have heard?"

"They don't tell us everything, do they?" Vivian said coolly.

"I think they'd have told us that," Sheila said with a superior little smile. "I really am amazed, Vivian. Here we get a thing like this happening, a piece of extraordinary evidence—you could almost call it proof—that he's alive, and you still go on saying he's dead. I mean, have you got any other theory how these things have disappeared off the verandah?"

Vivian gave a short laugh. "It hardly needs to be dignified by the word theory! We leave a lot of groceries—tea, flour, sugar, some tinned things — lying on the verandah overnight, and someone ——"

"For instance, who, please?" Sharply Sheila caught her up.

"Well . . . some tramp or other, an early morning prowler. They see the things, and we're upstairs asleep, and they walk off with them."

Sheila pierced her with her shining black eyes. "Do you really believe that? You said only a moment ago, 'who would steal a few groceries?' "

Vivian hesitated. Then she said: "Yes, I do. What you're suggesting isn't possible, that Quentin's hiding somewhere near. Lurking about somewhere in the bush and coming down in the night to get a few oddments of food! Apart from their wider search, the police have combed the district. I don't know if it's so, but somebody said they'd even had police dogs out."

"Oh, rubbish! That was Denis' invention."

"Denis doesn't invent things."

"Angus says Quentin knows this part of the country like his own hand. Angus told me he's sure he's just gone off in one of his silly neurotic states."

"So I heard him say."

"He says ever since Quentin was ten years old he's been roaming about in these hills. He'd know places to hide where they couldn't possibly find him. It does strike me as funny how you can never climb down, Vivian."

"That's rather offensive of you, Sheila."

"Not at all. Anyone should be able to take a bit of criticism."

"So I can, but not delivered in that tone."

"Well, I'm sorry. I suppose

To page 57

L characters in the L serials and short stories ith appear in The Aus- lian Women's Weekly are illitious and have no refer- ce to any living person.

PIFCO HAIR DRYER

dries your hair safely...quickly Gloriously

Wash your hair any night all winter without the slightest risk of colds! Pifco dries even the thickest hair in next to no time, giving you fragrant-fresh, lustrous hair. A joy to use . . . made in fascinating blue, pink or ivory. A gift indeed at £7.19.6.

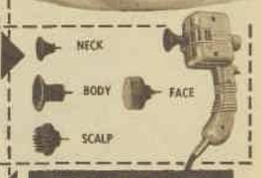
WINTER NEEDS

ELECTRO-TEX

HEAT PAD
"on the spot" blissful continuous warmth all winter. Gives wonderful, soothing relief from 40 common pains. A winter necessity £7.17.6. ELECTRO-TEX BLANKET. Covers whole mattress. Single, £17.17.6. Double, £19.19.6.

PIFCO

VIBRATORY MASSAGER
improves circulation, gives tip to toe glowing beauty. Relaxes muscles, promotes true facial and hair beauty, frees scalp from dandruff. Complete with 4 applicators yet only £9.10.0.



PIFCO

INFRA-RED & RADIANT HEAT LAMP . . .
Healing, soothing rays for Neuritis, Arthritis, Rheumatism and kindred ailments. Blissful relief from pain. £7.10.0.

AVAILABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Write for FREE Illustrated Booklets to
AUST. DISTRIBUTORS
CANVIN & COLES PTY. LTD.
121 Harris St., Pyrmont, N.S.W.

CHECK perspiration...
STOP odour 24 hours!

Yes, Tact Deodorant checks perspiration instantly! For there's a miracle anti-perspirant in Tact that's not found in any other deodorant. Tact prevents odour for a full 24 hours . . . actually destroys the bacteria that cause odour. Yet Tact is safe for normal skin — harmless to clothes. Dries instantly. Get Tact today — use it daily for personal freshness.

Tact DEODORANT

TUBE 2/6 · JAR 3/9 · SPRAY 6/6 · STICK 7/11

Tact for you in more ways than one

CREAM SPRAY SWIVEL STICK

F121A

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917065

LOOK! A PACKET OF NEW RINSO CAME IN HER NEW HOOVERMATIC

to ensure the whitest brightest wash possible!

New Rinso is recommended by the makers of all washing machines

Hoover, like all washing machine manufacturers, recommend New Rinso because they know the *extra* cleaning action in New Rinso's richer, softer suds will put *extra* whiteness, *extra* brightness in your wash. Take a sheet or towel washed in New Rinso — look at it in bright, revealing sunshine . . . you'll marvel at the radiant difference!

IN JUST HALF AN HOUR

your whole family wash, all washed, rinsed and spin-dried with the new twin-tub Hoovermatic Washer!

Exclusive Hoovermatic Features

- **Twin tubs for twice the speed**
- **Hoover "Boiling Action" Pulsator**
- **Perfect rinse and spin-dry**
- **Automatic timer and spin-dryer switch**
- **Available with heater**

HOOVERMATIC

Hoover

FINE APPLIANCES AROUND THE HOUSE, AROUND THE WORLD

NEW RINSO GIVES **EXTRA** WHITENESS, **EXTRA** BRIGHTNESS TO EVERYTHING YOU WASH

NEW RINSO IS RECOMMENDED BY THE MAKERS OF ALL WASHING MACHINES

Z 495 WWHC

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917066

palling tragedy has just so much for me."

an turned away, got the salad bowl, and the lettuce into it. It ortunate, she reflected, Denis was coming to to relieve the tension n her and Sheila!

said, restoring mildness voice: "That's all right, it doesn't matter. Anyt's no use continuing the on. Neither can prove g, one way or another."

we can't. But I supou've no objection to me ning this to the detec. It's their affair."

e at all."

h left the kitchen and upstairs.

n Denis arrived a few s later he found Vivian clouded face.

told him what had hapand waited to hear what to say about it.

shook his head slowly, a drawer, found a corkand pulled the cork of tle he had brought.

?" she said. "Well?" iting, as he slowly put ttle on the table and ed the cork.

ling," he said, and came and put an arm round oothed with one finger ight black line of her . "Your voice has a s to it . . . whetted la's stony little front, I Don't ask me for an If I gave it it t be worth tuppence. n I make any sense out hing you tell me? Let the police. Let her. quicker the better."

ave a sigh, took up the nd handed it to him. — take these things ind put them on the And call Sheila. I'll be minute."

went through and up the stairs to Sheila. dining-room he did as old; then, waiting, went window and stood lookacross the side garden by an untrimmed d blue privet, in flower nd not more blue than rising in gentle slopes istance.

turned back, straighte things on the table, hands in pockets, from d to window, pausing ay to study closely the or on the wall of those ls mounted and framed the chef-d'oeuvre of great-aunt Hermione

ound from the kitchen, om upstairs.

ngth Sheila's footsteps ard running down. before she reached the oom, Vivian came in from the kitchen.

a," she said. "Wait a I've something to tell

ring in Vivian's voice nis to the door.

two girls were facing her in the hall, Sheila. by Vivian's swift entry, t the foot of the stairs, nd still on the banister. n said: "Sheila what do nk?"

t?"

found the stores!"

one fleeting second a naked hostility blazed Sheila's eyes. "You've them?" she cried, in a least three notes too

" Vivian's answering was as markedly cool as er's was heated. The seemed to have an exquality.

s to break it down, aid quickly, "There— ! A mystery over nothuppose. Somebody had them out of sight bethe chair on the veransomewhere."

n shot him a glance. t all. Far, far stranger hat!"

ere, then, where?" demanded to be told.

Continuing . . . THE FLAME OF MURDER

from page 55

"They were in the old summer-house! Box and all, not a thing missing."

"Well! . . ."

Denis, too, said: "Well. How did they get there?"

"Ask me another!"

"Then you were right, Viv, it was some tramp after all," Sheila put in quickly, and smiled with a sudden effort that dazzling pretty smile of hers.

"But what did he put them in there for?" Vivian wondered slowly.

The answer came pat: "I suppose he took them off the verandah, perhaps got as far as the gate with them and—

"Surely you don't expect me to diet alone?"

it may have been broad daylight, we didn't get up till eight. He may've seen someone on the road and was afraid to go out and perhaps be seen with the box. So he just slipped it into the summer-house, meaning to come back and get it when it was dark."

"Yes . . ." Vivian was looking down, brows knitted, studying the pattern on the carpet. "Yes . . . that is about the only explanation, isn't it?"

"Definitely — at least, I should think so. My idea before about Quentin—well, it washes that out. But how on earth did you ever come to go near the summer-house?"

"Just one chance in a million. I don't suppose anyone's been near it for years except maybe to mow the grass around. It's full of spiders' webs and dust and pitch-dark with all that tangle of greenery over the window. I suddenly thought we'd both been so grim all the morning that I hadn't even put a flower in the house, and I snatched up the kitchen scissors and ran out to pick a handful of those red roses that grow over it. As I was doing it—the door opens outwards and it's dropped a bit—I noticed it had recently scraped across the thick dust on the step and—"

"You should join Inspector Grogan!" Sheila laughed gaily.

"Shouldn't I!—and I don't know why, but something made me pull it open and look in, and there was the box . . ."

They went in to lunch.

As they sat down, Sheila was all for prolonging the subject; Vivian wanted no more of it, and managed to turn the talk on to other things. Yet whenever Sheila stopped talking there was, Vivian thought, a faraway look in her eyes. Or did she just imagine that? Sheila was never a good listener.

So the meal mostly consisted of ill-sustained nothings thrown across chasms of separateness. Denis praised the beef, and Vivian, politely, the wine; Sheila murmured agreement with both. With the strawberries and cream preferences in fruit fatuously kept silence at bay. Nothing like good strawberries . . . nothing like a good peach . . . mangoes were hard to beat, but had to be eaten in the tropics.

After lunch Sheila retired to her favorite spot, the hammock under the apple tree, and the silence that fell on the other two was so charged with what they were thinking that words didn't seem necessary.

At last Vivian broke it. "The awfulness of discussing a guest the moment she leaves the room—" she began.

"Consider that said!" he answered dryly. "Shocking! Very bad taste! But hostesses rarely find themselves in a situation like this one."

"Thank goodness for that!"

She leant forward, elbows on table, thrusting her hands into her short dark hair.

"Suspecting the guest of pinching and hiding the grocery order!"

Distressed, she looked across at him. "Was it as obvious as that what I was thinking?"

"Let's hope not—to her—since you're stuck with her for another fortnight."

"That's the least of it, when you think of all we're stuck with! This ghastly, ghastly business."

DENIS nodded slowly, turned his chair sideways, and threw himself back in it. "I must say I would like to know what made you think anything so fantastic. Did she leave any clue? Any tracks in the dust? Drop a button? Or was it just that you —"

"Now, Denis, that'll do! I won't have you start laying into 'feminine intuition.' There was no intuition about it. It was a dozen small signs. In the kitchen, when she first came in and said the things were missing—the passion she put into her Quentin theory, her ridiculous annoyance when I rejected it! She's not very nimble-minded, but she had very nimble arguments to combat everything I said. I mean"—she paused, played with a spoon on the table, rang it softly on her plate. "How shall I explain? I mean, she seemed much more like someone who'd actually created a situation so that she could take advantage of it than someone just—well, using what had happened to promote a theory."

"But look, why should she do such a thing? Doesn't that suggest a rather desperate frame of mind?"

She waited for an appreciable moment, her face blank of expression, before she answered this. "Not necessarily. It could be just that the other night I dared oppose my opinion to Angus', Angus, the big man, and say Quentin was dead when he said he was in hiding. Oh, I don't know! . . ." She got up from the table, pushing her chair back impatiently, pulling the belt in round her slender waist.

"Who knows anything? Maybe what she said about me is true, that I'm sure of my opinion, I've always got to be right. Well, I'm not going to be sure of it this time. Perhaps I'm overwrought, too. I tell you I don't know." She came behind him and put her hands on his shoulders. Her voice was ravelled at the edges. "I simply don't know whether they were put there by Sheila or by a tramp, or whether the stupid things walked there themselves! I don't know the first thing about it!"

. . .

Tyson was saying pretty much the same words just then, as he faced Grogan and Manning across his counter: "I'm afraid I don't know anything about it."

When they had strolled into the shop, he was in the inner room munching his midday sandwich and sipping a cup of tea. From his radio came the thin trickle of sound. For all of Tyson's waking hours that almost inaudible thread of melody or speech, his only companion, tempered the silence.

The rap on the counter brought him out, and his reply was to the first question the inspector put to him:

"Mr. Tyson, we want to ask you what you know about the contents of a box, a red-and-gold lacquer-box that the deceased Mrs. Latham had stored in the attic at Burnside."

At Tyson's denial of any knowledge of the Chinese box, Grogan gave a sigh, pushed his hat back, and leant on the counter.

Manning, too, took up his long-suffering stance, feet apart, hands behind his back. He brought down his accusing glance to the face of the old man opposite. "Then how come your fingerprints are on the box?"

Tyson stood on the other side of the counter like a dried-out lanky mummy, looking as though the dust of forty years had settled on him no less than on the bits of not-called-for china and old clocks and watches crowded on the shelf behind him. Not an eyelid flickered at Manning's question.

"Are they?" he said. "Are they indeed?"

"Yes, they are. No indeed about it! Your prints, matching up with the ones on the marble clock you took back and placed on the mantelpiece."

"That doesn't surprise me." His tone was cool, even a little weary, as though he were explaining a technical matter to one unlikely to grasp it. "That box you speak of isn't a piece that belonged to Pine Hill. It was bought in an antique shop in Sydney not more than a week before——" He didn't end the sentence.

Mercifully, Grogan ended it for him: "Before the deceased left the district a year ago, eh?"

"Yes. I was working here one afternoon when her car drew up outside, and she came in and asked me to fetch this box out of the car. She told me she'd just bought it, and she wanted to know if I could fit it with a key."

"You were on fairly good terms with her, were you? Even though you knew she was having this love affair with your son that you disapproved of?"

"Oh, yes, I was."

"Didn't you ever appeal to her at any time to put an end to it?"

A small, bitter smile touched his lips, a smile that said: Appeal to the lightning, a flood, a fire! He said, "No, between her and me nothing was ever mentioned."

"And your son, did you tackle him with running after her?"

The answer was almost a whisper: "We quarrelled bitterly about it. The last time on the very last evening before he went out to meet her."

Grogan thought: No wonder he was broken up. All the things they must've said to each other ringing in the old guy's ears ever since! The kind of things that slay you afterwards. No wonder he kept the radio on all the time to drown out the sound of those year-old voices!

Tyson was saying: "I knew the affair could only end in disaster of one kind or another."

"Why so? What made you think that?" Grogan picked up the still-presiding little Dresden figure and polished her china topknot with his thumb. "After all, lots of young fellers fall for a married woman, and either they get tired of her or the husband chucks 'em out, and no great harm done."

"Not my son, he couldn't take anything lightly. As she should have seen. Or her husband."

"Do you reckon Mr. Latham saw what was going on?"

"Saw, and preferred to shut his eyes to it."

"That's not a very nice thing to accuse him of."

"Better men than he have acted so."

"To get back to this box," Manning said, drawing the talk down from the cloudy realm of marital morals.

Tyson, standing with his hands spread on the counter that was polished by forty years of hands resting there, seemed to have gone a long way from the Chinese box. He came back with a faint hitch of his shoulders. "Yes, what about it?"

"Did you find a key for it?"

"I did. Though I'm not a locksmith I've got a boxful of them under the counter. Everyone comes to me for that sort of thing. I can usually find one that fits. I went out to the car that day and carried the box in, lifted the lid, fiddled about with it. My fingerprints would naturally be on it."

"Not those ones," Manning said flatly. "Not the ones you left on it a year ago. These are recent. They've smudged aside the dust that settled on the lid the year the box was layin' in the attic. See? One of the maids up at Pine Hill, she remembers the day Mrs. Latham, jun., brought that box home, the day you fitted it with a key. She got the girl to bring her polish and cloths and give it a real goin' over. Which she did, inside and out. Made a job of it, she said, and there wouldn't've been a speck of dust or a fingerprint left on it anywhere. Got any answer to that one, Mr. Tyson?"

Mr. Tyson had none. And yet he looked not the smallest bit perturbed by the recital.

Nothing could have been more indifferent, almost remote, than his expression as he gazed past the sergeant's shoulder out of the door into the sunny street. Lined face and hollow hooded eyes, a mouth that was grimly shut, and in no

To page 58

NOW! A LIPSTICK THAT STAYS BRILLIANT!

Max Factor's Sparkling Soaring, Skyrocketing Excitement for your LIPS

Hi-Fi Lipstick glides on clearer...its moist glowing color stays sparkling. Hi-Fi is an exciting lipstick for an exciting woman...you!

Burst into high fashion with one of Max Factor's brilliant new shades...

"LIGHT BRIGHT RED"

Lipstick 12/6d. Easy-change Refill 8/6d.

hi-fi LIPSTICK BY

MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD

...the lipstick that lasts so long ...looks so right ...feels so good!

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY OF BEAUTY THROUGH MAKE-UP

MF.374.16

Made in Sydney, Australia

hurry to satisfy their curiosity or defend himself.

Grogan said: "You see, we know this much. She came up here that morning to go through the private papers that were in that box. She could've been either followed up there by someone or there was someone already in the attic when she walked in. Now, I suggest, Mr. Tyson, that you'd gone up there to look for your son's letters to her. I suggest she found you at it and high words followed, that you lost your temper and struck her down.

"Mind, I don't say you meant to do her any harm. But the way you felt about her—thinking she'd been responsible for your son's death—it just got the better of you. You'd been brooding on the matter all this year; you wanted proof that you hadn't been wrong, you—"

"And I found it," Tyson said harshly. "Not proof that she was with him the night he died but outpourings from my poor boy, proof of the depth of his feeling for her and the trivial emptiness of hers for him. Letters showing that she had led him on to believe she would get a divorce and throw in her lot with his. She was likely to! Likely to count the Latham money and position well lost for love! Yes, I found all the proof I needed. But not that day,

Continuing . . . THE FLAME OF MURDER

from page 57

Inspector, not the day she was killed."

"How's that? What's that?"

"No, it was a week before. Mr. Latham's mother telephoned me to say Burnside had been let to Miss Wyatt, and she said the clock in the study had stopped and would I go up and get it. She said a cleaning woman would be there all the week. I went up, on that same afternoon, the day she rang me. But I didn't only bring away the clock."

"How'd you know she had the letters and papers stored up there?"

"It got out. Everybody knows everybody's business in Latham West. I took a bunch of keys with me and opened the box and took out every scrap of my son's handwriting."

"This cleaning woman? Where was she when you went upstairs? Did she see you go up?"

Tyson's eyes went out the door again. "No, she didn't see me."

"No," Manning repeated dryly. "Bad luck!"

"Not bad luck, good management." Tyson could be dry, too. "I'd be hardly likely to advertise my errand. She was at work at the back. I went up quietly without attracting her attention. When I came down I went into the study and got the clock and called out to her that I'd taken it."

"Where are these letters?" Grogan asked.

Tyson jerked his head back to an empty grate at the end of the shop. "I burnt them. I read them through that same night and burnt them."

When the two detectives had left the shop and got into their car and been driven away, Tyson still went on standing at the counter, gazing at the empty doorway through which they had passed. The sound of their car died away. The habitual silence ebbed back into the street. Two pigeons dropped like white helicopters on to the road and strutted, pecking in the dust. Still he stood as though rooted to the spot, and still his face wore that blank expression.

At last he turned back and strayed over to the fireplace. There he stooped and crumbled between his fingers a fragment of burnt paper, letting it fall back into the grate. Mark . . . Mark's love written in ashes . . .

He dusted his fingers and straightened up. Absently, he went over and stood in front of the shelf of china and clocks and watches. Absently he put up a hand and touched some of the objects lying there. A white Coalport teapot lid with a rivet in it, a Wedgwood plate, a bedside clock in a worn suede case. Absently he recalled their owners, people who hadn't minded wasting his time with these repairs and leaving them on his hands, or maybe they'd forgotten them. A man's watch.

He took it up and turned it over on his palm. No ticket on it, not repaired. It should not have been up there among the jobs finished and waiting to be called for. Whose was it? When had it been left with him? How long ago? A good watch . . . a reliable make . . . with a light leather strap. It had stopped at fifteen minutes to nine.

SOON after eight o'clock that evening, up at Pine Hill, Angus and Sheila and Vivian and Denis were playing bridge. Angus had turned up at Burnside late that afternoon and brought the three back for dinner, a merciful intervention from outside, forcing Vivian and her guest to disguise the strained relations between them. For when Sheila had returned from her hammock under the apple tree for lunch she had been most unnaturally polite and formal.

No further word had been said of the eruption over the box of groceries, but the punctilious avoidance of a subject can be guaranteed to chill an atmosphere as surely as wind blowing off snow. So Vivian had welcomed Angus hardly less warmly than had Sheila.

Dinner had been a miracle of surface skating. The cook had employed all her talents on the three excellent courses. It was the first time since the tragedy that anything approaching "company" had come along to give her, a dedicated cook, a reason for her existence.

Urbanely, Angus presided. Gardenias in a long glass trough shone chastely among the Latham silver that had come so regrettably under Sheila's scrutiny the other morning. Mrs. Latham for once had discarded the accidental, and was the groomed and gracious dowager in black lace and topazes. Her square figure and weathered face looked unchallengeably permanent at the end of the table.

In contrast, Sheila's prettiness looked like froth on a wave, that the next wave might topple, her manner was too hectic, her voice too light and eager.

Over coffee and liqueurs in the drawing-room Angus briefly touched on the subject of Quentin—but how reassuringly! He was confident, he told them,

"And I can still do it, too!"

that the boy would give over his nonsense and come home for Christmas. And that was only the day after tomorrow, he reminded them. Quentin was young enough still to feel the pull of Christmas and not want to spend it alone in some hideout or fruit-pickers' camp.

In deference to her host's praiseworthy efforts at cheer, Vivian kept tactfully silent.

Now, dinner over, the four were seated at the card table and, to outward show, absorbed in the fortunes of the game: shuffle, deal, bid, play; and a few words of post mortem after the hand, just enough to make it seem that no one had any other preoccupation. Sheila was partnered with Angus for the first rubber. She was a shrewd little player, another of her social talents, and Vivian and Denis went down heavily.

The library where they were playing, with its glass-fronted bookcases, Sheraton furniture, and velvet curtains—no concessions to contemporary decoration here — seemed more insulated from the outside world than any other room in the house.

The light fell on the four players favoringly, on composed faces and lowered eyes and on the cold glitter of the cards. It gave a satiny finish to Vivian's olive cheek, turned Sheila's hair to blue-black plumage, smoothed the lines out of Denis' normally rather furrowed brow, and highlighted the white smooth forehead of Angus.

A civilised picture of a country gentleman at home, to outward seeming very little different from all the other Lathams who had sat there on summer evenings entertaining their guests.

To outward seeming . . .

Across the hall, in the morning-room, Mrs. Latham was seated, head bent over a piece of embroidery in her hand. She, too, looked wholly given up to what she was doing, her hands moving expertly, the needle flashing in and out. Occasionally could be heard the tap of her thimble on the rosewood work table as she picked up her scissors or pulled another length of silk.

Then through the open front door a step sounded on the tiled verandah and Colonel Fewster's rich plummy voice broke the hush in the house:

"Anybody home?"

The bridge players lowered their cards. Normally, people interrupted in a game will exhibit some signs of impatience. The four tonight seemed to lay down their cards all too willingly. Colonel Fewster would surely be bringing in talk of that burning subject in front of which the cards, and Angus' determination, had erected only the frailest screen.

Vivian thought that people were united by misfortune, danger, a shared disaster, as surely as they were by a happy event. To be with anyone who didn't know all the moves in the present crisis was like sitting out a stone-cold-sober gathering when you were lit up with alcohol.

Angus went out into the hall. "Come in, Fewster, come in."

"Mustn't interrupt your game," Fewster said, but without conviction, as he entered the library. It was clear that he had come fully prepared to interrupt anything that might be going forward. Not taking the chair that Angus indicated, he stood just outside the circle of light, collecting their lifted glances, waiting to serve up his dish of news. "I won't be staying, Angus. I only looked in for a minute. Wonder[illegible] you'd heard the latest?"

"The latest? No, w[illegible] Angus was standing, [illegible] hand on the chairback.

"Pretty awful, actually. [illegible] one of those things one [illegible] hard to credit. I hear our [illegible] friend Tyson is for it." [illegible] blinked down at the faces w[illegible] expressions had changed [illegible] swiftly from curiosity to co[illegible] sternation.

"What's that?" Mrs. Latha[illegible] came hurrying into the roo[illegible] "Tyson? Did you say Mr. T[illegible] son?" Her square of embroide[illegible] was still in one hand.

Fewster nodded grave[illegible] "Fraid so. The police w[illegible] with him some time this af[illegible] noon, I understand. It appe[illegible] that his fingerprints have be[illegible] identified on the lid of [illegible] Chinese box of Rowena's [illegible] was up in the attic."

"No." Angus sat down hea[illegible] ily in the chair he had just le[illegible] "Are you sure, Colonel F[illegible] ster? Are you sure?" M[illegible] Latham pressed forward, a[illegible] ing. "You don't think it's j[illegible] gossip? There's been such [illegible] painful lot of talk and chatter."

"There has indeed, M[illegible] Latham. Far, far too much [illegible] But there's no doubt about th[illegible] It's all over the village. The[illegible] expect him to be arrested a[illegible] minute."

"Arrested?"

"Yes. You know that litt[illegible] girl, Peggy Whatsername, w[illegible] goes in to do out his pla[illegible] once a week? Well, it seem[illegible] today was her afternoon, a[illegible] she went in the back way a[illegible] heard voices in the shop, a[illegible] through the door that was a[illegible] she heard every word that w[illegible] spoken. She told Mrs. Petr[illegible] and Mrs. Siskin was over [illegible] the store before dinner tod[illegible] and—well, there you are."

"Does he admit it? Has h[illegible] confessed to anything?" Agai[illegible] it was Mrs. Latham's cri[illegible] voice that put the question.

"Well, he admits that he we[illegible] to the attic and opened the b[illegible] and took out some letters. Le[illegible] ters from Mark," he murmur[illegible] with a sideways glance at A[illegible] gus. "He was forced to co[illegible] clean about that because the[illegible] were his fingerprints all o[illegible] the lid, couldn't well deny [illegible] He says he brought the lette[illegible] away and burnt them. Th[illegible] detectives charged him with b[illegible] ing up there when Rowe[illegible] walked in and—and—" He [illegible] left the sentence in the air, [illegible] needed no ending.

"Well. . . ." Mrs. Latha[illegible]

To page 59

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

clears dandruff, dry scalp and hair dullness

Many Australians suffer from unhealthy hair and scalp often without knowing it. They believe their hair is naturally dull, or realising something is wrong, start using lotions and dressings that only mask the problem temporarily.

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS: Specialists conclude very many hair troubles stem from the *incomplete cleanliness of hair and scalp.* Dust, grime and dandruff form a deposit which tends to block hair follicles and can prevent the flow of natural scalp oils. In extreme cases the deposit is visible (as dandruff), though it's often in the hair without being seen!

THE ANSWER: Loxene *medicated* shampoo as a scalp treatment. This preparation, called Loxene, *really cleans* away all dust, grime and flaky deposits (dandruff). With regular use Loxene removes and helps overcome the development of dandruff.

ONLY HEALTHY HAIR CAN BE ATTRACTIVE HAIR

Hair that is really clean, really healthy, is lustrous and easy to manage and set. Use Loxene regularly—it is the natural way to beautiful hair.

4/6 PER BOTTLE, SUFFICIENT FOR 8 SHAMPOOS

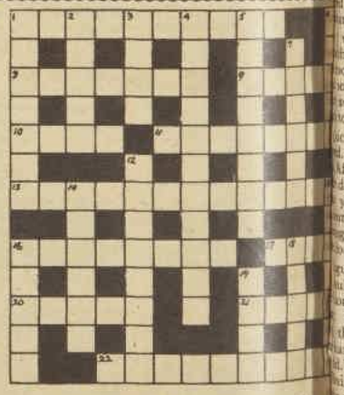
Single treatment bubble, 1/3

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

LI818

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Seemingly try an apple (10).
8. How a fish uttering the cry of a dog (7).
9. Suburban house sick inside (5).
10. A revolution with a receptacle for burial (4).
11. First-class actor takes the fish from 8 across and makes a bird (8).
13. Means of communication between banks (8, 5).
16. Lean cure (Anagr., 8).
17. Misleading trick if taken back is not the whole (4).
20. Be round a bone with an illegal gift (5).
21. Live coal in a dying fire (5).
22. Diverts with its ears in tent (10).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Cheat as trusty friend (7).
2. Mechanical energy the middle of which is to be in debt (5).
3. Sun god in condensed moisture (4).
4. This bird brings the time of darkness in storm (11).
5. This kind of person has a glandular organ in disorder (8).
6. With not standard English give short weight (5).
7. Abnormally light colored a lob (6).
12. A rascal, possibly from Dublin (8).
14. This insect would not co[illegible] a judge's listener (6).
15. Mere sip (Anagr., 7).
16. A carriage-headed pi[illegible] trunk (5).
18. Jewish doctor of the [illegible] (5).
19. Devise a table with a [illegible] in it (4).

Solution of last week's crossword.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917068

ntinuing . . .

THE FLAME OF MURDER

from page 58

own on a chair. "Well!" ubbed the needle into her and pitched it on to the

ind you," Fewster went voice dwelling with full on every word, "he admit that for one course not . . . of fear! He's got his ex- ion and he sticks to it. it was a week before was up there, the day nt to collect that clock." yes, I rang him and him to go up and get it." hat was the day, he said. cleaner woman was there, he had freedom to go up attic and root around as as he pleased."

his audience, hushed and ess, Fewster sketched in tails of the story, the that had filled Petty's with a buzzing hum of ll the afternoon, that had carried away on the lips y shopper, that had sent Sokin home faster than d ever walked before.

ian, listening, could see but that seemingly picture of Tyson at framed in his window. hirty — forty — years he t there, bent over the wheels and springs and instruments of his Every time she had come ham West, driving along ghway, she had looked him there. And there been, as much a part street as the outmoded trough or the row of by the post office. Soon Tyson's window be and a bolt on the door?

WHEN Fewster en himself off — bound, t, for other fields to sow Augus had come back he door, nobody at first the silence. Mrs. sat motionless, her eyes floor, Denis cut and re- e pack of cards in front Vivian took a cigarette e box on the table and it. Sitting very straight, eyes were on Angus' To venture an opinion at that moment, more yone cared to.

was Angus who finally e plunge. Coming back, d above the table and mbrely: "Well . . . I uppose this is much sur- o any of us."

kly, Mrs. Latham "Not to me. Certainly fter talking to him the ay in the shop, and from you tell me of his be- r at Burnside the other when he went in with ck."

s nodded. "I suppose ld feel horror at what ne. But I can't. I simply All I can feel is—well, hat he was unbalanced ntly responsible for what

s spoke for the first time, the pack of cards away m with a harsh gesture. ay feel that, Angus, but dn't be so easy to plead 'Unsound mind'."

ite right, Denis." Mrs. looked across at him ngly. "He doesn't seem insane. Just a man ac- by the bitterest hatred. e can't expect to get with that as an excuse rder. Especially as the he had against her, the of Mark, was never

found letters," Denis d her. burnt them. I don't e they proved that."

Not seeming to hear this exchange, Angus was walking up and down, hands in pockets. "I suppose you can't see, any of you, that I feel personally responsible for Tyson's act."

"You?" his mother said, on a note of alarm. "Why you?"

Angus stopped in his walk and stood in front of her. "Because Tyson's been saying —and he's right—that I should've put a stop to her affair with Mark at the beginning. I should've seen the type Mark was, one of those young men that wouldn't be content with less than a grand passion —and tragedy when he couldn't get that!"

"Rubbish,' Angus! Rubbish!" She half rose. "Rowena wouldn't have taken dictation from anyone about her friends, she wouldn't have——"

"All right, Mother, all right. It's too late now to debate that point." He waved her down with an impatient hand.

"I'll get the best counsel that can be got for him, of course."

Mrs. Latham's face grew still. She stared up at her son, a long forbidding stare. "Angus! . . . don't you realise? How will it appear to the outside world when it's known that you're paying for the defence of your wife's murderer?"

"It needn't be known," he said curtly, "it won't be known. It needn't go any further than this room."

"Everything gets known in time," she said, shaking her tired greying head. "This effort to keep things secret is quite futile. Better abandon it at the first. Or abandon him and let him take the consequences."

"I can't and I won't do that." He moved away, walked to the window, and pulled the curtains across it, aligning the edges as though starting right there and then to shut out prying eyes from their conclave. Coming back, he announced confidently: "Needless to say, he won't be convicted. Take my word for it, there can't be any question of that."

Vivian lifted her head and looked at him fixedly. She thought, Oh, can't there; this is murder. This is something quite different. This is not just your dropping a note to an influential friend to pull a wire for the promising son of another friend. This is murder, and judge and juries can be very grim and nonco-operative about that!

Why was Angus so sure? Why was he so eager to leap into the arena with all his influence and all his money to defend, as Mrs. Latham had said, his wife's murderer? Was it because he pitied Tyson and felt responsible by reason of his own past weakness with Rowena? Or liked exerting his influence, as important people did? Or—

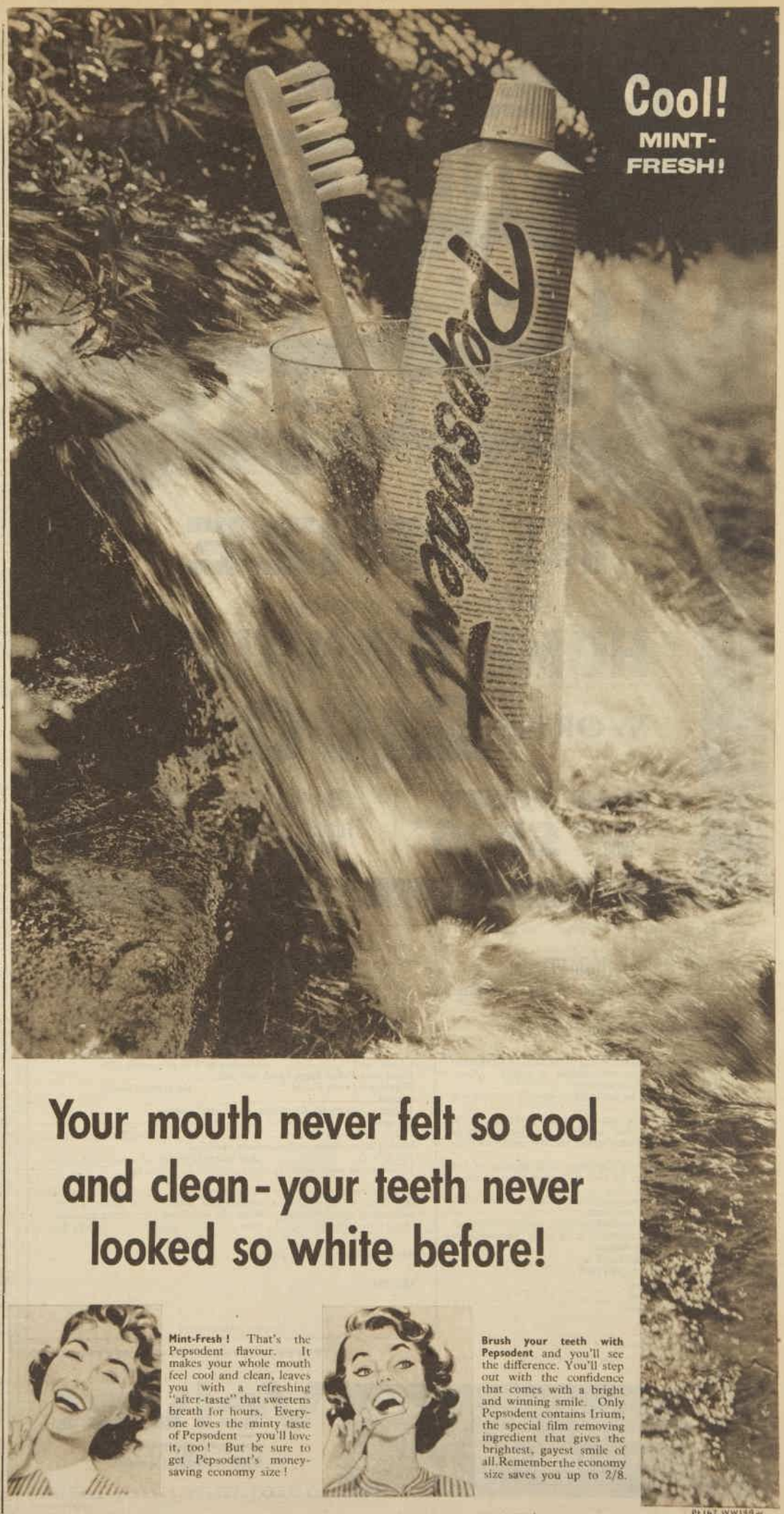
She looked at him standing there so solid — seeming so much the man determined not to be toppled by passion or accident. She saw his eyes flicker for the briefest glance to Sheila and flicker away again.

Or was it that he was ready —willing—to pay for a scapegoat, and thought that by paying, all the consequences of his wife's killing could be averted?

She said suddenly, and was surprised by the hardness of her own voice: "It's all very well to say, Angus, that you'll get the best counsel and that he'll be acquitted, but a long trial, and all the strain of it, might easily kill the old man."

He shot her a glance that

To page 60



Your mouth never felt so cool and clean - your teeth never looked so white before!

Mint-Fresh! That's the Pepsodent flavour. It makes your whole mouth feel cool and clean, leaves you with a refreshing "after-taste" that sweetens breath for hours. Everyone loves the minty taste of Pepsodent you'll love it, too! But be sure to get Pepsodent's money-saving economy size!

Brush your teeth with Pepsodent and you'll see the difference. You'll step out with the confidence that comes with a bright and winning smile. Only Pepsodent contains Irium, the special film removing ingredient that gives the brightest, gayest smile of all. Remember the economy size saves you up to 2/8.

PI 167 WW148y

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917069

OPEN NOW!

RULES OF THE VELVET SOAP "Prize Word" Contest

*If preferred, major prizewinners may take their prizes in cash.

And 520 Consolation Prizes:

20 50-piece Canteens of "Grosvenor Plate" Cutlery

500 Colorful Plastic Clip-on Aprons.

RULES OF CONTEST

1. Prizes will be awarded according to the skill and judgment shown by contestants in their choice of words. Neatness will also be taken into account.
2. Judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
3. Each entry should be accompanied by the name "J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd." cut from a Velvet carton or wrapper — except in States where the law prohibits their inclusion.
4. Every entry must bear the name and address of the contestant. Entries may be sent on a plain sheet of paper if desired.
5. The three major prizes must be purchased at one store only in the contestant's own state.
6. Prizewinners will be notified by mail, and the names of major prizewinners published in leading metropolitan morning papers on 26th August.
7. Entries should be addressed to:

VELVET "PRIZE WORD" CONTEST
N.S.W. Box 7061, G.P.O., Sydney
Vic. Box 4299, G.P.O., Melbourne
Q'ld. Box 1448T, G.P.O., Brisbane
S.A. Box 224C, G.P.O., Adelaide
Tas. Box 95D, G.P.O., Hobart
W.A. Box 1000, P.O., Nth. Fremantle

Entries must arrive no later than 31st July, 1959.

IT'S EASY — AND THERE'S NO LIMIT ON ENTRIES

Here's all contestants have to do:

1. Study the following eight unfinished sentences then complete each by writing in whichever *word* seems most suitable from the list shown below:—

LUXURIOUS, SHINES, SIXPENCE, AMAZINGLY, SMOOTH, CONVENIENCE, LONGER, KEEP, SAVE, SOAPY, WASH, EIGHTEENPENCE, CLEANEST, SPARKLE, COSTS, CARE, LASTS, HANDY.

WHICH IS THE PRIZE WORD IN EACH OF THESE SENTENCES?

Clothes last ..... washed in Velvet's gentle suds.
Good pure Velvet keeps hands soft and .....
Washing-up with Velvet ..... the average family ..... a week.
Velvet is wonderful for dishes and a single tablet ..... for ages.
Velvet takes such gentle ..... of fine fabrics.
With Velvet, dishes and glassware really .....
Velvet's so ..... and inexpensive for all your little washes.
Velvet is the soap with the extra ..... suds.

2. Each contestant should also complete this sentence by choosing any three words (not necessarily those listed) to describe Velvet's *outstanding* characteristics. Write the words in the spaces provided.
Good pure Velvet ..... your ..... and ..... every day.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... STATE .....
(please write clearly)

These 'prize words' are worth valuable prizes — but the prize word in your home every day is VELVET. says Aunt Jenny

Velvet
PURE SOAP

V257WW144z

Continuing . . .

THE FLAME OF MURDER

from page 59

sought to silence this point of view. "Oh, nonsense, Vivian! He's tough, very tough. He'll have every confidence from the start in this man who'll be defending him. He hasn't admitted anything, they haven't got a big case against him. You'll see, it'll be all right. I'll go to town tomorrow and see my lawyer and find out what should be done."

Vivian suddenly made up her mind. "Wait a minute, Angus, I think you're going a bit too fast."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I don't believe that it was Tyson who did it."

"Who killed Rowena?" He looked almost affronted.

"Yes—no—I don't think it was he. Because whoever it was, it was the same person who killed Quentin. And Mr. Tyson—look at him! A tired, worn-out old man. How could he be capable of such a thing? How could he have carried Quentin's body away in his arms? It had to be a car and he hasn't got one, doesn't drive one." She suddenly got to her feet and said the thing she had been wanting to say aloud and again make everyone believe. "Quentin's dead. I tell you I know it. I felt his heart, it wasn't beating, he was dead." She rested her two hands on the card table and stood looking down. Her face had gone very white. She waited for the protests to follow . . .

But why did they, and in such heated tones, have to come from Sheila?

SHEILA sprang up, too, a look of angry contempt on her face.

So Vivian was back there again, was she! So she was trying to force on them this fantastic notion because she couldn't bear to admit she'd made a mistake? It didn't matter — not a mite! — that the people who really knew Quentin, and the kind of way he behaved, were convinced he was alive and well, that the very policemen just made nonsense of her talk of him being dead. It was really becoming quite an obsession with Vivian!

Vivian stood silent, only answering Sheila's glare with a cold, still glance more rebuking than words.

Acutely uncomfortable, Angus tried to stem the tide. He moved to Sheila's side and put a hand on her arm, murmured: "Sheila — now, Sheila, stop!"

"Why shouldn't I say it?" she cried, "It's time somebody said it. She's making a fool of herself over this, a complete fool!" She shook off his hand and ran across the room, out of the door and into the garden.

In the brief pause before Angus followed her his mother got up. She said: "Vivian, dear! That you should have been subjected to this under our roof! I am so sorry, dear."

But was it sorrow that Mrs. Latham's face showed? Wasn't it rather barely concealed triumph that Sheila, in front of Angus, should have exhibited herself as an ill-bred, ill-mannered little vulgarian?

Without a glance at him, she walked ahead of him out of the room.

When they were left alone, Vivian leant across to Denis and spoke quickly: "Denis, you can't possibly keep quiet any longer. Can you, can you? Not tell Angus what you know."

He frowned, leant back, looked aside. "Now, Viv — I wouldn't — not tonight."

"Yes, tonight."

"Don't let us start anything fresh. I'll think about it later. I will, really, but not tonight."

She persisted, filled though she was, too, with a shrinking from the idea. "The fact of Angus and Rowena having been there together that night may completely clear Tyson. I mean, if the police should be able to prove that Rowena didn't leave Burnside again — never again alive after that night" — her voice was no more than a whisper—"Tyson may be able to prove that he didn't leave his shop that night."

Denis pulled a sceptical lip. "Why not?" She insisted. "Suppose it had been just that night when that old crony of his, who comes over once a week to play chess with him, was there? One chance in seven—yes, I know, but—oh! you know what I mean."

He said, on a slow level note: "It's as good as telling Angus I think he killed Rowena."

"You don't have to tell him what you think, only what you know. The rest is up to him."

He got up and pushed his chair back. It fell with a clatter. He stooped to pick it up, and she saw that his forehead was wet with beads of sweat.

He lifted the chair back into place and straightened his tall figure behind it: "This is frightful, the thing you're asking me to say to him."

She said, following her own tormenting train of thought: "Tyson admits he took those letters . . . letters from Mark . . . love-letters. How do we know that wasn't what started a quarrel between her and Angus? She might have found them missing and accused him of having taken them."

He stared at her. "This isn't just you and me and Angus now," she hurried on, "and all this," her eyes made a swift survey of the comfortable room, "this is that miserable old man, shut up there tonight in his shop, knowing, perhaps, he didn't do it, and expecting—" she broke off.

Angus had come back into the room, smoothing down his hair, touching the ends of his tie. He threw them a quick glance, as though trying to divine what had been going on between them in his absence.

"Sheila's terribly sorry, Vivian," he said. "She told me to say so. Her nerves are all shot to pieces over this business."

"Of course, Angus," Vivian murmured. She clasped hands that were trembling on the table.

"She'll be in in a minute, she's just pulling herself together, powdering her nose. Come on, we mustn't let the evening end this way. We have another drink and forget the rubber." He went over to the table where the drinks were and lifted the bottles vaguely. "Where's your glass, Vivian? What were you drinking? A brandy, eh? So was Sheila." He poured the two brandies and put down the decanter. "Denis? Gin, wasn't it? I'll join you. Though I don't often drink gin, don't know when I tasted it last."

Denis went forward to the table and took up his drink. "I can tell you, Angus."

"What?"

"I can tell you when you drank it last. It was the night you poured two gin slings at Burnside . . . the night before Rowena was killed."

To be concluded

Printed by Conpress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917070

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

77.—Frilly, practical, easy-to-make pyjamas a small girl. Sizes 2, and 8 years. Requires to 3½yds. 36in. rial. Price 2/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F5272.—Raglan-sleeved coat is styled for both winter warmth and glamor. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material or 3¼yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

F5273.—Maternity suit has unpressed pleats falling from the jacket's yoke; an inverted pleat at back. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3⅝yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

F5275.—Dress has a gracefully gathered skirt and unusual neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 54in. material, ⅝yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-.

F5274. — Lace-and-ribbon-trimmed evening dress is feminine and pretty. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material, 6¾yds. 2in. lace edging, 7yds. 2in. ribbon. Price 4/6.

F5276.—Slim, loosely fitting suit is banded round the hipline; slightly bloused at back. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2⅝yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 965.—VELVETEEN DRESS

Pretty dress with flared skirt and white poplin choir-boy collar is obtainable cut out ready to make in corduroy velveteen. Color choice includes American Beauty, pillarbox-red, turquoise, dark brown, and royal-blue. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 58/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 59/9. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

No. 966. — ZODIAC DESIGN TEA-TOWEL

The tea-towel, printed with the zodiac designs for each month of the year, is obtainable in Irish linen. Color choice includes grey and pink, green and pink, red and blue, and turquoise and lemon. Size: 22 x 32in., 6/9. Postage 9d. extra.

No. 967.—LUNCHEON SET

The luncheon set is obtainable clearly traced to embroider in white and cream Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes: Plate mat, 11 x 17in.; cup and saucer mats, 5 x 8in.; serviettes, 11 x 11in. Eight-piece set (4 plate mats, 4 cup and saucer), 17/9. Postage 1/9 extra. Twelve-piece set (6 plate mats, 6 cup and saucer), 22/6. Postage 2/6 extra. Serviettes 1/9 each, postage 4d. extra.

No 968.—CHILD'S DRESSING-GOWN

The dressing-gown, for a small girl or boy, is obtainable cut out ready to make in fleecy-backed cotton tartan. Clan choice includes Royal Stewart, Prince Charles, Victoria, and McDuff. Sizes: 6 years, 21/6; 7-8 years, 23/9; 9-10 years, 24/9; 11-12 years, 26/3. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning June 8

ARIES
The Ram
MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Wed. Luck on a busy corner.

★ Where the crowds are thickest will be the lucky spot for you. You might meet your beloved, with whom you've quarrelled, and go happily off together, or you could run into an old schoolmate you haven't seen for years. A few of you may pick up an article of value for which a reward is offered. You might be told a piece of exciting news.

TAURUS
The Bull
APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in small gains.

★ Add those little sums together and they'll make a respectable total. You may compromise with your desire to look like a movie or TV star, settle for a simpler party dress, still, if you've chosen wisely, appear at your very best. The homemaker who has been salting away odd sums now finds she is ready to use them for the purpose intended.

GEMINI
The Twins
MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in doing your best.

★ Whatever you want done, go in person. The personal interview will accomplish more than a letter. Create first in your own mind, then in the minds of others, the impression you wish to make. Dress correctly for the occasion. Should one dear to you be taking you to meet an older person, extra politeness would be desirable.

CANCER
The Crab
JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in the wish of your heart.

★ If you just daydream nothing will ever come of it, but if it spurs you on to action it can be the start of a wonderful new factor in your life. If the wish is for yourself or for one dear to you, and you will work to make it come true, you will be too busy to sigh for a fairy godmother. Start with a small modest wish for practice.

LEO
The Lion
JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, orange. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat. Luck through outside interests.

★ No Leo subject ever grows old or ever willingly surrenders to a life of dull routine. The Leo homemaker needs to get away from the domestic scene at regular intervals, and be off to visit friends, or attend a meeting of her favorite charity. If she is prevented from doing this from a sense of duty she soon loses her gaiety.

VIRGO
The Virgin
AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, navy blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sun. Luck in responsibility

★ You'll have to earn that popularity and applause. You'd like to hold office in an organisation, so be ready to send out notices, address a meeting, prepare agendas, and, above all, carry out promptly what you agreed to do personally. This can mean climbing ladders to help decorate the district hall, arriving with food or doing the washing-up.

LIBRA
The Balance
SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in the morning.

★ The early bird catches the worm plus a few perks. If you have work to do, rise and shine; if you're a job hunter, a bargain hunter, or looking for a house or flat, the mornings will produce a far more attractive proposition than anything to be found later. If young in love, dates, social arrangements for the weekend should be made before noon.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion
OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, light blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck under your hand.

★ Be cautious in money matters; accounts should be examined with care. Don't put handbags down in public places while you are stargazing at a display of goods. Your luck is in your own hands with all the possibilities of loss or gain. Consult the marriage partner before making any major investment. Start a fund for some special purpose.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer
NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in a romantic attitude.

★ Whether you are a teenager on the verge of your first love affair, engaged, or long-married, cling to your illusions and keep that romantic personal angle. Then you sail to success, since people will give you credit for the best of intentions even when they backfire. Try to look and act your own ideal image of what you would like to be.

CAPRICORN
The Goat
DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in steady effort.

★ You'll earn all you receive, but what that amount will be depends on you. The joy of accomplishment is there for the taking. Buy articles that are practical rather than luxurious or merely ornamental. Keep your finances on the conservative side with a small margin down south for the unexpected. Avoid mistakes by concentrating.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer
JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, rose. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in social life.

★ You're in demand; it's nice to be popular. You may have two potential escorts eager to take you to a party and find it difficult to choose. If you have joined a dancing class there may be competitions which it would be fun to enter. If older you may be an organiser of a ball. One or two of you meet future life partners at a big social event.

PISCES
The Fish
FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a new deal.

★ Finish off those odds and ends, give your home a going over, clean the slate of correspondence, get set for a new deal. There may be straws in the wind showing what's in store or you may have a clue through the actions of one or two people. Try to keep whatever of good there was in the old, but do not refuse to change your hopes, ambitions.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917071

It's PINEAPPLE PIE TIME!

Put tropic appeal in winter meals!

. . . with this PINEAPPLE MAYPOLE PIE

Empty contents of 15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Crushed or Small-Cut Pineapple into saucepan and bring to boil. At boiling point thicken with cornflour or arrowroot to desired consistency. Stir and cook 5 minutes. While warm, spoon into baked pastry shell and allow to cool. Top with fresh whipped or canned cream and decorate with coloured shredded coconut.

When you buy, ask your store for other delicious new pineapple pie recipes.

"Sing a song of sunshine,
Now's the time to try
Golden Circle Pineapple,
Baked in a PIE!"

Golden Circle Tropical PINEAPPLE

The C.O.D. CANNERY NORTHGATE BRISBANE Q.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917072

The close-up look proves it

At a distance, any nappy seems white . . .

And even nearer, most nappies look white . . .

But close up, only a Surf-washed nappy is white — truly white

ONLY WHITER SURF GIVES YOU THE WORLD'S CLEANEST, WHITEST WASH!

Any nappy can look white in the distance – but only Surf whiteness – whiteness with nothing to hide – can stand a mother's close-up look! That's the snowy whiteness – and soft fluffiness – that Surf can give your baby's nappies every time.

ONLY SURF WASHED WHITES CAN STAND THAT CLOSE-UP LOOK
No matter what other washday product you may be using, miraculous Surf will get everything cleaner, the world's cleanest. Your sheets will dance and gleam on the line. Even greasy overalls are washed thoroughly clean. Surf removes dulling soap film, too. Surf is as modern as a Paris hat—gentle as a mother's touch. No other washday product can wash your clothes so clean, so sparkling bright. That's why only Surf whites can stand that close-up look.

Softer, Whiter Nappies! Soak baby's nappies in cold water. Then boil in fresh Surf suds. Nappies come cleaner and whiter. Cuddly-soft, too!

Get two packets today—one for the laundry and one for the kitchen.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917073

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917074

CHINESE DOGS and early Staffordshire lions belong to Mr. Leslie Walford's collection of antique animals. The bulldog and lion on the left are Napoleonic hand-painted metal candlesticks.

Anyone can be a collector

● Collecting need not be just a rich man's pastime. Even if your income is a modest one, you can build up a collection of less expensive old furniture or small treasures — and enjoy the fun of browsing around an antique shop.

COPPER MOULDS in the shape of fish and seashells.

ANTIQUE shops seem full of ghosts—nice, charming ghosts, mostly, to suit the stately grace of old furniture, and the silver trays and flowery plates.

But occasionally a knave of a ghost pops his head round a silver candelabrum and gives a wicked wink, and that is what makes the fascination of the antique shop.

"Unfortunately," says Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, an anything-but-antique Sydney dealer, "too many people see an antique shop only through its window.

"They are usually wage-earners. They feel that the goods inside are not for them. They think they have enough trouble making ends meet without spending huge sums on old pieces."

All this, adds Mr. Lipscombe, is bunk. Anyone who can spare say £1 or even 10/- a week can, over the years, build up a good collection of furniture, silver, Sheffield plate, porcelain, papier mache, pomade lids, and so on.

A would-be collector's first requirement is, it seems, a determination to collect. The second is the determination not to collect haphazardly. The third is to have some sense of beauty and artistic value.

The average person's first problem is — What shall I collect?

But whether you have a long-standing desire for stacks of Chippendale, or whether you are completely vague, it is best first to go to a reputable dealer and have a long chat with him.

He will be able to give you some idea of the availability and price of various antiques. His wares will help you get the "feel" and appreciation you will need.

Then you can look around auctions (looking only!), read some books, consider what you want to do with the pieces when you get them, and finally make up your mind on the lines to follow.

A good collection — and that does not necessarily mean a costly one—has a "wholeness" about it. It does not reflect the taste of what the trade calls a "magpie" buyer (who picks up bits of everything), or a bower-bird buyer (who goes for anything colorful).

But whatever you go in for, three important points should be remembered.

The first is — learn before you buy. The second—don't rush into buying things.

The third and final point is — get a guarantee of the genuineness of the article.

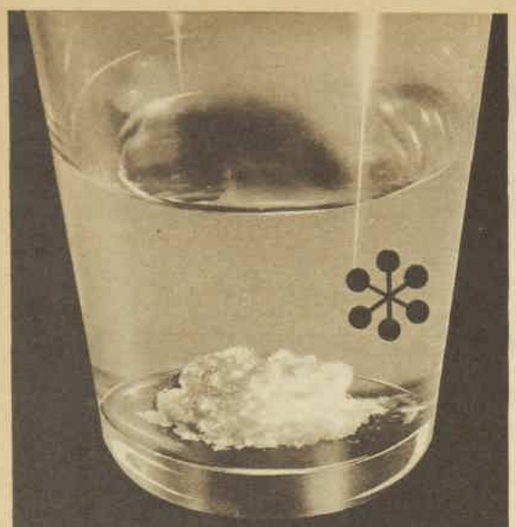
By the way, an antique is anything over a hundred years old.

Other pages in this section deal with furniture, silver, copper, and other items.

MELLOW PEWTER candlesticks, salt and pepper pots, and tankards. Pewter was once used only in churches.

ORIENTAL BOWL up for auction. This is a typical example of 19th-century art.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917075



BAYER'S

Instant disintegration stops 'flu *fast*

At the very first sign of a cold or 'flu—before you do anything else—take two Bayer's Aspirin tablets. You should do this because colds and 'flu are invariably accompanied by a headachy, feverish feeling; by muscular aches and pains; by backache and sore throat. Bayer's Aspirin relieves these distressing symptoms quickly—*makes you feel better fast*.

*THIS MICRO-PHOTOGRAPH shows how a Bayer's tablet disintegrates the moment you take it. That's why it is ready to go to work *instantly* to relieve pain. You'll find that Bayer's Aspirin is wonderfully dependable. No other pain reliever can match its record of use by millions of normal people without ill-effect. So, when you buy Aspirin—buy the best—BAYER'S!

24 tablets **1/9** 100 tablets **5/6**

TAKE
BAYER'S ASPIRIN
FOR HEADACHE • FEVERISHNESS
OF COLDS & 'FLU • NERVE PAINS
ACHING MUSCLES

Collector's Guide

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

• About silver

Antique silver and Sheffield plate can be used in the home—an important point for the average wage - earner - cum-collector to note.

THESE two types of antique silver should never be confused.

Silverware is made of silver "hardened" by another metal. It is usually worth considerably more than Sheffield plate, which is made of a base metal coated with a thin layer of silver.

Both are, of course, distinct from the modern ware which usually bears the label E.P.N.S. (electro-plated nickel silver).

George III table silver costs about the same as modern silver and is a good investment. It is available in Australia.

There are cream jugs, salt cellars (larger than the modern type, so not too expensive), and extra large sugar bowls that make good fruit bowls. Attractively shaped tea and hot-water urns can be turned into flower vases.

If you have a limited amount to spend on your collection, avoid buying useless pieces—for example, dish covers, candle snuffers, snuffer trays, and so on.

Highly ornate silver is not really a wise buy, as its complicated design makes it difficult to clean.

Cleaning most antique silver is not a hard job. A good wash in hot water with a little ammonia and soap added is, for the most part, sufficient. Dry each piece well, rubbing with a soft cloth. Don't polish too often — it gradually wears away the silver — but when you do, use a reputable liquid polish or powder. Silver in constant use does not tarnish.

QUEEN ANNE trophy cup. It has two handles and a decorative cover.

Buy only pieces with plain marks. A confused mark may be one that has been tampered with to alter the date. Since an expert eye is often necessary to detect fakes, it is wise to consult a reputable dealer.

Always get a written guarantee.

The large number of fakes and altered pieces around should make the buyer wary.

Silver vessels are sometimes converted. For example, a tankard is made into a jug. Monograms and inscriptions are sometimes erased, leaving a thin area of silver.

CLARET JUG made in Melbourne in 1867. It has a lovely vine-leaf and grape decoration.

According to Mr. Tom Stokes, of Frankston, Vic., who is an authority on silver, there is no need for anyone to be baffled by the value of old pieces of silver.

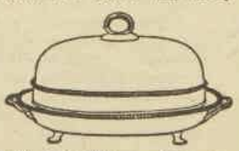
The rigid control of sterling silver in England by a system of standardised hallmarks since the fourteenth century has made it possible to identify what year a piece of silver was made and, since the fifteenth century, by whom it was made.

Simple rules

Reading the hallmarks on silver can be mastered by anyone if they follow these simple rules:

1. If there is a monarch's head in the hallmarks, then the particular piece dates between 1784 and 1890. (There are exceptions to this. For instance, the year the present Queen was crowned, the monarch's head appears on silver to mark Coronation Year.)

2. Although there are a number of towns with Assay offices in England, the main ones which Australians are likely to come across are London—its placemark is a leopard's head; Birmingham, an anchor; and Sheffield, a crown.



GEORGE III meat server. Its base holds hot water.

3. As Birmingham and Sheffield Assay offices began in 1773, it follows that any silver bearing an anchor or crown was not made before that date.

4. In 1822 the leopard's head ceased to wear a crown. This was originally due to a mistake made by a clerk in the Assay office, but has now become the standard placemark for London.

If you want to know the exact year a piece of silver was made, the date letter will tell you. Complete lists for London, Birmingham, and Sheffield are available, giving the date letter for each year.

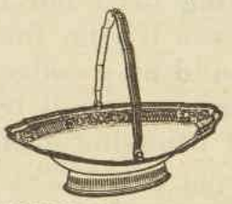
GEORGE II tea caddy (this name comes from the Malay word Kati).

After discovering where a piece of silver was made by the placemark, consult the list of hallmarks for that city. The type of letter must be the same as the listed letter, and also the panel or shield around it.

The last mark in a row of hallmarks is usually that of the maker, whose name is only likely to interest the serious collector.

There is no such system of standardised hallmarks in Australia.

Mr. Stokes explains that Australian silver is usually marked sterling or stg., and with the maker's initials, but does not often bear the date letter.



GEORGE III cake basket — an imitation of the wicker bread basket.

The system of marking in England appears more complicated, but is more satisfactorily controlled, so that English silver is highly prized all over the world because it is so well guarded against fraud.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the penalties for faking hallmarks were severe—a faker might be executed, or have his ears chopped off.

George II, however, was more lenient. He changed the death sentence to transportation for life.

Sheffield plate, which dates from 1742, is cheaper than silverware. In that year Thomas Bolsover discovered that copper could, by means of heat, be coated with a thin layer of silver, and then beaten out into various silver-plated articles.

Antique plate

Some of the first commercially made pieces went on the market about 1755. Almost a hundred years later, about 1850, production ceased. All true Sheffield plate is, therefore, antique.

Its year of manufacture can be told chiefly by its design, but expert training is often necessary to detect the many fakes which are at present on the market.

A number of attractive meat and vegetable dishes, teasets, and candlesticks are available.

One word of warning—the design often referred to as "Queen Anne" is only a copy of the design seen in real silver made during her reign, when Sheffield plate was unknown. Much so-called "Queen Anne" plate was made at the end of the nineteenth century and early in the twentieth century.

CHARLES II tankard. Handle and moulded base are typical of period

Sheffield plate can be cleaned by the same process as silverware is cleaned; but more care should be taken as it wears more readily, and replating ruins its value.

Good books to read are: "Hallmarks On Plate," by Chaffers and Markham; "Sheffield Plate," by H. N. Veitch, and "Old Silver," by Seymour Wyler.

HALLMARKS ON SILVER

HERE is a sample of hallmarks as they usually appear on British silver. In order to identify a piece of silver one should look at the marks as follows:

Centre: **The lion in the horizontal position indicates the article is English sterling silver.**

Left: **The full-face leopard's head shows the piece was made in London. (If there is a crown on the head it was made before 1822.)**

Second from left: **The date letter, indicating the year it was made (1779 in this case).**

Second from right: **The monarch's head. Normally found only on pieces made between 1784 and 1890.**

Far right: **The maker's initials.**

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917076

WHEN BUYING YOUR FIRST ANTIQUE PIECES

• Porcelain

• Pottery

● Beautiful pieces enrich a home, and if a little time is spent studying the subject bargains can be discovered. Pomade lids, tea caddies, silhouettes, and other out-of-the-ordinary things are also good fun to collect.

THE lure of antique porcelain (or china, if you prefer the more common name) is strong and there are a dozen ways you can go about making a collection.

"But," said Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, a Sydney antique dealer, "don't buy anything without learning something about it first. And the best way to learn is to handle pieces, observing design, color, and markings.

"Buying damaged pieces very cheaply is a good idea. Books on the subject can be bought, borrowed, or read in libraries, and there are booklets on a number of different porcelains which can be obtained from the Victoria and Albert Museum, London."

Modern copy

Factory marks are one of the first things to learn—for example, the gold or red, or occasionally purple, anchor of Chelsea, the crossed blue swords of Dresden.

When collecting porcelain, many people think immediately, and only, of Dresden or Meissen ware, but about 95 per cent. of the so-called early 18th-century Dresden for sale in Australia is modern copy.

"Only an expert," said Mr. Lipscombe, "can tell the difference."

Real porcelain is translucent. It is very hard, resisting the inroads of liquids, so that it does not craze and stain.

By contrast, the porcelain made in England by the Chelsea factory about 1745, for example, is artificial. Its softer texture will absorb moisture and will color and craze.

Knowing something about the paste which makes the body of the article and about the glaze is important.

For example, Worcester porcelain looked at against the light is a pale duck-egg green. In Chelsea porcelain you can see small lighter-colored spots.

Some people prefer to amass a collection from one maker, but it is quite a good idea to collect interesting pieces from a number of factories.

Many pieces from the early 19th century are reasonably priced. Combination arrangements of plates, bowls, cups, and saucers look attractive.

The factories of Derby, Worcester, and Spode, which were established in the 18th century, are still producing porcelain, and some of their early 19th-century pieces are cheaper than modern pieces.

Two hints which Mr. Lipscombe gives to the porcelain collector are that the word "England" on a piece usually means that it is made later than 1891, and that if, say, "Coalport AD 1752" is seen on a piece, this is merely the registered number and must not be mistaken for the date of manufacture.

Collecting pottery is a different story.

It is considerably easier and cheaper to collect than porcelain. Pratt ware from Staffordshire (about 1775-1810) is popular, and Staffordshire Toby jugs (which are still being made) are amusing.

Toby Fillpot

These jugs were the invention of hale and hearty times. They were used for filling up drinking glasses with strong ale, and originally bore the name Toby Fillpot.

Many variations of the original tubby gentleman-farmer have emerged over the years and can be distinguished by their clay, color, glaze, etc. The early enamel colors are translucent, but there are many copies around.

Collections of Willow Pattern can be most attractive. This design was originated by Thomas Turner at the Caughley Pottery Works in Shropshire in 1782, but before 1865 it was adopted by nearly 200 factories.

The value of a piece depends on the scarcity of the pieces produced by the factory in question. Usually, earlier pieces have a softer blue. Dappling of the pottery when observed in oblique light is seldom seen in pieces made after 1800, and never in those made after 1820.

It is worth reading about pottery and porcelain before you start to collect.

Take advantage of your local library and borrow as many books as they have.

As you will often need to refer to them, it is a good investment to start your own collector's library.

Books to read

Mr. Max Lawson, of Sydney, has, over the years, built up an excellent reference library of his own, which covers all periods of antique furniture, silver, pottery, porcelain, and many more types of objets d'art.

The majority of his books are antiques in themselves, and it can become an absorbing hobby to search for them in old bookshops and salerooms.

Available at most large bookshops are William Chaffers' books on marks and monograms, on pottery and porcelain, and if you feel like splashing out there are four volumes of "The Concise Encylopedia of Antiques" at £3/2/- a volume.

Collecting small, out-of-the-ordinary things can also be fun. For example:

Vinaigrettes: These were scent-boxes, containing a sponge soaked in scent underneath a perforated grid and carried round by milady to make her smell nice. They would make good pill-boxes for a handbag.

Pomade Lids: These were printed in color, between 1848 and 1855. They make a good decoration held in place on the wall.

Silhouettes: In black, white, and gilt, they were fashionable in the pre-photographic period, about 1760.

Tea Caddies: The best period for these is from 1790 to 1840. Many are extremely elaborate and decorative—a reminder of the former high price of tea. Satinwood, mahogany, and Brazilian rosewood caddies sell for a few pounds; Georgian silver ones considerably more. The small ones make good cigarette-boxes.

ROYAL WORCESTER and Crown Derby exhibition vases are part of Mrs. T. Shields' collection of porcelain. The Crown Derby vase on the right, which is rich blue and gold with an exquisite flower decoration, is signed by A. Gregory, who was the most famous painter of Crown Derby ware.

ROCKINGHAM door set in green and gold. It is unusual to find these sets intact, that is with double plates, keyhole covers, and two doorknobs.

FANS AND GLASS

● It is safe to buy fans without much knowledge; but collecting glass is a job for the experienced.

MOST fans found in Australia are the work of Victorian craftsmen. They often have fine lacework and sometimes sequins. An inset medallion of silk is sometimes beautifully painted.

Some exquisitely painted eighteenth-century fans are available for just under £10, while attractive lace ones with mother-of-pearl sticks range from as little as a few pounds.

As a wall decoration they can either be hung directly on to the wall or framed. This is a good idea if the fabric is very delicate and tending to rot.

Although the flat fan has been used since way back in history, the collapsible fan probably originated in Japan about A.D. 600. The earliest European fans were seen in Spain, and were exported to other countries.

Glassware is a difficult item for inexperienced collectors to handle. To begin with, buy only from reputable antique dealers—and resist the temptation to buy at sales no matter how tempting may be the color of Venetian glass.

Most of the glass in Australia was made after 1850, and has little antique value.

BRISTOL GLASS decanter, owned by Mrs. D. Arthur, of Bellevue Hill, Sydney, is a deep green color. The fan is late 18th century, of ivory, and with a charming hand-painted country scene. It belongs to Miss Amanda Doran, of Vaucluse.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917077

FINE FINDS GIVE GRACE TO A HOUSE

● Old furniture and treasured *objets d'art* provide rooms with interest and individuality and blend well with pieces of good contemporary design.

ELEGANT hall in flat of Mrs. A. Hardie at Darling Point, Sydney, is enhanced by a Regency chiffonier set with ormulu. Chair is a Victorian one.

COLLECTING antique furniture sounds an expensive hobby. It can be, of course, if you go in for rare Chippendale and Sheraton, but there are many other types of old furniture which can be bought cheaply. And if you have the "collecting" bug in you, then half the fun is finding the pieces.

Once you have trained your eye to recognise good furniture you will find it hard to resist browsing round even the shabbiest of junk shops. Who knows what priceless pieces are hidden in dusty corners.

According to Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, of Sydney, an authority on antiques, Australian colonial cedar furniture from about 1830 to 1855 is a good buy. It is still selling below its real value and in a few years may prove an excellent investment, commanding high prices like its American counterpart.

COLLECTOR'S GUIDE

It is difficult to give exact prices for early cedar furniture, but it is safe to say that it costs less than new furniture.

Unlike England, where makers such as Sheraton, Chippendale, and Hepplewhite gave their name to their designs, there are no known designers of early Australian furniture. However, Moore Brothers, Baker, and Lennan are names of shopkeepers who sold many pieces.

English mahogany is also a good buy for collectors, but it costs more than cedar.

Simply designed pieces of 18th-century furniture, such as a small George III chest, can often be picked up reasonably.

If you are buying from shops, get a written guarantee in the form of a signed letter that the article is a genuine antique and that it has no borer.

Before buying take a good look at the condition of the upholstery. It should be well preserved.

If after buying a piece of furniture you decide to have it re-covered be sure to find a good upholsterer who will strip it right down and not just cover up the old material.

And when re-upholstering, choose a material to match the period. Modern material could ruin an 18th-century chair.

Take plenty of time when buying furniture. It's easy to get emotional about a chest of drawers that looks just perfect in the shop. When you get it home it may not blend with the existing furnishings. Then you are faced with the problem of either abandoning the chest or refurnishing your home around it. Both ways are expensive.

Thoroughly inspect the furniture you intend to buy. Tables, for example, are sometimes sold with legs that do not match the top, which may be one period, while the legs have been repaired or replaced at a later one. The broken arm of a chair may have been removed and the upholstery arranged to camouflage the loss.

Some pieces are sold riddled with borer holes which have been carefully filled with wax and stained over. Mr. Lipscombe suggests the following method of detection.

Turn the furniture upside down and look at the wood at eye level. If you can see many small dents then borer holes have been filled. The fillings always shrink below the normal level of the wood and leave a telltale trace.

So much for buying well-preserved furniture from shops. If you're the practical, do-it-yourself type and enjoy hunting around salerooms and junk stores, then the story is a different and much cheaper one. But it does require more effort and study on your part and there's a certain risk involved.

Continued on page 7

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917078

PERIODS represented in sitting-room of Mr. K. Bernard-Smith's home, Pennant Hills, N.S.W., are Chippendale (settee, table), Georgian (stool, cabinet), William and Mary (the red and yellow chairs).

YEARS of collecting account for Sheraton-style mahogany writing table, wing chair, and Rockingham clocks and vases in Mrs. T. Shields' flat, Darlinghurst, Sydney.

EARLY VICTORIAN chiffonier holding collection of treasures is focal point of drawing-room in a Darling Point, Sydney, flat.

HANDSOME Edwardian cedar-wood suite is in graceful dining-room of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Carson's home at Wahroonga, Sydney.

PATIO of Mrs. T. Shields' Sydney flat shows collector's touch. Except the chairs, everything was bought cheaply in secondhand shops, including old tiles, wheels, wrought-iron.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917079

WONDERFULLY FRAGRANT!

(. . . Secretly Deodorant!)

THIS SUPERFINE, SPECIALLY ABSORBENT TALCUM GIVES ALL-DAY DEODORANT PROTECTION

A marvellous new Three Flowers ingredient neutralises the very source of perspiration odours . . . keeps you sweet and lovely.

Keeps you feeling spring-fresh all day!

One beauty secret . . . two words . . .
THREE FLOWERS

three flowers TALCUM

BABIES LOVE THREE FLOWERS TOO!

Three Flowers is the finest, most delicate powder it is possible to make. It helps to keep baby happy by protecting tender skin; guards against chafing and "nappy rash" . . . and the special new deodorising ingredient keeps baby nicer than ever!

Luxurious to use, economical to buy!
At all chemists and stores . . . **3/3**

YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER TALC AT ANY PRICE THAN SUPER-ABSORBENT, SPRING-FRAGRANT THREE FLOWERS

TF101. 143

Collector's guide

• Gathering old copper

Genuine antique pieces have a glorious pink tinge which anyone can spot.

THERE is probably nothing more welcoming in a home than the sight of copper. With its warm hues it reminds us of farmhouse kitchens, open fires, and the comfort of old houses.

Shops selling old copper complain that the demand is greater than the supply, but there are still some charming pieces to be found, especially at sales of old homes.

Although it is rarely marked, an advantage about collecting copper is that you need not be an expert to recognise a good piece.

PERFECT EXAMPLE of old copper—a large, well-designed kettle.

Objects of tinned copper, that is with an outer layer only of copper, are yellowish, almost brassy, in appearance.

Genuine old copper has a glorious pink tinge and warm glow about it.

Some old copper objects have brass trimmings—for instance, a hand-beaten copper tray may have brass handles, and we found a Victorian coffee urn, made in about 1850, with a brass tap.

Copper bowls complete with lids are a good buy. Made in about 1900, they are plain in design. Besides being part of a collection, they could also be useful as small serving-dishes.

In the past, collecting copper also meant hours of polishing. Nowadays, unless the pieces are being used for cooking or serving food, all that is needed is a good initial polish followed by a coating of lacquer. This forms a seal and stops tarnishing.

• Papier mache

YOU can gather a fascinating collection of papier mache at a reasonable price.

A product of the Late Georgian and Early Victorian days in England, quite a number of boxes, trays, inkstands, etc., are on the market.

The real vogue for papier mache, when an infinite variety of objects, including beds, was produced, lasted from 1830 to 1870.

The buyer should beware of Japanese copies, which are often transfer-printed, then colored by hand to simulate the real decorative painting

WHITE PARROT among red berries is the design on this papier mache tray belonging to Mrs. Bassett Christian, Point Piper, N.S.W.

• Pewter

IN vogue in England from about 1830 to 1844, pewter has been called "poor man's Sheffield plate."

Early pewter usually has no marks on the base of the article but should bear a touch mark. In drinking-mugs this is often found just underneath the rim and resembles a silver mark, though it is larger.

PEWTER drinking-mugs in a traditional design.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917080

• • • GETTING TO KNOW FURNITURE • • •

Recognising wood

● One of the most helpful things intending collectors of antique furniture can learn is how to identify different woods.

Walnut:

WIDELY used in early-Victorian furniture. It dominated the French furniture of the 18th century, and the English designs of the late 17th and early 18th centuries. A hard, medium-grained wood. In antiques the color ranges from light golden brown to deep chocolate. Has a characteristic smell which, once you have learned to recognise, can be most useful for identifying it.

WILLIAM AND MARY walnut pew with brass mounts.

Cherry:

ANTIQUE cherry is usually dark red-brown. Its grain resembles yellow poplar (see below), but it is harder and more durable. It was used mostly for chests of drawers and small sewing and various bedside tables.

Mahogany:

LIGHT BROWN when freshly cut, it is red to red-brown when found in antiques. Mahogany is a fairly hard, medium-grained wood. Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Sheraton used it. A great deal of mahogany veneer was used by many Victorian designers.

Rosewood:

DARK BROWN or smoky purple color. Veins of black are the distinctive markings on this wood. A hard wood, it is open-grained and is used mostly as a veneer. It is rare to find pieces of furniture made with solid rosewood.

LOUIS XV chest table in rosewood, satinwood, ringwood, and walnut.

Oak:

SIXTEENTH and 17th century English furniture was made mostly from oak. It is also found in Spanish and French designs of this period. Light in color, it has large, open pores, which identify it.

Yellow poplar:

OCCASIONALLY this wood has dark brown knots and streaks. It was frequently stained to match walnut and used with this in Victorian and early-20th-century furniture. It is a semi-hard, rather close-grained wood.

Cedar:

PIECES of furniture made from well-seasoned cedar become quite hard, but this is originally a soft wood. The grain is open and the wood is moisture-absorbent. Color varies from reddish brown to light honey. Few knots are found in Australian colonial furniture. Furniture-makers were able to avoid them because cedar-wood was so plentiful.

FINE FINDS —

continued from page 4

● Once you are familiar with the various periods, take courage, and hunt around the salerooms.

A CHAIR may look broken-down, yet could be completely transformed with new covers and some minor repairs; and quite often charming pieces of furniture have been hidden under coats of hideous-colored paint.

With the latter it may take an experienced eye to spot a bargain, but anyone can learn about furniture.

Study books and magazines — most libraries have plenty of material on this subject and good books to ask for are those in R. W. Symonds' series on English furniture. Also look around reputable antique shops. You will learn to recognise periods and styles in furniture more quickly from actually seeing the pieces than looking at photographs.

When you have decided which designs you prefer and have a clear idea of how to recognise them, begin combing the auction rooms, secondhand stores, home sales, and markets.

Buy only really good furniture, otherwise it is not worth the work involved in restoring it.

If a table is out of balance or if any piece of furniture has two or more joints loose, then it's not really a good buy.

Splits and serious warps are a danger sign, especially for the new collector. If a piece has these — avoid it.

THERE are five main periods in English furniture. Early Renaissance (oak age); Queen Anne (walnut age); Chippendale (which includes Hepplewhite, Adam, and Sheraton); Regency; Victorian. Most readily available in Australia are Victorian, Chippendale, and Regency. Most rare is Queen Anne furniture.

Learn as much as you can about recognising various woods. On the left of this page we give a few facts about the different types.

If a particular piece of furniture has taken your fancy and is covered with layers of paint, try to find a small part that is uncovered, possibly underneath, then give the end of your finger a good lick and put it on the bare wood. If the wood is old it will be porous and dry and will become dark when wet.

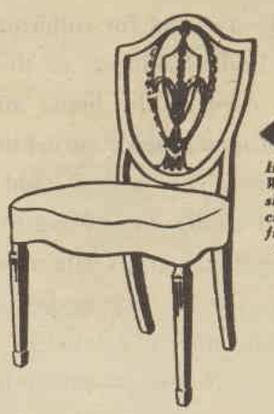
Cedar will become dark brown, mahogany blackish, walnut brownish, and cherry reddish. Unseasoned wood won't change much.

The best way to set about removing paint layers is to dust, wash, and dry the piece of furniture. Pour a small amount of paint-remover into a jar, then brush it on the painted surfaces and let it almost dry. Apply another coat, and yet another, until the paint begins to flake.

Then rub down the surfaces with a fine wire brush, and sand with finest-grained sandpaper.

When all the paint has been removed paint over the piece with a coat of half orange shellac and half alcohol.

Again rub down with fine sandpaper; then apply successive coats of shellac-alcohol, rubbing down with the finest steel-wool before each coat. Repeat this until the wood has the desired finish.



HEPPLEWHITE shield - back chair. The front legs are fluted.

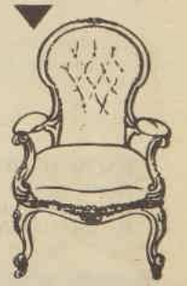
QUEEN ANNE style in walnut. The back has the well-known violin-shaped centre.

WINDSOR chair, so-called because George I saw them at a farmhouse and ordered some for Windsor Castle.

CHIPPENDALE mahogany dining chair. A beautiful design with elegant carving on the arms.

ADAM. An example of his French style with delicate curves and plain, simple upholstery.

EARLY-VICTORIAN chair. It shows the curves and flourishes typical of the whole period.



REGENCY, with gilt touches, gilded cane seat, and a most elegant French air.

SHERATON. Probably the loveliest of all designs with its bold sabre legs

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917081

Treasures to be used

DELIGHTFULLY shaped teapots are ideal for collectors with a limited budget, as they can be used in the home and need not spend their time behind glass doors. They will also add a touch of quality to existing teasets, blending happily with many designs. Lastly, they make tea taste even more delicious — or is that, perhaps, imagination? The ones shown on this page are rare and precious, but you can begin your collection with more modest and less expensive, yet equally attractive, designs.

HAND-PAINTED SCOTTISH SCENES, each one different, of houses, bridges, and views decorate this beautiful Rockingham teaset belonging to Mr. Norman Wheeler, of Sydney. Made in about 1829, each piece has the name of the view marked in red letters underneath.

CONVICT-MADE bowl, teapot, and jug. An early example of this type of work, made in Parramatta about 1790.

JAPANESE teapot, about 1860. Branch-and-leaf pattern decorates the panels. Its knob is in the form of a charming pert monkey.

RED PEACOCKS decorate this unique double-spouted Bow teapot. Only known example. About 1755.

ORNATE DESIGN on a black Staffordshire piece. Made in about 1840, its spout is shaped like the head of a bird with open beak.

UNUSUAL SHAPE of the lip on the front of this New Hall design is just one of its attractive features. It was made in about 1790.

RARE SILVER teapot made by John Lambe, of London, in 1716, during the reign of George I. The tea-caddy is George II silver. It was made in 1728 by J. Newton.

DRESDEN CHINA, about 1770. It has no handle and the lid is joined to the teapot with a thin chain.

LIDDED SPOUT is on this Eler's ware teapot. With a bird in a branch pattern, its lid is also chained. It was made about 1690.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917082

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Teenagers' WEEKLY

June 10, 1959

Supplement: Not to be sold separately.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917083

LETTERS

● To get the Letter Page of Teenagers' Weekly off to a flying start, we asked the girls and boys on the staff of The Australian Women's Weekly to write on any subject they liked—no holds barred. Here is what they had to say:

CARMEL PURCILL and CAROL NAGREL
. . . Asians are charming . . . rockers are rough.

Equal food for equal payment

I AM a firm believer in "Equal Food for Equal Payment." I have often seen men and women enter a restaurant and order identical meals. The woman always receives a smaller portion of everything.

Years ago women were known for their "birdlike" eating habits.

In this modern age most of them have large, healthy appetites of which they are not ashamed. I'm sure they find it annoying to pay the same price for a smaller meal.—*Ronda Scott.*

"Bodgies" may be under strain

PARENTS often label their teenage sons "bodgies." What they don't seem to realise is that often the boy is suffering from a severe emotional problem which he can't solve.

JOHN HOWARD
. . . problems of bodgies.

If the boy approaches his parents about it, most of them haven't time to help or they couldn't care less.

Even those who try to help just do so halfheartedly. I think it's the parents' fault in many cases if their son is a bodgie.—*John Howard.*

Parents' youth "pretty queer"

WHY are parents and others always getting at us teenagers because we like rock-'n-roll and pop singers, and wear different clothes from the grown-ups?

If your recent pictures of Marilyn Monroe posing as the vamp of our parents' young days are anything to go by, their own youth was pretty queer compared with *their* parents'!

SARWAT BASHIR
. . . what about Marilyn?

It seems to me that grown-ups always think the young people are inferior to themselves. Do they admit that they are inferior to the generation before them?—*Sarwat Bashir.*

We're not all mixed-up kids

SO much time and space have been used in determining what makes a teenager tick.

We aren't all blue-jeaned irresponsibles, crazy mixed-up kids, or godless intellectuals.

Most of us are depressingly normal.—*Carol Munro.*

Teetotal Elvis model soldier

IT'S time someone wrote in DEFENCE of that "Million-dollar Dreadful," Elvis Presley. He's a nice fellow, who's good to his family and his fans. He doesn't drink, and he's a model soldier.

Besides, he's rich.

If it paid me millions a year, I'd stand on my head and wiggle my toes. It's only his unfortunate habit of collecting Teddy Bears and Cadillacs and slipping his vertebrae that gives the impression that he's mixed up.

His music is as much an art, relatively, as Leonard Bernstein's. — *Anonymous (for my own safety).*

Judo course to make dancing safe

IT'S a great shame that younger people cannot attend a public dance without first taking a course in unarmed combat.

It was bad enough when the old dances were done badly, but at least you were in one piece when you finished.

Nowadays you really should wear a leather jacket, and, if you don't smoke, at least chew gum. Then, when the rock gets rolling, jump into the centre and join in the mad idiocy.—*Carol Nagrel.*

CAROL MUNRO
". . . depressingly normal."

Asian students are charming

I HAVE recently read, to my surprise, several articles criticising Asian students, and I would like to say how misleading these criticisms are.

I have met many of these boys and girls, and I have always found them friendly, happy, and extremely charming.

The boys are wonderfully considerate, and have almost perfect manners, a virtue sadly lacking in the average Australian boy.

These young people are thousands of miles from home, and most have not seen their families for years.

They are hard workers and good scholars, so let's be a little more friendly towards them.—*Carmel Purcill.*

AND HERE are some of this week's letters to the Weekly from teenage readers. For all original letters from readers which we publish we pay £1/1/-. Send in your snaps, too!

Teenagers "not lazy, impolite"

TEENAGERS are called lazy and impolite, but I know this isn't true. All my friends are very polite, and get up for elderly people on buses, trams, and trains. They and myself are always glad to help.

If charity organisations called for voluntary workers in the paper or over the radio, I feel sure a lot of teenagers would apply. — *Inge Schinnagel, 46 Hawksview St., Guildford, N.S.W.*

Lonely weekends in outer suburbs

CAN something be suggested to occupy a teenager who lives in the outer suburbs during the weekends, other than tennis, which seems to be a thing of the past, with empty courts being replaced by houses?

There seems to be no winter activity to take the place of the beaches. Boys have football.

But what can girls do, as there are no church or social clubs to join in most of these areas?—*D. Johnston, 31 Birdwood St., Sylvania Heights, N.S.W.*

Concession fares on holidays, too

I THINK there should be concession fares during the school holidays for school pupils who are over 15.

These scholars are more likely to want to travel than the younger children. By having to pay full fare, many of these scholars are deprived of excursions.—*R. McCann, 47 Rowley St., Seven Hills, N.S.W.*

Why do women exaggerate?

WHY do women exaggerate? Is it because they can't find a story good enough to compete with their neighbors?

Only the other day I told my grandmother that a woman dyed her hair to "go" with her dress. Immediately she repeated it to her daughter-in-law, changing it as she went along. This is how she explained: "I know a woman who dyes her hair to go with her cardigan, shoes, and her dress as well. Sometimes you wonder how they can do it."

My grandmother dyes her hair white. — *C.J (13 years). (Name supplied.)*

Introducing ourselves . . .

● For a long time we have wanted to give more space in The Australian Women's Weekly to the special interests of our younger readers—and here is the result: Teenagers' Weekly.

Each week we will publish this special 16-page supplement as a "magazine within a magazine."

We hope it will appeal to all girls—and boys—who want a magazine of their own, in which they can express their views and find entertainment and information linked with their own special hopes, interests, and problems.

Teenagers' Weekly will include all the popular "youth features" of The Australian Women's Weekly — Louise Hunter's "Here's Your Answer," Debbie's helpful "Words," Candy Hardy's fashions, Bernard Fletcher's disc column — as well as many new features, special articles, and a brand-new competition—"Party Icebreakers."

How do you like it?

If you want to tell the world what you think and feel, this page is yours.

The Editor,
The Australian Women's Weekly.

● OUR COVER: These young people are typical of the kind of readers we aim to entertain and inform in the pages of Teenagers' Weekly.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917084

40 WAYS TO GET A DATE

• How does girl meet boy? Keep boy? Here are the ways and means!

1—Know your subject. What makes a boy tick? Often the same things that make a girl tick. You'll seldom be at a loss if you keep two things in mind: boys are just as anxious to make a date as girls are and just as shy about it, if not more so. Never be timid for fear of appearing forward. Boys want to do the dating, but they welcome friendliness.

2—Don't try to "make" a boy-friend; try to make a friend. The male of the species instinctively resists a trap. On the other hand, boys are people, and people have an inner need for relationship. The sincerest flattery you can offer a male is to be interested in him as a person rather than a "catch."

3—Aim for a possible target. You may lean towards the football captain, but he probably feels he deserves the girl-most-likely-to-succeed. Similarly, older men who fascinate you find older girls more fascinating. And University men with that dash you adore are seeking University girls, not rushing home to the girl who lived next door. Pursuing the male you simply don't attract is a waste of time if you face it realistically rather than egotistically. Boys close to yourself in age and social experience are the best investments.

4—Beware the "going-steady" trap. Being seen even three times with the same young man may make it seem you're going steady, and from then on your phone will remain silent. It's better to space your dates and let yourself be seen with other escorts. Going steady may seem to offer a regular escort, but you risk boredom, staleness, and entanglement. Keep in circulation, even in such non-strictly dating activities as spectator sports and coffee-shop gatherings.

5—Be available. Don't move constantly with a crowd of girls or in a sister act with your best friend. Nothing's more discouraging to a boy than having to face a group of females or a resentful girl-friend each time he wants to see you. Go to the milk bar alone once in a while, where someone can buy you a sundae without having to foot the bill for your three girl-friends, too.

6—On the other hand, don't go boy-crazy and drop all your girl-friends. You mature and become more attractively understanding through meaningful relationships with your own sex. You also get valuable hints on handling problems from friends' experiences, advice on boys to avoid or pursue. Remember, too, that girls give parties where you meet boys. And last, certainly not least, girls have brothers and cousins.

7—Wear your heart on your sleeve— not your hostility. Playing hard to get, acting aloof when you don't feel it, covering real attraction with brittle remarks, sarcasm, or stinging wit may seem like protective measures, but they drive dates away and drive your feelings further underground. By showing your real feelings for a boy you have more chance of their being returned.

8—Look your prettiest all the time. The day you run to the corner shop with curlers in your hair and no lipstick will be just the time you meet Tom buying cough drops. Make good grooming a routine instead of an occasion. Romance may bloom in the street where you live, in a hushed staid library, the bike repair shop, or across a crowded room.

9—Go, go, go—alone. Better to attend a party or a dance unescorted than to stay home and watch TV again. Also better to go unaccompanied than to call, in panic, a boy you find unattractive. It's not fair to him . . . and your feelings for him will show, making you unattractive to everyone. An escort you don't like also keeps you from floating and making new contacts. You may be frightened and self-conscious at first; in time you'll reap poise and conquests.

10—Give the boy a chance. Don't turn down a date on superficial judgments. You know good looks are not as important as good manners and good intentions, and these don't show at first. Many a boy may be frozen with reserve, then thaw into a warm human being. Above all, don't "type" people. The boy you've labelled "bookworm" may be more energetic than a fullback. And boys who dote on football instead of Beethoven are not necessarily lowbrows. The broader your social experience the more confident and charming a date you'll be.

11—Push your interests to their social limits. Instead of reciting speeches to your mirror, join a school or drama group where you may meet a real live hero among the male talent. If you play an instrument join a musical society. (For sure, the tuba player, bass fiddler, and drummer will be boys!) If you like to bake, contribute your Meringue Supreme to the next cake sale, and be there in person to sell it. Don't be a solitary philatelist or numismatist (stamp and coin collectors to you). Ferret out "fellow collectors." The rest will follow; common interests guarantee lively conversation.

12—Do the sporting things. Yes, you and athletics! They pay a triple dividend. The exercise does wonders for your figure and health. You'll be "seen" on the basketball or tennis court. You'll learn to talk about and understand talk about sports. And sports are something all boys talk about some of the time and some boys talk about all of the time.

13—You're a pretty picture in your Sunday best, which is a small one of the reasons why you should go to church regularly. At your church's youth group you'll meet boys from family and cultural backgrounds similar to yours—types which statistics indicate are right for you.

● To page 4

A POINT OF ETIQUETTE

When a girl is asked out to dinner in a restaurant:

If there's no doorman, her escort opens the door and allows her to enter first.

He speaks to the head waiter, and a waiter shows the couple to their table—the girl walking in front of the boy.

The waiter holds the girl's chair while she sits down.

The waiter or the girl's escort hands her the menu.

The girl tells her escort what she'd like to eat, and he orders the full meal from the waiter.

The girl looks the other way when her escort pays the bill—or, better still, asks to be excused and visits the powder-room to adjust her hair and make-up.

When leaving, the girl's escort leads the way, opens the door, and the girl walks out first.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917085

40 WAYS TO GET A DATE

● From page 3

14—*Be a joiner.* There are new friends ready and waiting at clubs and church groups. There are new activities there, such as dances, hikes, and trips, that will lead you to many new relationships.

15—*Take an extra course* —preferably in a subject that interests males, such as photography. That way most of your classmates will be of masculine gender. Equally important by-products of course-taking: you become more interesting to yourself and to others.

16—*Get a holiday job.* But don't make it a lonely one like baby-sitting. Better to sell in a shop, type in an office where you meet other people, share a world. Meanwhile it's a chance to gather experience for your career goal, or to try out the various careers available.

17—*Make the most of school—socially.* If you go to a co-ed school you can meet boys by (a) asking a classmate for help in homework; (b) working on a school publication; (c) being active on a committee. If you go to a girls-only school you can join school clubs; for example, debating, in which you'll challenge other schools; you can cheer at football games and go to dances.

18—*V is for Volunteer.* And for victory over loneliness, if you give of your time, effort, and ability to causes that need you. Whether it's for large organisations like the Red Cross or for the local hospital, you'll meet boys in the course of your work, and those boys come with one great recommendation: they give of themselves for the sake of others.

19—*Break the ice—somehow.* Nothing is too trite or corny for an opening gambit with someone you want to talk to. Five days later you may both howl over your "Haven't I met you somewhere before?" but right now, when you're tense and he's tense, it doesn't matter what you say—say something. In time you may develop a more sophisticated opening line. The technique of making friends, like all others, improves with experience.

20—*Give a party,* and presume on slight acquaintance with Tom or Dick when making out your guest list. It won't seem forward, just flattering, to invite him to your house to meet your friends and parents. By the party's end, you'll be friends.

21—*Make an investment* in a pair of tickets to a dance, a game, a show. Invite that fellow who's monopolising your thoughts, although you've only shared a few whispers in class or church. With good behaviour, your investment will give you a return invitation.

22—*Learn to dance well.* When you're whirling gracefully on the dance floor, you tempt the stag line. If present partner doesn't, the next fellow who cuts in may ask you for a date.

AFTER THE SHOW IS OVER, let him know that you really enjoyed the date—and don't "freeze" if he puts his arm around your waist or wants to kiss goodnight. It's natural to express affection if you really feel it.

23—*Show up where the boys congregate.* (Take one girl-friend along if your courage needs bolstering.) Is it the beach, the tennis court, the milk bar, the coffee shop? Never underestimate the power of proximity; it breeds acquaintance.

24—*Be on good terms with your relatives.* They often see you more realistically than your parents do; tend less to baby you, more to recognise and act upon your need for dates. Relatives are notorious matchmakers. Also, they give parties in honor of your visit, and invite friends with eligible sons.

25—*Mind your manners—they matter.* Your pretty face, your perfect outfit will pall if your ways are graceless. No need to memorise Emily Post or congeal into a correct, smiling zombie—just remember that the basis of all manners is consideration of others. If you act from that premise, your "please" and "thank you" will be automatic, and you won't make a noise when you chew.

26—*Make him talk.* Any boy, particularly the seemingly tongue-tied, will welcome cues for conversation. Ask direct questions. "Do you like swimming?" "What are you doing in the holidays?" Don't ask for the sake of asking, but for the sake of learning. Genuine interest breeds genuine response. Subtly make him characterise himself. You can discover much about him while you're making him think he's important. He'll want to repeat the experience.

27—*Learn to listen.* Some women give the effect of being great conversationalists only because they're great listeners. Sincere listening is, in a sense, "giving"—of your time and interest. Listen openly, making no snap judgments; everyone craves acceptance. Listen to get his viewpoint; after all, you know your own.

28—*Learn to talk.* Your head is always filled with conversation, so just "say" your thoughts. As a matter of fact, charm is the result of candor about big and little things, the expression of embarrassment, contradictions, enthusiasms, and fears that stuffy people try to hide. "I like how the rain feels on my face," or "I'm just terrified of saying the wrong thing to you," are thoughts to come out with. Talk about what you feel, love, hate.

29—*Make him proud of you.* Be friendly to his friends. Get in the act if they're feeling zany, and exercise your mind if the talk goes highbrow. A boy doesn't want you to steal the spotlight, but neither does he want you to disappear in the shadow. Be a good sport and go along with the mood and spirit of an evening, unless the party tumbles down into necking, smoking, or drinking. That's the time to stick to your own values.

30—*Guard your reputation.* Don't think that petting or sex will bring back a boy-friend; it will only tag you as "easy." Even the statistics show that the most popular girls don't get into physical entanglements. The popular girl has enough dating know-how to keep an evening lively without recourse to sex. Steer clear of boys who demand payment for dinner and a movie. Not only will they kiss and tell, they'll also "overtell."

31—*Respect his freedom.* Most boys are still under family jurisdiction, and not too happy about it, so don't add yourself as another boss. Tom doesn't owe you a timetable account of his activities or explanations about why he hasn't called and who else he's dating. Another "don't" along these lines: Don't make a fuss if he asks someone else to dance at a party. Once he sees signs of overpossessiveness, any boy dashes for freedom.

32—*Focus on your date.* Flirting with other boys to make yourself desirable is a technique that will backfire. If you don't give a date the attention he deserves, he will think you don't deserve another date. Similarly, talking all night to a girl-friend if you're double-dating or giving all your dances to others at a party won't get you a repeat invitation.

33—*Spare the expenses.* A young man has a limited income; don't go through it all on one date. Study the prices on the menu before making a choice. Suggest a walk, tram, or bus sometimes instead of a taxi. The minute a boy thinks he's being exploited, he drops from the picture. On the other hand, if you can have as much fun eating peanuts at the zoo as lobster at a nightclub, he'll make efforts to provide the latter. Boys like to give but not be "taken."

34—*Dress to suit the event.* If in doubt about where you're going—ask. And control that impulse to show off your new special dress if casual or play clothes are ind'cated. Boys are fastidious about their girl's appearance. They derive prestige from how you look and act. Boys are also conservative. Don't overdress or over-paint, or eventually you'll be overlooked.

35—*Forget you're pretty.* After you've achieved your neat, sweet look, think no more about it. If you're forever repairing make-up, you call attention to its artifice. So what if the wind ruffles your hair, or a sudden drizzle loosens your curls? And suppose you do soil your dress when he unexpectedly suggests taking out a rowboat? Perfection frightens anyone.

36—*Show and expect a show of affection.* Don't freeze if a boy takes your hand or puts his arm about your waist. It's natural to express affection. Don't inhibit your own impulses of warmth, either. A good-night kiss from friend to friend is fine if it says "I like you," not "I want you." There's a world of difference between affection and sex. The boy to distrust is not the one who shows affection but the one who's incapable of it.

37—*Stick to the plan.* An unpardonable social crime is to break a date with one boy for another. You may get away with it once, but if you get a reputation as this kind of opportunist boys won't risk asking you to big nights like dances, parties, or to theatrical and sports events which require buying tickets in advance.

38—*Say no and promise yes* when you must refuse a date. Make it clear that circumstance, not choice, prevents your acceptance, but that you'll certainly be available next time.

39—*Self - proclaimed popularity won't help you.* Boasting about how often and how glamorously you go out will only make a boy uncomfortable and suspicious. Really popular girls don't have to brag. Bringing in Tom, Dick, and Harry at every turn of the conversation is a bore. Running down Tom, Dick, and Harry is a tip-off to the present beau about his own future treatment. There's only one boy your date wants to hear about—and that's himself.

40—*Let him know you really enjoyed yourself.* It's not only good manners to thank a boy for a date, it's good for his ego. But say it your way, not the trite way. End on the same individual note you struck all evening. "I loved every minute . . . I'm sorry the evening's over . . . You're so easy to be with . . ." If you feel like it, clasp his hand warmly, or kiss him goodbye lightly.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917086

PARTY-ICEBREAKERS

● What is your hostess rating? High, medium, low, or nervous? If it is good and people yearn for invitations to your parties, you can win valuable prizes in our new party contest.

PRIZES Worth more than £600

AND if you're a boy you also can win prizes with original ideas.

Total value of the prizes is more than £600.

All you have to do is write and tell us your favorite ice-breaker, gimmick, or game to get the party going.

Describe your party game briefly but clearly. It doesn't matter if the idea is new or old — provided it's a real ice-breaker.

The contest will close on July 15, but get your entries in early to qualify for progress prizes.

There'll be six weekly progress prizes of £5, and winners of these are also eligible for the big prizes.

Address your entries: "Party Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

FIRST PRIZE: A Philips Model 215 9-valve True 2-Unit Stereophonic radiogram in walnut or maple finish, valued at 159 guineas.

OTHER PRIZES:

FOUR Philips Model 198 push-button all - transistor portable radios, valued at 42 guineas each.

FOUR 25-guinea courses at The Arthur Murray School of Dancing. The course of 26 private and group lessons can be taken at the Sydney or the Parramatta studio.

ONE grooming and deportment course at the June Dally-Watkins School, valued at 20 guineas.

FOUR Agfa Opticus 100 Slide-o-matic color slide projectors valued at £19 each.

SIX prizes of two vouchers each for 12-inch L.P. stereophonic Philips, Polydor, or D.G.G. recordings, valued at 3 guineas each.

● Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter the contest.

● Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges, and no correspondence will be entered into about the decision.

● All entries become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd.

We've consulted Debbie, who says balloons are her sure-fire ice-breaking trick. She says start a competition when the first guest arrives to see how big you can blow a balloon. The oohs and aahs and nervous shrieks when they bust crack the ice.

Next step is to give each guest with a whole balloon left an old nylon stocking—it doesn't matter how laddered it is—and see how far they can get the balloon into the stocking. This takes both cunning and finesse.

If you want to go in for a big balloon do, run a small art prize competition.

Have the balloons blown up and tied round the neck with a rubber band when the guests arrive. Provide tubes of poster paint, bits of paper or wool, paper d'oyleys (good for hats), and a tube of rubber cement.

A prize goes to the guest who makes the best face (pretty, comic, human) in 10 or 15 minutes. This can be colossal. Rub the balloons on your hair and they will adhere to the wall.

With the faces lined up, number them and have the winner judged by secret ballot.

HIS

Brick bats

The dictionary says a brickbat is "a piece of brick —especially as a missile." We are asking you to say what you dislike about the opposite sex — their behaviour, clothes—anything. So let those brickbats fly. £1/1/- each for all published.

● Nothing narks me more than a girl who makes a point of looking much older than I do, when I take her out.

Now I am going with a pretty nice girl at the moment who is only 16, and when I take her out to a dance or something a bit dressed up, she piles her hair up into a bun sort of thing, puts so much make-up on that you could almost scrape it off, and wears clothes that a woman of 25 ought to wear.

This is all very well, I suppose, if you are going to have your photo in the social pages or something.

Everyone looks at her and it SHOULD make a fellow feel proud.

But I just feel like the kid brother. I'm 18 and I only look 18, or 20 at the most.

The trouble is that this girl—or any girl of 16 — looks wizard on the beach and in casual clothes. But they can't sort of be natural when you take them out to something more formal.

It's a shame that boys really can't DO things to make themselves look older, as girls can with clothes and make-up. I don't think it's quite fair on the part of the girls.—Steve N., Strathfield, N.S.W.

So much make-up you could almost scrape it off . . .

All the boys gather on one side of the room . . .

HERS

● When we go to a party, which is quite often because Jim and I have been going steady for a long time, I find that all the boys gather on one side of the room.

They leave all the girls looking goofily at each other and making polite conversation about each other's dresses.

This sort of thing makes me mad, and it happens constantly. I'm in half a mind not to accept Jim's invitations to parties now, because I never see him—or, rather, talk to him.

I really don't like spending a Saturday evening making small talk to other girls whom I can meet any old lunch-hour.

I know the other girls think as I do, but we're all too darned proud to complain.

On the way home in the car Jim talks about football or just whatever he and the boys have been talking about, and I feel we haven't really much in common.

I know we have, though, and everything would be fine if only we could spend more time talking together.—Nan C., Mosman, N.S.W.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917087

Parents ARE odd...

Teenagers are busy trying to understand their parents. Sometimes they find the behaviour of the older generation — well, just a little odd. These three, picked at random, told us why.

● I tried to explain about the green nail-polish.

IT'S fun. It's new and gay! But as far as Mum and Dad are concerned it might as well be deadly poison. It's BAD.

Why do they have to be so SERIOUS about everything I do?

They watch me as though I'm a goldfish in a bowl. Any new development, like green nail-polish or a new hair-style, is regarded as a symptom of some dreadful disease.

I suppose they're scared I'll "go to the bad." I think they've been reading too many of those newspaper reports about widgies and "decadent youth."

That's it. They're just plain SCARED. I'm a bit hurt about that, because they can't have much confidence in me as a person.

Of course, they try to be cunning about "reforming" me. They just joke. Or else Mum says, "You've no idea how SILLY you look in that tight black dress."

Or "You don't REALLY think you look attractive with your hair scraped back like that? You're only 17, you know, and you've got such a DEAR little face."

Huh! Can't they see that it's just fun experimenting? All the other girls do, and their parents don't get all alarmed.

You see, I don't think for a minute that something like green nail-polish is a lasting thing. In fact, I know that red suits my fingernails better, far better. But green is DIFFERENT.

And to hear Mum talk you'd think that she really believes I'll wear green polish every day of my life; that my only ambition is to paint my nails—not pink, red, or even pearly-white — but GREEN, GREEN, GREEN.

This fearful, burning ambition will turn me into a widgie, an exhibitionist, and in the end —oh, dear! — I'll get a reputation for loose morals. And all because I wore green nail-polish twice when I was 17!

The silly thing is that I wouldn't care at all if Dad smoked a hookah pipe and Mum painted her fingernails in red, orange, and green stripes.

I know that they're really quite sensible people and if they seem odd it's just a passing phase and a bit of fun.

But they can't treat anything I do as a passing thing. It is all so much DEEPER than that. Deeper than I ever mean it to be.

I would have thought that they'd know it wasn't serious from things in the past.

I went through a phase of putting a black line round my eyes. Everyone did. But I don't now. Only for evenings. I've outgrown all that heavy-lidded, theatrical stuff.

I'd like to try some of that new pearly-white lipstick that the kids are all wearing. But I know what would happen. I would be accused of becoming an existentialist.

"Trying to be one of those pale, unwashed intellectual types," Mum would say. "The beat generation right here in our household!"

And to cap it all—I mean, the thing I don't really understand about Mum and Dad—is that if I try to be serious about things — big things like work, and what you think of life, and types of people — they just don't approve.

They say, "You've lost all that gaiety you used to have." "You're becoming too serious." "You're not such a HAPPY person now." "What's HAPPENED to you?"

Well, perhaps I'm just trying to grow up. They don't seem to realise that you have to when you're 17.

● Why is Dad so shy of me?

I'M just a normal sort of a bloke, 16, and not even as tall as he is—yet. I've got lots of friends and I seem to get on all right with all the kids.

But Dad hardly speaks to me. Well, he does. But he doesn't TALK. And now I'm starting to get shy about him. I feel silly if I ask him things about girls or even sport.

I suppose it's because he just says things and answers my questions as he thinks a good father should answer. He doesn't seem quite natural.

I know he does have definite ideas about what I should do and how I should act. He tells Mum about it all. "Peter should get his hair cut. People will think my kid's a bodgie."

And then Mum comes to me, all worried and trying to be nice. "Your father thinks you'd better have a haircut. Better do it—just for the sake of peace and quiet."

Her peace and quiet. It makes me mad that she should have to listen to what I should do all the time and what I'm doing wrong.

I've asked her why doesn't he come directly to me. And all I get is: "Well, I suppose he doesn't want to rub you up the wrong way."

Well, as far as I'm concerned I'd like to know where I stand about things I do. If he was firmer and said, "Now, look here, Pete. Go along and get a haircut because you need one, and I don't like to see you looking like a bodgie," I'd be able to say what I thought about it all. I would respect him more, too.

But as it is I just feel as though I jolly well won't have a haircut. Makes me mad.

And there are lots of things I wish he'd give me some definite rule about. At the moment I'm just going my own way, doing what the other kids do, and often I'm not certain if I'm doing the right thing.

And then when Mum tells me that, in his eyes, anyway, I'm doing the wrong thing, it seems too late to back-track. I just won't. It's a matter of pride, I suppose.

● My father wants to be in everything I do.

IT'S all so juvenile I get embarrassed.

It's just not dignified somehow for Dad to want to come to rock-'n-roll concerts with me.

I think he wants to be able to understand the youth of today.

But all this trying to understand just means that there's a barrier between us. All the kids think it's funny. In fact, I think they're scared if they ask me to anything I'll bring my father, too.

And, I dunno. I just don't want to hurt Dad. He seems to get such a kick out of being with us.

It's always been the same with our family, of course. My elder brother, John, had it with Dad always hanging round the sideline at football, going to Scout meetings, taking such an interest in everything he did.

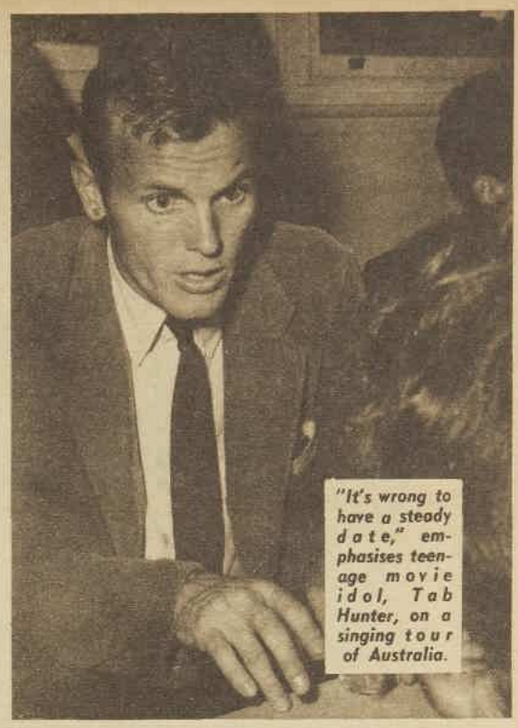
Now it's my turn to have all the attention, but I'd far rather it had happened at a younger age. Wouldn't mind the football stuff, but it's when we want to go to a coffee bar after the flicks or something that it really hurts.

Trouble is that he's really such good fun when he's just at home or if he and Mum have some friends in.

...say a girl and two boys

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917088

● Reporter Carol Tattersfield went on an all-star breakfast crawl round Sydney's King's Cross with Tab Hunter, Sal Mineo, and Don and Phil Everly. "Most teenagers would turn green with envy," Carol says. "We had raw oysters at 10.15 a.m., washed down—two hours later—with black coffee and Beatnik talk. I just turned green."



"It's wrong to have a steady date," emphasises teenage movie idol, Tab Hunter, on a singing tour of Australia.

BREAKFAST WITH TAB

FIRST to greet the morning was Tab, and, as befits a big strong, 27-year-old boy, he had already scoffed a couple of eggs in bed before he joined us.

Some reporters and photographers had been waiting since about eight o'clock—normal breakfast time—so they were a little keyed up when the door handle turned at approximately 10.12.

Tab's manager it was, Dick Clayton. "Sorry," he said with a pleasant smile. "We're having an exhausting tour. We're pretty tired."

Surreptitiously we looked at our watches at 10.14 a.m. The door handle turned. It was Tab, with a wide white-toothed smile, off-white sandshoes, brown corduroy coat and blue sweater.

"Gee! Oysters for breakfast," he said. "But where's the cocktail sauce?"

He ate one oyster for the benefit of a photographer, rinsed out his mouth at the kitchen sink. "I can't eat 'em without cocktail sauce. I like them smoked. You can have them," he said with that magnanimous smile of the screen.

Tab tucked his sandshoes under his chair and relaxed, talking a lot with his hands about the horses he keeps on one acre in California, close to the small house in which he lives alone. He employs a woman to come in and do the cleaning.

Though most of his life is work — films and TV shows, —Tab's personal friends are mostly horsy people.

His only "steady"—way back—was a girl who rode horses with him.

"I don't believe in going 'steady,' do you? At the moment I'm seeing a lot of a girl called Venetia Stevenson back home. But she's not too glamorous. Just interesting.

"But to go real steady. How can you know if you've met the right girl if you're tied up when you're 15?

"No, but I like girls. I like to take out a girl who looks smart and neat. Not too much make-up. I mostly take out the horse-show girls."

Tab's own clothes? "Oh, mostly casual," he said. "I do get dressed up occasionally in a suit. I'm dressed up today. I've got a tie on. I've had a shave, too. I hate shaving"—and he looked to us for approval.

"I don't look sloppy today, do I? I mean tennis shoes have to be dirty to be tennis shoes, don't they?

"Gee! I'm so excited being in Australia. When I was a little boy my mother bought me a koala bear, which I used to take to bed."

Tab suggested we adjourn to meet the Everly Brothers and the Mineos, Sal and his elder brother, Mike, who is Sal's manager. They were staying in a boarding-house up the road.

But they weren't out of bed when we arrived. The hotel manager said he had answered about 200 telephone calls from teenage fans that morning. He was testy.

We waited by the stairs and eventually two dark young men dribbled down. "I'm Mike Mineo," said the one we hadn't seen in films. "I'm Sal Mineo," said the little wide-eyed man whom we had seen before.

"We haven't had breakfast yet," said Sal. "Just going for a cup of coffee. You know, I don't think we ever went to bed last night."

And, looking bright as a brown button, he hummed a few bars of "One Fine Day" from "Madame Butterfly," which, he said, was his favorite opera.

We waited for the Everly Brothers, who we were sure hadn't had breakfast either, while Tab and the Mineos talked about theatrical things and joked about kangaroos.

The Everly Brothers, wearing their hair longer than any of the other singers, said they wouldn't have coffee for breakfast, but they'd have tea.

Sitting round the table in the coffee lounge, we might have been any Sydney teenagers. Sal wore dark glasses—to rest his eyes, he said.

Being a veteran of 11 films, he's seen a lot of glaring lights and rests his eyes as much as possible.

"Eyes are important things on girls," Sal said seriously.

"No, I don't like going steady. There's no time in my work. But I like to date girls with personality.

"I don't care what they wear, or how much make-up they use, as long as nothing about them glares.

"That goes for my own clothes, too. I don't think you should be able to remember just what I'm wearing. You should just remember the personality."

Just for the record, Sal was wearing a black sports coat, a loosely woven white shirt with a bright blue cravat.

"I suppose we sometimes look like Beatniks, and I like things the Beatniks like, such as classical music and real classical jazz. But I'm not a Beat generation boy."

We didn't ever get it all sorted out, this Beat business, but the discussion was lively, and Sal summed it up by saying that it was something "individualistic."

Someone suggested that Greta Garbo was a "Beatnik," but that was ruled out by Sal, who thinks she's wonderful. Another of his idols is the late Gertrude Lawrence, with whom he acted in "The King and I."

At the far end of the table the Everly Brothers—Don, the elder, wearing a grey cardigan and Phil in a white one, which he later changed for black—were talking about an artist whose name they couldn't remember.

"Don dabbles in art," said 20-year-old Phil. "I do, too," claimed Sal, and said that he painted bull-fighting scenes.

Don is 22, and hardly looks old enough to be married and the father of a five-month-old daughter, Venetia.

He left the coffee breakfast party early and took Phil to buy a new sweater—the black one—at the shop next door.

I wasn't game to stay for lunch—if they had it.

The Mineo brothers, Mike (left) and actor Sal, plan to start their own film company in a couple of years. Mike, 22, is Sal's tour manager.

Old friends Tab Hunter and the golden - voiced Everly Brothers, Phil (left) and Don, chatted during breakfast about koalas and kangaroos.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917089

Concent

• Fashionably spe
"line" for a shape that's in
A solution? Concer

MIX-'N-MATCH with separates and have a whole new outfit every day. It's how the colors are blended that counts: use imagination; be gay.

AT HOME or for an informal party consider the flattery of a fleecy skirt, a sweater to tone, flatties — and black stockings.

WIDE BELT is the high fashion note (left) for a double-breasted dress that's simply smart. Young millinery addicts: take heed of the jaunty little hat.

VARIATIONS on a red, red theme shown (right) from Bermuda shorts to a demure dress; it's color all along the line.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917090

ate on COLOR

ng, life is difficult for teenagers. It's hard to know how to adapt the current
e process of growing — and probably changing from week to week.
ate on color: a sparkling shade, a clever combination, a restrained young chic.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917091

DRESSES TO MAKE

from a pattern

● **How would you like to "run up" one or both of these pretty party dresses? Patterns for them cost only 4/- each; the dress below needs 3½yds., the other 5½yds. of 36in. material, plus lining.**

You can get the patterns from Fashion Patterns, 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney, or by post if you send the price to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

F5262. — A simple camisole bodice tops a skirt that's both unusual and flattering for a slim figure . . . it's made of two "fixed" flounces and a gathered frill. Available in sizes 30 to 36-in. bust: requires 3½yds. 36in. material and 2yds. 36in. lining.

F5263. — Box-pleats on the skirt of the dress are repeated on the bodice; the waistline is accented with a wide and gathered cummerbund-style belt. Available in sizes 30 to 36-in. bust; requires 5½yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. lining.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917092

Treasure that hank of hair

By Carolyn Earle

● *If long hair is your particular pride, a pretty hair-do you can comb and set yourself is a must for glamor. Here are four top styles to test your skill. Simply follow these how-to-set hints.*

SIMPLE CHARM of slightly longer hair that requires minimum setting; for comb-out, slide comb inside side hair close to scalp, then turn comb out and twist the hair towards face.

HIGH PONY-BUN all the girls will love needs next to no setting. Before arranging this hair-do, brush your hair straight back all round, then fix firmly with a band and tie.

BOUFFANT style makes long hair appear short. For forward sweep at the sides, comb side hair back, hold in place with one hand, and comb ends forward over fingers.

FRINGE with a little-girl look and bouffant sides for medium-length locks. Set in big pincurls, as shown. Comb sides back and then forward. Revolve comb to lift fringe.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917093

Here's your answer

By Louise Hunter

Ask Mum first

"I AM 16 and just at the age to want to go out with boys. Mum said I can go with them but she says the boy must ask her or Dad first. Is Mum being too old-fashioned or not? Why I wonder is that all went well for a while with me and boys, but all the boys I went with say that they do not like asking to take me out. They say they are taking me out, not my mother. I have not gone out with a boy for over a month now."—R.D.

I think it's a bit hard on the boys and a bit unnecessary of your mother to make the boys ask her directly whether or not they may take you out. But I quite agree with her that you should not go out without her permission or with boys whom she has not met.

As you say, you are the person they are inviting out, so I think you should receive the first invitation. But you should say thank you for the invitation and accept if you want to, but tell the boy you can only do this provisionally, as you have to ask your mother's permission.

If the invitation is from a boy your parents don't know, you'll just have to tell him your mother's rule and ask him home to meet her. I know this sounds rather a go-on, but these rules often save daughters unhappiness.

Nice but nasty

"I AM engaged to a boy who has always been extremely nice in every way until recently, when there was an incident which has worried me. While he was visiting my parents, my married sister, whose husband is a Filipino, arrived, and my fiance was frigidly polite almost to the point of being insulting to them. Then he made a very crude joke about colored people which embarrassed us all, and seemed to be trying to pick a fight with my brother-in-law, who is a wonderful person and much too polite to rise to the bait. Does this mean my boy-friend has a nasty streak? My friends tell me I'm making a mountain out of a molehill, and it is only natural for one's husband to dislike some of his in-laws. I know there are a lot of jokes on the subject, but we are a very clannish family and it doesn't seem funny to me. I'm sure if he got to know my sister's husband he'd love him just as the rest of the family do, but I've been too embarrassed to suggest another meeting for them. Do you think I should? Ought I have a good talk with my boy-friend or just ignore it? I want your advice, please."—F.P.

My advice is to get rid of him fast. He sounds thoroughly nasty to me. I don't agree with your friends that you are making a mountain out of a molehill. His whole attitude is completely ghastly. He is rude, insulting not only to your brother-in-law but to you and your mother and father, indeed to the whole family.

Try talking to him if you want to. I don't imagine you'll get anywhere with him, though. Obviously his viewpoint is completely opposed to yours and your family's, and there is no happiness in a situation like that. And don't think marriage will change him. It won't. Get rid of him.

Tell her at once

"I AM a boy of 18 and would be very pleased if you would help me. A year ago I went to a store to work as a clerk. The next day a very nice girl of 20 started to work at the same place. Strangely enough, we were given the same lunch hour, we got to talking about boys, girls, etc. I found out that she had been engaged once, but broke it off. I was working there for 12 months and grew to love her, but I never let her know as I thought it would make her angry. Each Thursday night we both go to a friend's place for tea. After the evening is over she drives me to the station on her scooter. Every time I see this girl I grow to love her more. Should I tell her how I feel, or forget her?"—"Anxious."

Tell her. I feel so sorry for her. After all this time she hasn't a clue about how you feel. Obviously she likes you, at least. Don't put off telling her. Do it now. I am sure you will both be much happier.

Show him your heels

"I HAVE been going steady with a boy of 20 for 12 months. I am very fond of him as he is so kind and thoughtful, but he refuses to let me wear high-heeled shoes. He said if I wear them he won't come near me. I think it's rather unfair of him to say this, but I do as he asks to avoid losing him. There are some occasions when I want to wear them but have to be content with flat heels. Should I do as he asks? I am 17."—"Unhappy."

Get yourself another boy. One who carries on about two inches or so of leather heel to the extent that he does is a terrible bore, unadventurous, and a square. Just imagine the way he'd lay down the law if you were engaged or married. It gives me the horrors to think of it. Put your running-shoes on and show him your heels—as you leave him.

Give them both up

"I AM a girl of 14 and I am in love with a 15-year-old boy. But one thing stops him loving me, that is my girl-friend. I sit with him, but he takes her home. Should I give her up or will I give him up?"—"Dimples."

They seem to be trying their best to get rid of you fast. Accelerate the whole situation and give them both up.

Love is wonderful

"I AM a 17-year-old girl and have been going out with a 19-year-old boy during the past seven months. I am extremely happy whenever I am with him, and extremely unhappy when I am not. No matter where we are or what we are doing, as long as we are together we are happy. I always want to be with him or in his arms. I think about him all the time, and all our arrangements are made in accordance with each other. We spend all our spare time together talking everything over, and even discuss what we would do if we were married and what our children would look like. I have liked various boys since I was 13, but this is different—he is just everything I have ever wanted a boy to be. Could I be in love in the adult sense of the word, and, if so, is it likely to last?"—"To Be Or Not To Be."

Love is wonderful when you're at the stage you are, whether you're a teenager or an adult. If you're an adult, though, the love is more likely to be the genuine, lasting variety because extra experience has made you a better picker.

I can't tell whether your love is the adult type or not; time is the only thing that will tell you that. One thing I can tell you about adult love—adults in love are still happy when they're not together — they know love continues whether you are together, in Timbuktu, or Turkestan. When it's real it can't be turned off or lessened by absence.

How do you both get on in a crowd or at a party? That is always a good test of love, too—the true kind. You will not believe me at this stage, but the strictly "two's company" kind of love gets boring after a bit if it's not enlivened with the company of friends at parties and on ordinary social occasions from time to time. Don't say you've never been bored for a moment with this boy; you haven't had time yet. Seven months is not a lifetime, and it's lifetime love you're looking for.

Girl-friend trouble

"I AM nearly 17 and I am very much in love with a boy who is a New Australian from Greece. He is nearly 20 and has been in Australia for several years and is naturalised. My girl-friend keeps telling me he is "promised," but I have asked about this and he said he is not. Who do you think I should believe? I don't want to give him up, as I love him so much."
"Troubled."

You should take your boy-friend's word and get rid of that girl-friend. Obviously she's only trying to make mischief between you.

Who pays?

"I HAVE always thought that the bride's parents paid for the drinks at wedding receptions. But I have now been told that the bridegroom's parents pay. Which is right?"
L.F.W.

The bride's parents give the reception and pay for the lot, food, drinks, and so on. There is nothing to stop the bridegroom's parents helping to pay if they want to, but it is most unusual. Sometimes, of course, the bridegroom's parents give the reception, then they pay for everything. A good general rule to follow is that whoever gives the reception pays for it.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

BUY a big white linen tablecloth, or a small one if you'd rather, and get your friends and family to autograph it in pencil. Embroider over it in stem-stitch in bright colors.

It's a sort of permanent visitors' book, and you can add to it as you make new friends.

- Tie a piece of red ribbon across the bottom of your dressing-table mirror. It makes a good clothesline to clip your earrings to.
- Making ice-blocks for a party? Drop a tiny flower into each cube—violets are perfect. It looks pretty, it looks clever, and it is good conversation. It is so romantic to eat a Parma violet, slowly, lovingly.
- Put your feet in plastic bags on a long car trip—yes, one to each foot. They'll keep warm, and it's so much easier to be gay and charming when you're warm.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917094

LISTEN HERE—WITH BERNARD FLETCHER

Jonah Jones, wizard of the trumpet

● Jonah Jones, currently blowing up a storm in American jazz circles, is quite a veteran on the trumpet.

JONAH JONES . . . and his scorching trumpet.

Jazz HE learned the game in the Mississippi river-boats in the late 1920s, and then went on to play and record with such men as Jimmy Lunceford, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Fletcher Henderson, Benny Carter, Cab Calloway, and Earl Hines.

During the wild and woolly days of the Swinging 30s he constantly popped up on discs with folk like Teddy Wilson, Billie Holiday, Lionel Hampton, and Lil Hardin (the ex-Mrs. Louis Armstrong to you).

JOHNNY O'KEEFE, one of the top rock-'n-roll singers in Australia, is the A.B.C.'s star of "Six O'clock Rock." He plans to retire as a singer when he's 25 (three years to go), in the meantime believes that rock-'n-roll is one of the greatest barriers to delinquency. He's married to a former photographic model and they're expecting a baby next month.

Jonah's 12-inch platter "Jumpin' With Jonah" is racy and decidedly swingy. He blows a scorching trumpet in some of his numbers—for these old ears just a bit too frenzied at times—but you'll vote it tops if you like your music to sizzle.

He also takes some of the vocals in a quaint, somehow sexless voice, and in "A Kiss To Build a Dream On" he sounds like Fats Waller recorded at 33 1-3 r.p.m. but played at 78!

However, the voice is not important but Jonah's trumpet and his boys are: Harold Austin (drums), John Brown (bass), and Hank Jones (piano). There are a dozen tracks, including "No Moon At All," "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home," "That's a Plenty," "The Blues Don't Care Who's Got 'Em," and "Just a Gigolo."

Pops ORK leader and arranger Billy Vaughn has himself a ball with "The Million Sellers" on HAA.2129 in which he puts over in his usual slick style 12 of the countless tunes which have sold a million on disc.

Faced with such a wide choice Billy couldn't really go wrong, but I like his selection and I think you will, too.

He arranges and supervises the recordings of the Hilltoppers, Debbie Reynolds, the tasty Miss Mamie Van Doren, and, of course, "your boy" Pat Boone.

Vaughn spins off with a very jaunty arrangement of "Canadian Sunset," drifts into "Moonglow," and then gives us "Holiday For Strings," a number which I always find irresistible through its sheer catchiness.

Our recent hit-parader "Fascination" is there, too, and incidentally it may surprise you to know this "new" tune was first published in 1905!

Stolen goods from classical composers are "Tonight We Love" (Tchaikovsky), "Till The End Of Time" (Chopin), and "Full Moon and Empty Arms" (Rachmaninoff).

If you aim to build up a library of solid pops, this disc should fill the bill very well indeed.

Classics VISITING Rumanian conductor Constantin Silvestri must surely have won a lot of hearts when he recently said he'd rather listen to good "cha cha" for five minutes than to a dull symphony for two hours. How the phony highbrows must have sniffed at that honest statement!

Now that "Disc Digest" has been enlarged, let's chat about clasical recordings — and we're lucky with our first. It's a winner, even though at first sight it may seem odd to couple the highly romantic No. 1 Piano Concerto of Rachmaninoff with that in D minor by the ultra-classical Johann Sebastian Bach.

But a point of contact is established between the two because they're both played by Sviatoslav Richter, a Russian who is known this side of the Iron Curtain only through his few-and-far-between recordings. His technique is unbelievable and his interpretations well-nigh faultless.

Fiery and languorous in turn, the No. 1 Concerto is a high spot in late Romantic music, especially in this portrayal by the wizard Richter and the Radio Symphony Orchestra of the U.S.S.R.

Collectors of Bach will need no urging to hear this new version, in this case by the National Symphony Orchestra, U.S.S.R., but if you're not too familiar with this composer don't be deterred.

Bach, when you get to know him a little, is anything but a fuddy-duddy. The secret of getting to know and like a classical work is to hear it often, something you can only do with gramophone records, and you'll find that you've assimilated it quite "painlessly." This disc (PMAO.1037) is one I can recommend without reservation.

JOHNNY DEVLIN . . . outselling Elvis

From £7 wage to £7000 a year

● In nine months New Zealand's Maestro of Rock has risen from a £7-a-week job in a bank to be the highest paid entertainer in his homeland at £7000 a year.

FOR years New Zealanders said that the rock-'n-roll craze would never take on in their country — but the young maestro Johnny Devlin proved them wrong.

Since last September the public has bought 130,000 of his discs—a record for New Zealand—and in the past four months he has made three tours through both islands.

Johnny, out of his teens only a few months, has made such a mark that promoter Lee Gordon booked him to appear in Australia with Tab Hunter, Sal Mineo, and the Everly Brothers.

At school Johnny got a job selling papers to buy a guitar.

He played and sang at all the local shows, and after leaving school he bought a motor-bike so he could spend weekends in Palmerston North, 50 miles from his hometown, Wanganui, in the North Island.

And he could do more than sing. Standing 5ft. 8in. in his socks, he won the N.Z. West Coast title for physical fitness.

Early last year, only 19 years old, he decided to make a break for the big smoke. He resigned his £7-a-week job as a bank clerk and headed for Auckland.

One Saturday night, with nothing to do, he went to the Auckland Jive Centre and, off the cuff, was asked to sing. The 1200 jivers present raised the roof—and Johnny was hired on the spot.

The song he sang was "Lawdy, Miss Clawdy"—made famous by Elvis Presley.

Devlin immediately recorded the song and has since sold 50,000 copies of his disc. It is now outselling Presley's platter ten to one in New Zealand.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917095

She's a model 16

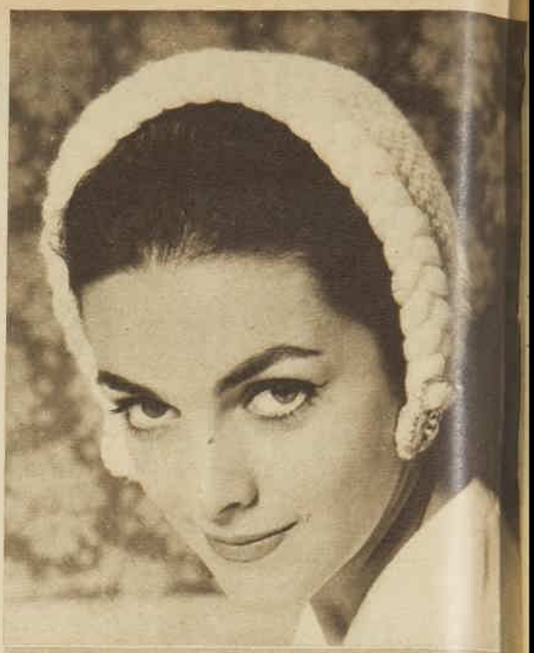
Modelling is one of the most glamorous jobs for girls. A 16-year-old, just starting her career, tells reporter Carol Tattersfield how she is making out.

BARBARA learnt the art of grooming as a cosmetics apprentice. To save money she sets her hair every night before bedtime.

CLOTHES are essential, so to save money to buy two or three good dresses a month she makes her own "everyday" ones.

AT HOME with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Rosewarn, of Dulwich Hill, and her younger sister, Jan. Her father is a railways boilermaker.

OFF ON A DATE with one of her escorts. Barbara sometimes wishes she had a "steady."



AT WORK, Barbara poses for photographs like this one.

● For once Barbara Rosewarn, of Dulwich Hill, Sydney, wished she was someone else. She wished she was like that plainish secretary-type girl in the next seat. She wished she was old and ugly. She wished she wasn't a model.

THE more the man opposite her stared the more Barbara became embarrassed. She pulled her handkerchief out of her handbag about 20 times, and at the end of the train trip she said to the man: "Don't you know it's rude to stare," and swept out of the carriage.

Now Barbara realises that a model must expect to be stared at. "I feel something's wrong if people don't look at me," she said.

People look, and love to look, at pretty girls wearing glamorous clothes glamorously. Even if the pretty girls are only Barbara's age—sixteen.

She is still amazed that there is so much to learn in being a successful model, and the hard work is part of the glamor.

She knows that her "vital statistics" — a pretty face, unusual eyes, and a neat 5ft. 5in., 34 - 22 - 34 figure — help, but it's not quite enough.

You have to have a bit of courage and a lot of determination. Since she joined a Sydney model agency six months ago she has worn out several pairs of shoes looking for jobs.

She's worn out her sense of fun and her self-confidence sometimes, too, when she's been turned down.

The first week working for the agency she walked round to see hundreds of clients. At the end of the week she hadn't had one job.

"I had a good cry, and then I felt so much better . . . I felt I could go on with it," she told me.

Now she feels she's really getting somewhere. It's been worth while, because people don't just ring the model agency for any model. They ask for Barbara. She earns more money than most of the other young ones, too—about £14 a week.

If Barbara hasn't a specific assignment, she just waits at the agency with the other girls. They all wait for "something to turn up." While they wait they try new ways of making up or new hairstyles, they talk about where they went last night or what dances they are going to. And they eat.

Oh, yes, Barbara is always eating, she says. Her battle is to put on weight rather than take it off. She has never weighed more than 8st., and usually is round about 7st. 12lb.

Her chief worry is something she can do nothing at all about. She knows she is too short to be a perfect mannequin.

From the age of three she learnt to dance — tap-dancing and ballet. She used to wear heavy make-up, and at four she was wearing 2in.-high heels for Irish dancing.

In competitions she won 500 dancing medals and 50 cups.

Just two days before her sixteenth birthday she was judged the Australian Ballroom Dancing Queen — the youngest queen there ever was.

Part of the prize was a free course in modelling.

But Barbara pirouetted into her modelling career with an added advantage. She had done a six months' cosmetics apprenticeship after she left St. Paul's School at King's Cross.

She spends about £4 on a new make-up kit every three months.

Barbara sometimes gets a bit furious with the boys who always criticise her make-up and glamorous clothes. Nothing makes her more furious than a boy saying, "Why do you have to wear all that black stuff round your eyes?"

Sometimes it hurts her that boys are scared to ask her for dances when she's all "dressed up." She feels like saying, "Look, I'm just the same as everyone else," but they stay scared just the same.

"Often I feel like a queen and it's all so glamorous," she said. "And other times I blush and get embarrassed and I know I have just the same feelings as anyone else."

And that just about sums up what it's like to be a model at the age of sweet sixteen.

● We'll be seeing more of Barbara in Teenagers' Weekly.

● Modelling falls into two categories, photographic and mannequin.

Qualifications: Photogenic quality (high forehead, wide-set eyes, straight nose, high cheekbones, slender jawline, perfect teeth, good skin), about 5ft. 6in.-5ft. 8in. tall, with a good figure in proportion, well-shaped legs.

Training: Modelling schools teach girls how to walk and sit gracefully, and how to display their features, figures, and clothes.

Prospects: Good in Australia and Australian models are nearly always successful overseas.

Salary. Varies. Most girls get £6/6/- for a day's work, or £2/2/- for a single photograph. A top model can make £50 a week.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917096

How not to behave at a party

The slinky gown,
The blase air
Are great on stage,
But you're not there.

The patient male will wait and wait . . .
And never ask for another date.

It was a foursome,
It's now a twosome;
This girlish talk
Is downright gruesome.

He spilled the punch;
Is this your cue
To smile it off
Or act the shrew?

To cavort and caper may seem a joy,
But you'd do better to follow that boy!

Your date will never
Say "I'm thine"
If you disdain
The reception line.

Flirting's fine
When done with grace;
Behind his back
Is not the place.

Your grooming he'll appreciate
If you just keep it off his plate.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917097

Souvenir pin-up: THE EVERLY BROTHERS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4917098